



2005.5

江湖弯路



这是一部不适合魔头妖女的
(坑爹) 奋斗史

做第一主角时苦命的遭遇是妖魔鬼怪，一遇

就不想称雄这平凡的世界
只想正太蜀黍伴公子
美男如云都爱我

原名：《乾坤阵下》



红透肉乡的《龙门镖局》作者李见
“江湖女侠” 李见 著

已出版作品：江湖

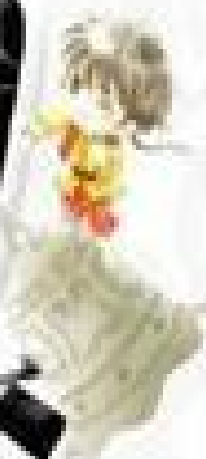


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2005.5

江湖弯弯路



这是一部不合情魔制妖女的
坑爹）奋斗史

这是一部武林圣女的成长励志故事，也是一

部不想称霸这平凡的世界
只想正太哥兼佳公子
美男如云都爱我

▲原名：《魔界公主》



江湖内江湖的《午门朝事》前传，是
“坑爹女王” 晴晴 已出版作品《江湖

晴晴

北京联合出版公司

Jiang Hu's Road is Curved

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Full Character List



Art By:
伊吹五月

This character list is created to help you better understand the novel and not get characters confused. YingZhao, the author of this novel, also cleverly uses names of the characters to their personality. We think it would be wonderful if you can understand what their names actually mean, since all the name translations are pronunciation. For each character, we included a short summary, the meaning of the name and what others call him or her. ALL CHARACTERS ARE LISTED IN THE ORDER OF APPEARANCE, not based on importance (so this way, we will not spoil who the male lead is...hehe). This list will be updated every time a new name appears or when more information is revealed about the old characters, so come back to this page and check often~ Have fun reading^_^*

江湖路弯弯 Jiang Hu Road is Curved-Character List

1. ★Pang Wan 庞弯★ : the female lead of the novel; Sheng Gu of Bai Yue Sect. Still maintaining memories of her previous life on the land of Mary Sue, Pang Wan still thinks her current life will continue to go Mary Sue...but she

will eventually learn how to face the reality...

Surname: 庞(Páng) – means enormous

Given name: 穹(wān) – curvy

- 穹穹 (wān wān): It is common in Chinese for people to make nicknames by repeating a character in someone's name to show intimacy. 穹穹 also happens to mean curved; thus referring back to the title of the novel 《江湖路穹穹》 (Jiang Hu Road is Curved).

- 圣姑 (Shèng Gū): “Holy Lady” is how sect members and other people address her position. Sheng Gu exists as an important representation of the sect, serving both as a leader and a mascot.

- 师妹 (Shī mèi): female underclassmen/ junior sister. Sometimes Nan Yi calls Pang Wan Shi Mei, which means a girl who entered the same sect or same school later than he did. Now, people usually address underclassmen as 学妹(girls) or 学弟(boys).

*chapter 4: 庞(Páng) 穹穹 sounds like 胖(Pàng) 穹穹, which means fat and curvy.

2. **Rong Gu-Gu 容姑姑** : caretaker of Pang Wan; one of the 12 most skilled masters of Bai Yue.

容(Róng) is her name (unsure of surname or given name) 姑姑(Gūgū) is not her name but an intimate title that Pang Wan calls her, which means aunt or elder women from the same sect.

– 容姑(Róng Gū): with only one Gu, this is a formal title that Lord You uses to address her, more like “Ms. Rong”.

- 容儿(Róng Er): Adding an “Er” at the end of a name also makes an intimate nickname. She calls herself this. People from the same generation who are close to her can also use this nickname.

3. ★**Zuo Nan Yi 左南夷**★ : Young master and successor of Bai Yue Sect
Surname: 左(Zuǒ) – left

Given name: 南(nán)- south; 夷(yí)- endless, expansive, exterminate,

barbarian – 南夷哥(nán yí gē): “older brother Nan Yi” is what Pang Wan calls him. In Chinese culture, people do not have to be related to call each other brothers and sisters. In this case, Pang Wan calls him older brother because of respect.

– 少主(shào zhǔ): Young master; a title used by all the sect members to call him.

– 师哥(Shī gē): male upperclassmen/senior brother. Used by Pang Wan.

*chapter 3: 南夷(nán yí) sounds similar to 男一(nán yī), which is short for first male or male lead. So Pang Wan expected him to be her first male lead.

4. **Zuo Huai An 左淮安** : Sect leader of Bai Yue.

Surname: 左(Zuǒ) – left

Given name: 淮安 (Huái ān) is the name of a city in JiangSu province.

5. **Lord You 右使/ Shi Jue Ming 石决明** : second-in-command of Bai Yue Sect
You means the direction right. Being “right” to a leader means he is second-in-command. 石决明 happens to mean a kind of special shells that is often used for Chinese medical purposes.

6. **Lu Wei 路威** : one of the 12 guards of Nan Yi

Surname: 路(Lù) – road

Given name: 威(wēi) – prestige; power; dangerous

7. **Mei Wu 眉妩** : fiancée of Nan Yi; saved him after he fell off a cliff.

Surname: 眉 (Méi) – brow

Given name: 妩(wǔ) – charming; to flatter

– 阿妩 (Ā wǔ): Nan Yi calls Mei Wu this. Adding an “Ā” in front of one character in a person’s name is another way of making an intimate nickname.

*chapter 4:if you flip 眉妩 (Méi wǔ), it sounds like 妩媚 (Wǔ mèi), which means charming and lovely.

8. ★Gu Xi Ju 顾溪居★ : Supreme Chief of Wu Lin; Pang Wan's real world training target Surname: 顾(Gù) – looking; taking care of

Given name: 溪(xī) – brook, creek; 居(jū) – reside; house Everyone calls him 盟主(Méng Zhǔ), which means supreme chief.

9. Meng Hai Tang 孟海棠: The lady mentioned in ch.6 in the storytelling about Solitary Palace Master

Surname: 孟(Mèng) – eldest, impetuous

Given name: 海棠(hǎitáng) – begonia flower

10. ★Sang Chan 桑婵★ : Extremely beautiful, holy lady of Wu Lin. Pang Wan's idol.

Surname: 桑(Sāng) – mulberry

Given name: 婵(chán) – beautiful and graceful; moon – Fairy/仙子 (Xiān Zǐ): everyone calls her this because she is beautiful and holy.

11. Wang Gang 王刚 : storyteller; servant to Pang Wan

Surname: 王(Wáng) – King

Given name: 刚(gāng) – strong, firm; barely

The author probably purposely picked this name because it is one of the most commonly used(cliche) names in China. There are approximately 160 thousands people named Wang Gang according to <http://zhaoren.idtag.cn>.

12. Bai Xiao Sheng 百晓生 : advisor to Gu Xi Ju; Skilled in Qing Gong or Light Body Skill.

Bai Xiao Sheng is not his name but a nickname. This nickname is a reference to the Bai Xiao Sheng in Gu Long's famous WuXia novel *The Sentimental Swordsman*, who created a book ranking weapons

and masters based on their kung fu skills. This advisor is nicknamed Bai Xiao Sheng, because he is also like the one in *The Sentimental Swordsman*, wise and knowledgeable.

13. Zhang Xiu Zhu 张修竹 : a master of the Wu Dang clan

Surname: 张(Zhāng)-open

Given name: 修(xiū)-fix, embellish, study; 竹(zhú)-bamboo

14. ★He Qing Lu 贺青芦★ : a noble gentleman with strange interests, currently of unknown background.

Surname: 贺 (Hè) – a celebratory term, to congratulate
Given name: 青 (Qīng) – green (can also refer to the colour blue); 芦 (Lú) – reed

If you have any questions, let us know~~

Full

Results are out! It was really close between Jianghu Road is Curved and White Calculation, Emperor's Conquest wasn't far behind either, but after careful tallying of all your votes, JHRIC came in number one!! Wow the outcome was really unpredictable as I was going through everyone's comments, hopefully those who preferred White Calculation or Emperor's Conquest won't be too disappointed, I'll definitely look into translating them in future, whilst taking the other novels recommended into consideration as well. And for those of you who wanted something light after Chaos of Beauty, let us all sit back and enjoy a little bit of comedy now~~



INTRODUCTION

Common Standards Of The Demoness Profession

Esteemed customer, I must tell you, our line of work, actually complies with the common standards of Wu Lin.

Ey, don't you not believe me! This set of common standards-ah, have but gone through countless masters in and out of this generation, who have in many

ways, gathered together solicit proposals, painstakingly written and strictly revised, finally established with the public voting of the entire Wu Lin — in this Jiang Hu regardless of good and evil, also pretty much regardless of male or female, such rare case of passing with overwhelming approval, is truly not easy-ah!

Now, allow me to carefully explain the common standards for you.

This set of common standards for the profession, is actually simple, the system contains three classes of upper, middle and lower class, each having their own defining standards.

The lower class, is thus the entry level — beauty like flowers, brutal heart with merciless means.

The defining standard of beauty, is in order of being one in ten thousands, as for brutal heart with merciless means, such uses the minimum standard of being charged with five or more (at least five) murders, and ten or more (at least ten) love debts.

Is it possible to be charged with a little less murders you ask? Er, you are joking right? Be it lacking one murder victim or lacking one case of love debt, how could that be enough to qualify for such notorious profession of ours? At best, just another fierce woman, vulgar!

Back to the topic, the middle class, naturally has a higher number of stages, other than appearance being one in a million, one must be charged with over eighty cases of murder, with three hundred or more love debts (to have received unrequited love for over a year also counts), aside from such strict standards, one must also have highly skilled martial arts and takes to extraordinary means. Only then can they play someone right in the palm of their hand, soaring above the commoners, sending enemies to their deaths without the cost of their own life.

Further speaking about the higher class, ho-ho look at how your eyes had brighten — ashamed to say, thousands of years of Jiang Hu legends, majority of my line of workers roams around the lower class, to have the occasional few who manages to straighten themselves out and rises to middle class, is already considered very lucky. But! There are still one or two conditions that requires

being born with heaven's favour, to be able to break through bad luck and leap high, becoming the legend of a new generation. This little one can only imagine that person-ah, appearance is naturally above that of hundreds and millions of people, pure and enchanting, walking on clouds like a fairy, one smile inflicting internal injury on thousands of men; and that person's use of devilish schemes, will absolutely have reached the ultimate level of battling the great Buddha with a sprinkle of spring water from one's hand, having sages accept the court fools below them, shifting the murder blame without the slightest trace!

—— such talent, to have one come from my line once every hundred year, can be met, but cannot seek ah!

Ey, I really must tell you, in fact from my line, it has already been so long since anyone has been able to reach the upper class —— the majority of the younger generation all lingers in the world of their own romances, since stepping into the initial stage, they have been pulling and tugging at all sorts of males, tangled in a mess, really is hateful and regrettable! Every time this little one thinks about this, tears of sadness will always be shed for our line of work, anger raises with no dispute! Sorrow for the unfortunate!

——the peerless beauties of a generation, capable of all, demonesses, where have you all gone?! Why do you no longer come out to wreak havoc in this ordinary world?

What? You say there is a bunch of such people in the world of Mary Sue?

.....screw your mother, right now we are talking wuxia!

Over now to sparklingdawnlights' blog for chapter one >>>

<http://sparklingdawnlights.blogspot.co.uk/2015/12/jianghu-lu-wan-wan-chapter-1.html>

Full

Merry Christmas everyone!!! So I decided to translate Chapter 1 of Jiang Hu Lu Wan Wan, I skimmed through the first few chapters, seems like she time travels or reincarnate? She used to be a princess which valued appearances highly? I keep reading the name Mary Sue...This novel is kind of like a Wu Xia novel so there would be a lot of new terms. I learnt them from watching Jin Yong's dramas hahaha. Anyway, enjoy :)

*A sect is like a fraction. There are good and bad sects. Usually women from evil sects are called demonesses.

This chapter has been proofread by Yuan-niisan

Chapter 1: Not of age yet already look like this

Pang Wan stared at the mercury mirror, lost in thought.

The reflection belonged to a radiant and beautiful young girl with a clean and bright oval face, thin eyebrows, cunning pitch-black eyes and red cheeks as if she had put blusher on. She had a small mouth with dimples on both her cheeks.

"... Not of age yet I already look like this, in the future, just how many heroes would fight for you?"

Thinking about the near future, the young girl felt a bit anxious yet she could not do anything but let out an anxious sigh.

"Wan Wan ah Wan Wan, why do you have to be born so devastatingly beautiful?" The young girl blamed the reflection in the mirror and bit her own lips.

"A beauty is the source of troubles, trouble's source is a beauty!"

The young girl held her chest, her mouth bent upwards with tears coming out of her eyes, her facial expression was extremely strange - it was sadness yet also unbearable happiness. These two extreme feelings repeated, her changing expressions merged, making one unable to guess her true emotions.

The disciples from the evil sect who saw what happened in Sacred Heart Pavilion all involuntarily shivered.

"Shit! Who put that cursed mirror in Sheng Gu's [1] room? Her illness recurred again!" The disciple A cursed under his breath.

"What Sheng Gu is still staring at the mirror? She has already stared at it for a whole two hours! Don't tell me she doesn't need to eat or train her martial arts?" Disciple C opened his big mouth.

It has not been a month since he entered the sect and was only in charge of sweeping the floors, he still did not understand a lot of things.

"I will tell you guys, our Sheng Gu is very good, but she is a bit peculiar..." Disciple B gathered everyone and winked at them.

"Sheng Gu's disease had recurred."

"Pa!" The mirror was taken away by someone at lightning speed. Not being able to see the beautiful woman anymore, Pang Wan raised her head angrily and met a pair of calm eyes.

"Rong, Rong Gu Gu. [2]"

Her imposing manner immediately disappeared.

"Rong Er has already told Sheng Gu many times, your features are just like a big white radish, it is all over the Jiang Hu [3], even after being beaten or

chopped by others, nothing will happen so why be mesmerised by yourself in vain?"

The woman addressed as Rong Gu Gu was about 25 to 26, she was tall and slender, her appearance delicate and pretty. It was just that the face looking at Pang Wan was extremely chilly, it was as if the air surrounding her could freeze a brazier.

"I, I originally look like this, why won't you let me look at myself clearly? Purposely bringing all the rough bronze mirrors here..." (Apparently mercury mirrors are clearer than bronze mirrors)

Pang Wan bent her head down and attempted to change the topic to the issue of the servants secretly substituting the mirrors.

"Sheng Gu!" Rong Gu Gu leaned forward and used her index finger to lift Pang Wan's head, " lift up your head and look at me!" Pang Wan dazedly lifted up her head.

"You are really ordinary..."

Rong Gu Gu looked very deeply into Pang Wan's eyes, her expression could not be more stern and her words could not be more sincere.

To tell a beauty that was unmatched in her generation that she was just ordinary is far worse than telling an ordinary woman that she was ugly. Especially when the latter would have at least some self awareness while the former was proud and could not bear to lose. Pang Wan blinked her eyes rapidly, her tears almost falling.

"Although Sheng Gu is young and your skill in enchanting men is not bad, it is a pity it's still not time to put it to use yet."

Rong Gu Gu's expression remained unchanging while she pinched at Pang Wan's chin, causing her to frown in pain.

"The dignified Bai Yue Sect's Sheng Gu, how can you show your weakness to others so easily? What if in the future someone dares to..."

Murderous intent flashed in Rong Gu Gu's eyes.

"Poison! Chop! Rape! Make you die sonless! [4]"

Originally Pang Wan had wanted to cry out in pain but hearing Rong Gu Gu's last few words she decided to swallow back her words.

"Yes, yes, Rong Gu Gu's teachings are correct, Wan Wan knows her mistakes." Pang Wan weakly raised her hands to ask for mercy.

"Sheng Gu!" It seems like Rong Gu Gu did not want to let her off so easily this time round, in a split second, she used both hands to cup Pang Wan's face, her eyes carrying a hint of dejectedness. "Sheng Gu! You are our evil sect's once in a hundred years' talent, a prodigy! You will bring us to great heights! The sect leader worked his heart out, you cannot let down everyone in Bai Yue Sect!"

After hearing this, Pang Wan talked back in her heart. "I'm only a little bit more narcissistic, a little bit more adorable, why must Rong Gugu make a mountain out of a mole hill to scold me? In fact, the so-called nurturing I got from the sect leader was just regularly receiving a few rare books, a few pills, getting a few seniors to watch me, since when did he work his heart out?"

After thinking for a while, Pang Wan eventually decided to swallow her discontentment and obediently nodded her head, playing meek and submissive, "Wan Wan will keep that in mind."

--It is not time to show off my great plans yet, my aspirations cannot be fulfilled. Pang Wan, even if you hide your claws and true capabilities to bide time, it would not be too late to show off your true powers when the time is right.

"All you sect members who do not know, our Sheng Gu is extremely good in everything, it's just that she is a bit peculiar."

At the corridor of Sacred Heart Pavilion, Disciple B used his hand to knocked on his own head and gave a mysterious laugh.

"She believes that every man in the Jiang Hu is in love with her and that the world revolves around her alone."

[1] Literal meaning: Holy/ sacred/ great woman

[2] Gu Gu can mean aunt. In this case however, as a Wuxia story, Gu Gu is used to address an older disciple of the same sect.

[3] The martial arts world.

[4] Something offensive, like cursing someone never to have descendants.

Woah what a narcissistic female lead hahaha.

Full

GŌNG Xǐ FĀ CÁI 恭禧發財!! HAPPY CHINESE NEW YEARS!!

Wishing you all good health, good fortune, and most importantly, I wish for everyone to overcome obstacles and be blessed with happiness throughout the year!!

Also, to kick everything off, I am so excited to welcome this Lunar New Year with a new addition to the team, please give a warm welcome to [anniaxx](#), Annie, who will be joining me in delivering you these translations! Although Annie is helping me translate and edit JHRIC right now, she will definitely go on to translate other novels once she gets a hang of it, and I already know for sure she will do really well as her Chinese itself is much better than mine so please do look forward to her future projects! –XXM

*Hello everyone~ I am Annie. So excited to meet you. Translating with xia0xiao1mei is honestly a huge dream comes true for me! This is my very very first time editing and translating my beloved C-novels; I can finally contribute to the C-novel community now. I will try my hardest and do my best~ ^ _ ^**

(translated by xia0xiao1mei)

(edited by anniaxx)



CHAPTER TWO

Stunning Male Lead

Pang Wan's past life, was originally of a nobility living in the land of Mary Sue.

It can be said that this land of Mary Sue, is but a hugely wonderful work of the novel world, once it's able to mix into nobility — that is but the class of the female protagonist, it is simply just overflowing radiance with endless charms, with the amazing capability to have all males within a hundred li radius to all come kneeling down before her skirt. In that faraway land of Mary Sue, the female leads not only intimately mingle with men (literally male humans), but may also intimately mingle with male ghosts, male demons, male aliens, in the most extreme situations, sometimes, even such peasant that is the supporting female character, also have difficulty escaping the female lead's invincible spell.

Simply explaining this, it is the “with not a single word, the entire world loves me” spell.

That is why the Pang Wan in her previous life, was extremely blissful. She still remembers how she had only just rejected the courting of five handsome men, such that are rare finds in the world (don't ask why even though these handsome men are rare finds, the female lead can still meet several of them all at once), choosing the land's most powerful male lead to be her husband, also accepting the most talented supporting male to be her lover (don't ask why the male characters are able to withstand one another's existence), all was perfectly complete. That day, once she opens the blinds by the seaside, breathing in the clean and fresh air whilst reminiscing her own “as beautiful as an evil fairy” first love target, she suddenly hears the sound of “hong-long”, a line of pink lightning strikes down, hitting her spot on.

Pang Wan upon waking up, finds that she had turned into a young lass around the age of nine, hidden inside a mountain cave.

Such matter that is time travelling, was once the biggest trend in the land of Mary Sue, and had even led the economic development of the entire land, so she immediately accepts the reality of turning into a Lolita, acting extremely calm and tactful.

The first thing she did, was to go to the stream to take a careful look at her

own face.

Five features looking proper, a docile appearance, belonging to that of a little beauty.

——very good, no matter how one looks at it, it is still the face of a female lead.

Pang Wan felt satisfied and was put to ease with this.

One must know, in the land of Mary Sue, looks are very important, of nobility, even the majority of female leads are “stunning beauties”, even if they start off looking very ugly, in the end, they will still become beautiful, stunningly beautiful even, beauty that is extremely brutal and inhuman.

Determining her own class, Pang Wan starts to calmly live her life in the cave.

She believes that since she is a female lead, there must certainly be a handsome man to the rescue, all only comes down to timing.

Such calmness, remained calm for an entire year.

So calm to the point her mouth had already turned dull and tasteless, her entire person wan and thin, exceptionally withered, the moment she almost breathed her last breath, a middle aged man finally carried the dying her out of the cave.

“Wan Wan, uncle was trapped in Tianshan Tonglao’s circle of imprisonment^[1], have come a step too late, uncle is sorry to you ah!”

(Tianshan Tonglao /天山童姥 Childish Old Lady of Sky Mountain – character from Jin Yong’s 天龍八部 Demi-Gods and Demi-Devils)

That uncle wails, the tears dripping into her mouth.

“This person definitely isn’t the male lead!” This is the only thought that flashes in her mind before falling into coma.

When she wakes up, she finally gains clear understanding of her own story and identity —— in this life she is called Pang Wan, is the daughter of Bai Yue Sect’s former Sheng Gu. Not sure for what type of love or hate, feelings or vengeance, the former Sheng Gu brought her along in leaving the Bai Yue Sect, but then abandons her in that mountain cave to grow up alone. Bai Yue Sect as the

dignified number one unorthodox sect of Jiang Hu, with excellently deep and strong traditions, the sect's codes clearly states that there cannot go a day with no Sheng Gu, and so Sect Leader Uncle carrying the spirit of the foolish old man who removed the mountain^[2], patiently and meticulously dug three chi (measurement 尺 – equal to 1/3 of a meter), finally finding Pang Wan before she starved to death.

Indeed, hard work pays off sincere people.

Pang Wan was then brought back to Bai Yue Sect by the sect leader, holding a succession ceremony, and officially became the thirty-sixth generation Sheng Gu.

At that time, Pang Wan really liked this identity of being the Sheng Gu of an evil sect — think about it, the mascot of a dignified evil sect, a living signboard that moves, youth, beauty and power all in grasp, all stars twinkling around the bright moon, a sight to behold, is this not an extremely typical Mary Sue story?

She feels very satisfied with where this story is going, showing great anticipation for the future.

However, very quickly she finds something is slightly off with this world.

That was around three months after returning to the sect, Pang Wan had already been pampered with all sorts of precious delicacies from the mountain and seas into a little fair skinned dumpling with rosy cheeks, very much the adored treasure of all within the sect. That day she was wearing a newly made floral outfit, cheerfully heading to her “poison your entire family to death” lessons, lips even humming to a sweet little tune: “.....the strong-minded Mary Sue, no need to explain ah, Mary Mary Sue~~~since it will definitely be this way ah, Mary Mary Sue~~~” This is a pop song from the land of Mary Sue, no one sings yet in Bai Yue Sect, she thinks this is because this place is deep in the valley, not yet civilised, mental spirits and culture is thus relatively lagging behind.

Far ahead, she sees a young man in black stood with his back straight in front of the door, that young man seems to have heard the singing, currently raising his head to follow the sound.

Pang Wan having just met eyes with that young male's face, only feels a sound

of “weng” in her chest, exploding into a blossoming firework of all colours.

——how beautiful of a youth he is eh! That contour, like that of sculptures, those brows and eyes, like that of oil paintings, that rebellious look, that build of insanely pure handsomeness, and also the sparkling blood-red earrings by his ear, ai-ya-ya, that is but a beautiful person that can cause an absolute audience-all-kill when placed in the land of Mary Sue ah!

Could it be, this is my first male lead?

Pang Wan upon thinking up to here, eyes contains spring, lips spreading into a crazy grin.

Dear readers, let us not discuss such problem of social values that is why Pang Wan would think “first male lead” and not “male lead”, what everyone need to focus on is, the male lead that Pang Wan is speculating, is currently raising a sword lined with overflowing coldness up to her neck.

The blade comes closer and closer, closer and closer, so close that the chill has already seeped into her skin, slicing open a fine and long cut, fresh red blood slowly oozing out.

Pang Wan was still immersed in the happiness of encountering the male lead, not at all noticing the arriving of danger. She looks over the young man, intoxicated in his extraordinary appearance, her heart containing a voice drumming and dancing in joy —— this person has such stunning bearing at such a young age, and that expression is also so venomously fierce, he will surely achieve great things in future ah!

She too has a reason for such happiness, in the land of Mary Sue, those with generally lukewarm personality are all supporting males, unable to win over the female lead’s heart, also difficult for them to stay together forever. Should such a stunning man be reduced to a mere supporting role, it truly makes one feel a little unwilling to let it be.

The youth seeing Pang Wan’s expression showing not the slightest of change, was somewhat surprised, with a turn of his wrist, wanting to turn the blade to strike towards Pang Wan’s throat —— anyone who knows martial arts would be able to see, this pretty young man truly wants to take Pang Wan’s life.

“Insolence!” A thunderous scold sounds from behind, “Quickly withdraw that sword!”

The youth purses his lips, the action of his hand freezing, but does not abide by those words in withdrawing his sword.

“Nan Yi! You sure are very daring, to actually publicly defy Sect Leader’s orders!”

Yet another middle aged man’s voice travels over, containing warning and caution, also slight worry.

That pretty youth called Nan Yi sounds a cold laugh, turning towards the menacing presences that had arrived — — Bai Yue Sect Leader and Lord You.

“Father, you’re really choosing this wretched girl? Intending to give {{Xi Sui Jing}} (bone marrow cleansing scripture) to her?”

The youth gazes at the man of big and tall built that came charging to him, eyes like a cheetah, bloodthirstily vicious.

As if to protest, he slightly gathers dark energy, the sword once again moving forward three points, looking to just about make contact with Pang Wan’s throat.

Pang Wan finally snaps out of it, immediately frightened stiff, nerves freezing in place.

“Young Master Nan Yi, Sheng Gu has been clearly stated in the sect’s codes, a genius that comes once every hundred years.” The one who spoke up is the Lord You, good at giving methodical and patient guidance, with a warm and gentle tone, “Moreover the approach of that {{Xi Sui Jing}} leans more towards femininity^[3], much more suited for women to practice, so why must Young Master persist?”

The youth casts a glance at Pang Wan from the corner of his eyes, contempt reaching the extreme: “This person, other than being a woman, what other areas can she surpass me in? The secret manuals of our Bai Yue Sect, how could it possibly fall into the hands of such an unworthy little chick?”

“Father!” He suddenly thinks of something, sword-like brows making a jump,

phoenix eyes sharpening.

“If Xi Sui Jing can only be passed onto women and not men, I shall immediately speak to Elder Dongfang, requesting for him to help turn me into a woman, never to regret and go back on my words!” Once the youth spat all this out in one breath, his face is filled with a radiant shine.

(Dongfang here is in reference to Dongfang Bubai, from 笑傲江湖 Swordsman or The Smiling, Proud Wanderer, a male who castrated himself in order to practice the Sunflower Manual, he later becomes a supremely formidable martial artist and also grew increasingly feminine)

Dun dun dun, the maids outside the doors all collapse into one big pile.

“Nonsense!”

Sect Leader’s face turns green, facial features contorting into one: “Insolent rascal, do you know what it means to turn from a male to female?! That means.....”

“I know I know.” The youth nonchalantly cuts him off, shrugging his shoulders without an ounce of care, “Elder Dongfang had said, male turning into female means losing the lower part, gaining the upper part, cannot follow the common customs of wedding a wife and having children, but can snatch a few favourable men back as companions, passing days with a carefree spirit, it is after all much more free and comfortable compared to those pure men.”

“That is why such stupidity, such foolishness that is women.....” He turns back to contemptuously glance at Pang Wan, spitting out at her, “I’d rather not care for!”

Bright red blood mixed in with saliva, flows out from Pang Wan’s gaping mouth.

She savours the sweet iron taste in her mouth, currently unable to clearly tell whether she had actually been injured by the prowess of the sword, or whether she had been shaken by the youth’s imposing manner.

This is not going right at all, she thinks, the world of Mary Sue should not be like this ah.

This pretty youth, should he not fall in love with me at first sight and then we

become childhood sweethearts? No matter how much more arrogant and domineering he can get, he can only be an awkward little bully at most, should be containing endless rains of unspeakable love for me ah!

Why? Why did he come charging over to kill me? (The crucial point is killing for real)

Why? Why does he want to become a woman? (He actually knows he would lose his lower part!)

The Pang Wan at that time did not know yet, there is no end to the sea of misery, in the world of Mary Sue, repent and the shore shall be in reach.

She only makes a very confused speculation, perhaps this is a very different Mary Sue story — *when the heavens drop major responsibilities and burdens onto such people, it must certainly first have them experience distress before developing strong will, have them worked tirelessly to the bones, have their body and skin endure hunger, have their being subjected to extreme poverty, have them act in line of overthrown confusion.....*^[4]

The many catastrophes and battles thereafter, Pang Wan relied on faith in order to persevere and soldier on.

En, we cannot deny, in fact, she is very optimistic.

[1] I'm not sure what the accurate translation for this is, but **circle of imprisonment** is zhèn fǎ / 阵法 which is a **strategic formation designed to entrap enemies in a sort of maze**.

[2] **The foolish man who removed the mountain** or yú gōng yí shān / 愚公移山 is a well-known idiom story that tells of the **good that comes from great efforts**. [Full story: <http://history.cultural-china.com/Wise/wise75.html>]

[3] The original word used for **femininity** here is yīn róu/ 阴柔 which literally translates to **yin and tender**, as in the yin in yin and yang – females are considered yin, whilst males are yang.

[4] One of the more well-known quotes taken from an extract from a classic literature and philosophy piece **{{Suffering is living, happiness is death}}** from **{{Mencius · Gao Zi}}**

[Side Note] Lord You can be said to hold the title of second in command. Yòu/右 means the direction right. Being the Lord of the Right to the sect leader signifies his important position in the sect.

In case anyone is confused, Mary Sue is a fictional character but is also a popularised term used to refer to a type of stereotypical female character in films and books, someone who is portrayed as pretty much the perfect girl with perfect looks, and also makes use of her unrealistic skills and capabilities to save the day, and of course, attracts all sorts of love interests.....hot love interests.

So basically, the entire novel plays out in a way that cleverly mocks this whole overused Mary Sue concept, with our protagonist, Wan Wan, who comes across as quite the delusional character. Wan Wan believes that she too is a “Mary Sue”, and although it’s questionable whether she had really lived this perfect “Mary Sue” life before getting hit by lightning, we can say that she has for sure time travelled, to a place where she believes is the start of her new Mary Sue story.

(translated by *xia0xiao1mei*)

(edited by *anniaxx*)



CHAPTER THREE

Brother Nan Yi

In the end, the pretty youth Nan Yi did not turn into a woman, because he is the only son of the Bai Yue Sect's sect leader, so the sect leader needs him to continue the family line.

But the wall between him and Pang Wan, was thus established.

He hates Pang Wan, hates this wretched girl that appeared out of thin air and robbed the secret manual that had belonged to him, as well as the love and care of his father. In the following six years, he would always seize every opportunity to add poison in Pang Wan's meals, release snakes into Pang Wan's bathing water, place sharp pieces of blades in Pang Wan's pillow — in conclusion, all is done with the general goal of getting rid of Pang Wan, having Pang Wan killed, taking to whatever cruel means possible.

At first, Pang Wan had almost went insane, she went crying to the sect leader, went protesting to the sect members, but everyone would look at her with a “sorry, I would love to help but I can’t” look.

— this is an unorthodox sect, black and white reversed, does not speak of any morality nor justice, Nan Yi’s intentions and doings, cannot be considered any more normal in the eyes of the Bai Yue Sect members, after all, it is one of the many noted doctrine in the Bai Yue Sect: kill your opponent no matter if he is inferior or superior, strong or weak. As for Pang Wan, since she is the destined Sheng Gu, she should naturally strike back at every strike encountered, under each and every attack, she is to come out completely unscathed.

These six years, thanks to the nimble and intelligent Rong Gu-Gu by her side, Pang Wan had been able to hold onto her dear life during each and every struggle, otherwise, she would have long died seventy/eighty times, her corpse turning over and rolling back.

“Still one more month, and Sheng Gu will be leaving the sect for real world training, don’t know what kind of mission Sect Leader will send her on when the time comes?”

Rong Gu-Gu inserts the pearl flower ornament into Pang Wan’s hair, plentiful and radiant like clouds. She smiles at the person in the mirror, the combing custom is completed.

Watching that distorted portrait in the bronze mirror filled with bumps and hollows, Pang Wan held little interest, feebly sounding a reply: “Presumably finding some sort of treasure back huh!”

Her inner heart only thinking of that mercury mirror that had been hidden away, that mirror was brought back by Sect Leader when he happened to be at the Persian Sect.

“It’s also possible, to bring back the head of someone from one of those righteous sects.”

Rong Gu-Gu softly raises the corners of her lips into a seeming smile.

“Ah, Sheng Gu, say, whose head should we choose then? The abbot of Shaolin? Afraid that a bald man’s head wouldn’t be good to carry; the sect

leader of Wudang? It seems as though dishevelled hair is draping down from their heads all year round, you would even have to tie their hair back for them first.....”

Every time she sees such dreamy expression from Rong Gu-Gu, Pang Wan would always get this chilly feeling of goose bumps crawling up from the soles of her feet.

“Rong Gu-Gu, wanting me to rid of all sorts of big name sect leaders right now, is it not, a little too early?”

Pang Wan uses a type of expression that is cautious and bitter enough to squeeze out coptis root juice as she looks at Rong Gu-Gu.

“Silly child, what kind of words are those? Young Master Nan Yi descended the mountain two years ago for real world training, and did he not bring back the heads of Kong Dong Sect Leader and Qing Cheng Sect Leader?”

Rong Gu-Gu uses a look of regarding something seldom seen as strange, those eyes of soft metal turned steel glances at her.

“The dignified Sheng Gu of our Bai Yue Sect, no matter what, should also kill a bigger name figure ah! In order to help you get your name out there, Sect Leader had already sent the sect’s people out to spread news since half a year ago, saying you had already taken hundreds of lives with your own hands at a very young age, right now, your reputation is renowned eh!”

It would be better if the latter half of the sentence wasn’t spoken, the more spoken, the more Pang Wan’s mood sank.

A famed reputation is divided into two kinds, one is a beautiful reputation, the second is a cursed reputation, seeing this situation, the mighty lord Sect Leader sure wants to pull her along in running down the road of being condemned by thousands and trampled by millions, with no intention to turn back.

“.....don’t know if, there are any heroes that are able to remain unaffected towards this vast amount of lies, instantly seeing into the loneliness residing in the depths of my heart?”

Pang Wan who was at the mercy of fate, sorrowfully mutters to herself.

She deeply, deeply misses her last life, in which the whole world loved the female lead unconditionally.

“Is Sheng Gu worried about having no real life combat experience?” Rong Gu-Gu seeing her gloomy face, heart contains concerns, “Do not worry about having no experience, it is also fine to ask others, making a little more preparations would always guarantee complete success.....that’s right!” Her eyes instantly brightens, “I heard Lu Wei had just returned from his real world training yesterday, Sheng Gu can go ask him, gain a little insight!”

Lu Wei is one of Nan Yi’s twelve guards, is considered a promising youth in the sect. Due to having served as Pang Wan’s training partner for a short time, towards Pang Wan, he has always been more warm and friendly.

After a little thinking, under Rong Gu-Gu’s arrangements, Pang Wan brings along a basket of fruits, as she gracefully leaves Sacred Heart Chamber, heading towards the Southern Tower where Lu Wei is.

Just when she had reached fifty meters away from the Southern Tower, Pang Wan suddenly stops in her steps.

She spots a familiar figure standing before the doors of the Southern Tower.

Not seeing him for half a year, that person’s handsomeness seems to have matured even more, a slender and upright figure, currently focused on wiping the sword in hand.

——same weapon, same black attire, same earrings;

——that venomous heart, ey, without thinking, must certainly be the same as well

Just when a certain someone had turned around wanting to leave, a sharp cold light pierces the air from behind, hissing as it flies towards her.

“Again?” Pang Wan’s face shows bitterness, instantly somersaulting to avoid the attack.

Before she had even landed, all that can heard is shua-shua-shua! Countless sword attacks bursts out from the ground like bamboo shoots after the rain, forcing her to have no opportunity whatsoever to gain a foothold, seeing that

she was practically about to be stirred into flying flesh any time soon, all that can be seen is one toss of her sleeves, and a line of white silk flies out from within her sleeves, securely wrapping around the top of the huge tree, bringing her to a safe distance of approximately half a zhang away from the sword attacks. (Zhang 丈 measurement, approx. 3.3. meters)

Was just about take a breath, when the sharp chill flashes through the air again, the force of the sword directly heading to the white silk. Pang Wan grits her teeth, with one tug of the white silk, her body swings, going around one hundred and eighty degrees before firmly standing on the treetop, all whilst quickly withdrawing the white silk back into her sleeves.

The entire action smoothly flowed like that of water and drifting clouds, gestures were also considered gracefully light.

Pa-pa-pa, someone gives her a round of long drawn out and utterly insincere applause.

“Not seen you for half a year, and Sheng Gu’s skills has improved significantly.”

That person leisurely walks to the bottom of the tree.

Pang Wan’s curved brows straightens, eyes staring dead onto that figure in black who is slowly walking over, heart harbouring the impulse to have him hacked into millions of pieces before collecting it all up to make stuffed dumplings.

“No matter how much you glare, your eyes can’t shoot out knives.”

The person below the tree reminds with fake concern, entire body from top to bottom exuding a type of “what can you do to me” attitude of extreme arrogance.

Pang Wan tightly purses her lips, eyes emitting flames of anger. She thinks to herself, should her eyes be able to shoot out knives, afraid the person across from her would have long been cut into pieces, not leaving behind a single strand of hair.

The person under the tree is very calm, also very patient, he does not speak, continuing to look at her in waiting.

Hence the deadlock that lasted half a stick of incense, seeing that the branch under her feet will soon snap, the very moment the “ka” in the sound of ka-cha was heard, Pang Wan pouts her lips, reluctantly calling out — — “Brother Nan Yi”.

In the end it is still her who was defeated.

Nan Yi showing up at the Southern Tower right now, is something Pang Wan had not expected at all, although the Southern Tower is his living quarters, she had always thought he was out in the Jiang Hu for real world training, yet to return.

“Did Sect Leader not give you two years’ time to go challenge the righteous sects? How come you’re back in less than six months?”

Following the snapping sound of the branch, Pang Wan seizes the opportunity to jump to the ground, hands firmly holding the fruit basket.

“Naturally came back with good news.”

Nan Yi watches her every move, the corners of his lips revealing a hint of a suspicious smile.

“What news?”

Pang Wan hides the fruit basket behind her back on full alert, having just relaxed a little, her hairs once again stands on end.

Nan Yi uses the breathing of his nose to express his disdain towards her little action, then looks up to the sky, proudly speaking every word every phrase: “I, the Young Master, have finally found a beloved woman, specifically bringing her back to meet father this time, preparing to marry her into the family.”

Hong-long!

A clap of thunder bursts out from Pang Wan’s heart, shocking her organs to chaotically go running pa-da-pa-da in all four directions, north east south west.

“Is, is a woman you met outside the sect?”

Her face pales, the words from her mouth starting to come out somewhat unsmooth.

“Is my life saver.” Nan Yi nods, “Three months ago I was being pursued by Kunlun Sect, losing footing and fell down the cliff, she found me at the foot of the mountain, took great care of me tenderly, and had almost got bitten by a poisonous snake when gathering herbs.....” Speaking up to here, Nan Yi takes a deep breath, “Getting to know her for three months, I finally understood what the ‘one pair one lifetime’ mother had spoken of is — Ah Wu is the lifetime’s companion I was meant to find.”

On the youth’s face that had only ever showed brutality, tender and loving affection emerges, just like the blossoming moment of first love.

Nan Yi was still speaking on and on about his and Ah Wu’s meeting, yet Pang Wan is already at the point of not letting anything in.

In her naïve mind, there is only the echoing of Nan Yi’s previous words — Ah Wu is the lifetime’s companion I was meant to find.

Lifetime’s lifetime’s lifetime’s, companion companion companion.....

Seven years it has been since arriving in this foreign place, knowing Nan Yi for six years, even though these six years was spent with Nan Yi bullying her and harassing her, even though no spark of passionate feelings had popped up between the two youngsters, but! But somewhere deep in her heart, Pang Wan had but always regarded Nan Yi as her male lead ah! (So handsome, also highly skilled in martial arts, in particularly having a compelling personality, even his name is called male one (as in male lead, pronounced nán yī), if he isn’t male lead then who is male lead?)

But this male lead, the moment his romance took off, actually tells her he had fished his bride back from the bottom of a cliff?

——could it be, I’m not actually the female lead, but only supporting female ABCD?

——could it be, my ultimate fate is to have female lead Ah Wu get rid of me, or perhaps quietly disappear, rotting away in an unknown corner?

The more she thinks the more afraid she is, the more afraid she is the more she thinks, the sudden news dealt a great impact on Pang Wan. She was stunned senseless, simply stood still in place, like a toy removed from all its screws, eyes

looking empty, expression dull and foolish.

Nan Yi finds Pang Wan doesn't seem to be acting right, his fist raises to whack Pang Wan's shoulder.

Before that one whack had landed, two lines of pure and clear streams flow down from Pang Wan's eyes, drop along her cheeks and roll onto her skirt.

".....Wan Wan?" Nan Yi was somewhat startled.

He thought that he would be teased by Pang Wan, even thinking of the ridiculous scenario that she would mention the time he swore to become a woman at a young age, but had never thought, Pang Wan would use two lines of crystal tears to respond to him.

He is not afraid of Pang Wan crying, when young, what he loved most was precisely seeing Pang Wan's howling wails after being rendered a state of turmoil [1] by him. Just that this little wretch's tears today, gives him the feeling that something's different.

Exactly what is different though? This he cannot tell.

Pang Wan finally snaps out of it, she gazes at Nan Yi who is currently stiffly staring at her, thousands of thoughts had already flew by her mind, time brings great changes to the world.

"Brother Nan Yi, I.....give you my blessings."

Wiping away the tears on her cheeks, her hand reaches out to Nan Yi's shoulder, letting out a sigh.

Nan Yi had always hated others coming close to him the most, seeing Pang Wan's current soulless state, he did not know why he did not push her away.

"Brother Nan Yi having only just returned to the sect, must surely be busy with many affairs, Wan Wan shall pay respects to sister-in-law another day." Pang Wan sends him a smile worse than that of a sobbing face, "I shall go find Lu Wei to discuss some matters."

"You specifically came to send Lu Wei fruits?" Nan Yi glances at the bamboo basket in her hand.

"When requesting others, one must naturally cater to their pleasure."

Pang Wan waves her hand at him, turning around to continue heading to the Southern Tower, just that her movements are slightly shaky and staggering, losing the beauty of her previous gracefulness.

Nan Yi watches her leaving figure, containing slight suspicion as he narrows his eyes.

[1] The original term used for **rendered to a state of turmoil** is **jī fēi gǒu tiào / 鸡飞狗跳** which literally translates to **flying chickens and jumping dogs**.

Mary Sue references aside, hopefully everyone is having no problem with keeping up with the story now that Wan Wan is getting ready to wander into the Jiang Hu (although it takes another three chapters for her to actually leave for real world training).

And I know, I know, just like Wan Wan, all of you must be eager to find out who is the lucky(?) guy to star as the male lead here, but nope, let the guesses and shipping begin, but no spoilers this time

...for now, the only one that has been introduced is Candidate 1: Nan Yi – and well, that is if you still want to consider him a candidate despite him having his Ah Wu.



CHAPTER FOUR

Lady Mei Wu

The news of Young Master Nan Yi bringing back his soon-to-be-wife, very quickly spreads throughout every corner of the sect, the sect members that harboured hopeful dreams all cried to the heavens and knocked their heads on the ground, shedding innumerable bitter tears that flowed into a little river. Amongst the sound of hearts breaking one by one, only the chef in charge of the meals was overjoyed, they say that for these few days, there is no need to add salt when cooking noodles, no need to prepare the sour dipping for dumplings, hence saving a lot money.

“The yesterday that abandoned me and left, cannot be retained; the today that leaves my heart in disorder, causes many worries.”^[1]

Pang Wan once again starts humming to this tune.

The female leads produced in the land of Mary Sue are generally multi-

talented, mere poetry and singing, she naturally has a grasp of.

“To think Sheng Gu’s feelings towards Young Master is actually this deep!”

The third time hearing Pang Wan recite this poem, Rong Gu-Gu explodes, she throws aside the pearl flower ornament and smacks the table as she rises: “Rong-er shall go chop off the head of this Mei Wu right now, bringing it back to Sheng Gu!”

Pang Wan rolls her eyes at Rong Gu-Gu — she knows, Rong Gu-Gu is joking.

“Sheng Gu ah Sheng Gu, in fact, you need not be so heartbroken, since the ancient times, the bigger named figures, would always need to encounter some setbacks.”

Rong Gu-Gu hovers over her, grabbing a golden sandalwood comb, combing along her hair without much effort.

“Like those that go down in history as demonesses of evil sects, which one isn’t a heavenly deity in appearance, demon at heart? No heart no feelings, even able to remain emotionless when killing their closest loved ones. Rong-er believes that, Sheng Gu getting ditched by Young Master this time is a good thing, perhaps this wound will hit you with enlightenment, to remove your feelings and cut off love, thus making a one-swoop breakthrough of the ninth level in Xi Sui Jing, obtaining higher cultivation.....”

Pang Wan originally wanted to say, my ambition is to be blessed with the endless love of pretty men, not to become an endangered old nun, but in the very end, she only refutes with the words: “I did not get ditched by that little tyrant!”

Having said that, she buries her face into her knees, falling into a gloomy mood.

Rong Gu-Gu grew amused by her distressed girl in love attitude, pinching the silky smooth ears of the person in front of her: “Then what is Sheng Gu not happy about ah?”

Pang Wan does not say anything.

In reality, she too does not know why she is so unhappy.

Because Nan Yi brought back a bride without a word?

Because in these past six years, a part of her heart had actually hoped for Nan Yi?

Or is it because, she suddenly thought of, the brutal reality that she may, by a chance in million, not be the female lead?

——all in all, she is very confused right now.

Just as she was thinking all over the place, from the doors, there sounds the reports from the sect members, Sect Leader has arrived, and is already in the floral hall. (The floral hall is the Chinese version of a drawing room, not the living room, but another room where guests are received and entertained)

Pang Wan hurriedly jumps off the bed, rushing to the floral hall.

“Wan Wan!” Sect Leader sees her figure, and already spreads his arms from the distance.

Bai Yue Sect’s sect leader, surname Zuo , name Huai An, according to his self-introduction, he is the sworn brother of Wan Wan’s mother, hence never letting Wan Wan address him as Sect Leader, and instead call him “Uncle Zuo”.

“Wan Wan has grown up, gotten even prettier.” Sect Leader lovingly strokes her hair, like a biological father who had not seen her for a long time, “How has your martial arts training been going lately? Have you lost your killing-virginity ah?”

Killing-virginity, meaning the first murder.

“N-no.” Wan Wan upon hearing the final sentence, felt a chilling shiver, her head shrinking back from the demon claws of the sect leader.

“Wan Wan, now this isn’t right of you.” Sect Leader’s expression appears a little unhappy, “The people of Bai Yue Sect must lose their killing-virginity before the age of sixteen, and then hang the head of the person at the main doors to exhibit for three days, indicating their coming of age —— Wan Wan you will be reaching sixteen years of age very soon, this matter cannot be dragged on ah!”

Pang Wan only nods without saying a word, inside her heart, it feels like the water of grievances is wa-la-la flowing out —— what kind of a sin have I

committed here? To actually be allocated into such a looney environment, wait till I complete the mission of my lifetime here, I must go back to bribe the Mother Goddess of Creation.....

Up to now, she still believes she is living in the land of Mary Sue.

“Ha-ha, no more ushering, no more ushering!” Sect Leader heartily laughs out loud, “Wan Wan must be troubled, what kind of huge figure known to the world to kill? Uncle believes, Wan Wan certainly wouldn’t disappoint the expectations of everyone in the sect!”

Pang Wan’s heart ceaselessly cries its grievances, yet her face barely squeezes out a smile.

“Come! Quickly come pay your respects to Bai Yue Sect’s Sheng Gu, our family’s Wan Wan!” Sect Leader suddenly turns his head to roar out the command.

Within a blur of moment, a young lady steps out from behind the sect leader, her body bowed, slowly coming up to Wan Wan with light steps.

“This little one, Mei Wu, greets Sheng Gu.”

That young girl performs a wan fu bow towards Pang Wan, raising her head to radiantly look towards her. (Wan fu bow 万福礼 – a greeting by women, whereby they fold their hands on the lower right side. A gesture that symbolises, wishing you happiness and good luck)

One glance, just one glance, sometimes, the enemy that defeats you, needs only one glance.

There is a type of woman in the world, that can leave you ashamed after seeing them, such type of woman is beautiful to the point they can completely stop the flow of social trends — they are too beautiful, too great, so great that no one has the courage to wear clothes similar to theirs, comb hair into similar styles as theirs; even by wearing the same colour as them, girls will be upset by the fact that this type of woman is like the cloud in the sky whereas rest of the girls are like the dirt on the ground.

Pang Wan needs only one look at Mei Wu, to immediately know she had lost, and had even lost in particularly down to the core, feeling in particularly

resigned.

The difference between a heavenly deity and a mere mortal, the mortal human is clearly aware of.

“Lady Mei is too courteous.”

Pang Wan grows even more dejected.

She knows that she should further say courteous words to praise Mei Wu’s beautiful appearance, but her heart and mind is troubled, and truly cannot bring herself to say anything.

——she started to think, could it be I’m really just a supporting female, and this Lady Mei is the true protagonist? Look at how beautiful and pure she is, looking just like a heavenly deity, even her name is in particularly flowy and elegant, unlike mine, so common and dull, fat and curvy? (Fat and curvy is pronounced – pàng wān wān)

Seeing Wan Wan appear to have received a heavy blow, several sect members who were bored to death, starts to exchange glances and whisper amongst themselves.

——looks like Sheng Gu really likes Young Master!

——ey, the two grown up together since young, who would have thought Young Master would come back with his other half after descending the mountain, if I was Sheng Gu, I would already have cried to death.

——the crucial point is that the love rival is so good looking, giving no chance to fight back even if she wants to.....

——what do you mean no chance! I feel that Sheng Gu should charge head on, destroy that little wench’s face!

That final comment had clearly been spoken by a certain female sect member who held strong feelings for Nan Yi only for everything to shatter.

Pang Wan takes all these comments into the ear, her head filled with a noisily jumbled up mess, heart feeling even more in distress.

Right as she was feeling gloomy, her hands were suddenly grabbed hold of.

“Wan Wan!” Sect Leader holds both her hands, face looking very serious, “Nan Yi that child does not know any better, suddenly came running back three days ago, saying he wants to marry this lady.” He deliberately pauses, eyes sharply glancing at Mei Wu beside him.

Mei Wu’s body trembled, seeming afraid, but then immediately upholds herself as she stands straight.

Sure has a backbone ah, Pang Wan inwardly assesses.

“Wan Wan, even though five years ago, Uncle had said to Nan Yi, as long as he cultivates his martial arts well, carrying our Bai Yue Sect forward, I shall definitely not interfere with his personal matters, even if he likes eunuchs, but this time.....”

Sect Leader looks towards Wan Wan, eyes gradually becoming a little hazy and red.

“As long as Wan Wan says he cannot marry, I shall definitely not allow that insolent rascal to marry any other lady into the family!”

With one sound of bi~, the entire mountain valley was rendered silent.

“As long as Wan Wan says he cannot marry!”

“As long as Wan Wan says he cannot marry!”

Within a moment, across the mountains and plains, all that can be heard is the strong resonant echo of Sect Leader’s roar.

Pang Wan blanked out for a good while.

She sees Rong Gu-Gu’s face deep in thoughts.

Also received the beams of hopeful electric waves from countless female sect members.

And then, she sees Mei Wu silently bowing her head in the corner, she was biting her paled lips, crystal clear droplets glistening on her cheeks.

Ai~, she inwardly sighs.

“Uncle Zuo.”

Looking at Zuo Huai An whose face is filled with utmost seriousness, Pang Wan

intimately holds onto his arm, playfully batting her eyes.

“Brother Nan Yi has lived for eighteen years already, since it’s rare of him to like a lady, should we not go in accordance with him this time, who knows if that great demon would turn the world upside down?”

She does not wait for Zuo Huai An’s reply, and immediately turns her head back to Mei Wu, crisply calling out “sister-in-law”.

Her voice truly sounds sticky yet soft, and is even capable of melting the ice.

Hua-hua~, the crowd sounds countless sighs of disappointment, anger and regrets.

Mei Wu freezes on the spot, eyes still containing traces of tears, as though she dares not to believe her own ears.

Sect Leader was also somewhat stunned.

Presumably, the development of this matter was different from what he had expected.

Only Rong Gu-Gu, the kind and understanding Rong Gu-Gu, walked up and gave Pang Wan a pat on the shoulder.

“The yesterday that abandoned me and left, cannot be retained.”^[1]

Rong Gu-Gu softly says beside her ear, blinking her eyes, she meaningfully smiles.

[1] The opening lines of the poem [A Farewell to Secretary Shu Yun At the Xietiao Villa in Xuanzhou](#) by Li Bai / 李白

Full

(translated by anniaxx)

(edited by xia0xiao1mei)



Art by 伊吹五月

CHAPTER FIVE

For Rong Gu-Gu's Sake

Nan Yi's big wedding day was very quickly set: the third day after Pang Wan's departure from the sect for her real world training.

This date was chosen by Sect Leader and Pang Wan is deeply thankful for his decision, because this way, she will not need to face people's weird looks directed towards her during the wedding.

Before she leaves, there is still an extremely important thing: Pang Wan needs to determine her real world training objective —To kill a person? To snatch a beauty? Or to steal a Wu Lin treasure?

When Sect Leader throws out three beautiful silk pouches in front of her, Pang Wan felt bitter to the point it looked like she swallowed a mouthful of coptis root

juice^[1].

“Wan Wan, you take a pick.” Sect Leader looks at her with eyes filled with hope and aspiration, “These three pouches contains tasks that have been carefully selected by the elders after multiple votes. Each of the three is worthy of your position as Bai Yue Sect’s Sheng Gu. Come, choose, choose without worries!”

——His words are basically indirectly telling her, no matter which one she chooses, it will be nearly impossible for her to accomplish.

Pang Wan is feeling melancholic; she bites her lips and chooses the pink pouch.

After she unfolds the note in the pouch and reads what it says——Bang!! ——she feels as though the back of her head has been heavily struck by a huge hammer; she sees stars flying in front of her eyes.

The note clearly says: Take the head of the Supreme Chief of Wu Lin^[2] —Gu Xi Ju.

What?

What? What?

What? What? What?

Pang Wan lifts her head to look at Sect Leader in great shock, her mouth opened wide enough to swallow an ostrich egg: this...this...this.....

This grand task really is far above her expectation, she had originally thought that even if she needs to kill someone, at most it would be killing an E Mei nun or a Quan Zhen daoist^[3], she really did not expect Zuo Huai An’s set objective for her, would be to directly exterminate the Supreme Chief of the entire Wu Lin!

Seeing the sudden change of expression on her face, Nan Yi leans over to read the note.

After he sees its content, he lightly clicks his tongue and frowns.

As fast as lightning and thunder, Pang Wan quickly throws the note into her mouth and presses it under her tongue.

“This doesn’t count, I want to change it.” As she rambles this, she immediately reaches out to grab the other two pouches.

Right now, the plan in her mind is: Sect Leader said any of these tasks are befitting of her position anyway, so she shall just play mischievous this once and choose the easiest out of the three. (Let us forgive this Mary Sue girl who is used to having the entire plot following her will.)

The rest of the pouches are opened. One says: “Bring back the Jade Dragon Token.”

The other: “Kill Rong Gu^[4]”.

Pang Wan stares at the last one for a long time.

“Rong Gu is one of the top twelve most skilled masters of our Bai Yue Sect. She has been with you ever since you were a child. If you can take her life in one strike, then you will definitely be famous all over the continent and across the seas, with a renowned reputation for ‘killing families and having no weaknesses’!” explains Lord You.

Sect Leader remains silent, scrutinizing her with seriousness and acuteness.

“I choose Jade Dragon Token!” Pang Wan suddenly grabs the middle pouch tightly in her hand.

“Wan Wan, you need to consider this carefully.” Sect Leader reminds her with squinted eyes.

Pang Wan nods, exhibiting solid determination that cannot be bent by irons or steels.

According to the long traditions of the land of Mary Sue, all sorts of precious treasure will eventually come flying to the female lead’s side. She is seventy to eighty percent sure of this. Compared to killing people, this task should be much easier.

“Then work hard.” Sect Leader says nothing more. He just pats her shoulder like a headman would.

After she returns to Sacred Heart Chamber, Rong Gu-Gu immediately welcomes her with a big smile like that of a blooming spring flower.

“Sheng Gu, have you received your task?” She brings out the tea and leans her waist gently on Pang Wan’s back.

“Yes,” Pang Wan nods, “Sect Leader wants me to bring the Jade Dragon Token back within two years.” She thinks two years are more than enough time.

Rong Gu-Gu suddenly freezes.

“Sheng Gu, do you know whose hands the Jade Dragon Token is in right now?” Rong Gu-Gu turns and carefully looks at her.

“Isn’t it Gu Xi Ju?” Pang Wan has never seen this kind of expression on Rong Gu-Gu’s face; she becomes really surprised and shocked.

She had already asked Lord You about this. Even though this task still has something to do with Gu Xi Ju, stealing something from the Supreme Chief of Wu Lin is far easier than cutting off his head, is it not?

But Rong Gu-Gu sighs.

“Seizing the Jade Dragon Token signifies that you wish to dethrone the current Supreme Chief and replace him yourself.” With a sense of sorrow surrounding Pang Wan, Rong Gu-Gu seems chapfallen for the first time, “I have belittled Sheng Gu before, I have never thought that you would pick such an extraordinary path for yourself!”

What?

What? What?

What? What? What?

Pang Wan is dumbfounded.

But then she cheers up again, because she inwardly says to herself: so this story is going down the strong female lead plot? That’s also good! So I can be invincible in the whole world and flirt with beautiful men everywhere. Maybe I can even become a matriarch^[5] and greatly expand my harem!

That night, whilst everyone struggles to fall asleep, Pang Wan enjoys a really really sweet dream.

The grandiose ceremony of her departure is magnificent. 1.75 out of every 3 members of the whole sect all came out to pay their respects to Sheng Gu.

“Wan Wan, this journey holds great significance; you must raise the prestige of

our Bai Yue Sect!” Sect leader puts a crimson velvet cloak on her, “This Crimson Phoenix robe is your foregone mother’s; it is also the symbol of Bai Yue Sheng Gu. Today, I officially pass this on to you, hoping that you will inherit the previous Sheng Gu’s outstanding achievements, make great efforts and contributions to spread our strong reputation of Bai Yue!”

“Long-live Sheng Gu for generations! Sect Leader’s contributions are immeasurable!”

“Sheng Gu’s skills defeat all the rest! Sect leader will dominate the entire Jiang Hu!”

The sect members begin to loudly cheer.

Such tremendous mood leaves Pang Wan at loss; she could only smile sweetly, “Wan Wan will definitely not let the hope of the entire sect go to waste.”

Sect Leader is overfilled with joy; he pulls Pang Wan over and quietly whispers into her ear, “Don’t forget to lose your killing-virginity soon.”

Pang Wan’s smile freezes on her face.

Affected by the strong atmosphere of the sect, with her stallion howling beside her, she seizes the perfect time to turn and pushes herself off the ground with a single tap, leaping onto the horse in a handsome move. One pull on the rein, one press of both legs, “Go!”, she shouts tenderly, and both the stallion and beauty are gone with the dust, leaving behind a beautiful haze.

That crimson figure, like someone from outside this world, gradually fades into the horizon.

“Oh my! I am so cool!”

Pang Wan’s laugh slips in amongst the clip-clops of the horse. She is having her narcissistic moment again.

Da-da-da, the stallion runs down the hill top; da-da-da, the stallion rushes through the middle hill.

Da-da-da, the stallion suddenly stops at the end of the hill. There is a person on horse coming towards her from the front doors full of hanging heads.

“You?” Pang Wan reins in her stallion and goes back a few steps, she did not

expect to meet him here.

That person does not speak; he just looks at her and her crimson cloak.

Just as the colour of his clothes, his horse is also all black, as well as his hair and his pupils—all permeated by that shade of deep, bottomless black. As he stands there, all the chaos of this world has been consumed by this blackness.

“Brother Nan Yi, are you also here to see me off?”

Pang Wan squeezes out a smile at him— no matter the time and place, seeing Nan Yi is never a good thing. Last time, after meeting him in front of the Southern Tower, she gave Lu Wei the fruit basket and Lu Wei had diarrhea for three whole hours! In the end, Lu Wei weakly pushes her out his room, so she had received no advice about real world training at all.

This dude has a human’s face but a monster’s heart, truly wicked, she must be careful of him!

“I came here to send you off.”

Nan Yi is unexpectedly serious.

“...many thanks.” Facing this man who she thought would be her male lead; Pang Wan does not know what to say. She lowers her head and slowly rides forward.

Her back is still very tense and even slightly shaky; she is afraid he will perform a sneak attack on her in some way.

“Outside of Bai Yue Sect, I will not kill you.”

Nan Yi suddenly says nonchalantly, as if it is nothing important.

Pang Wan is stunned, because she did not think he would see through her guard against him, and also because of his sudden promise.

She ponders the deeper meaning within his words. Sounds like he is hinting that once she comes back to the sect, she will continue to suffer his torture. She couldn’t help but to feel somewhat mad.

Both of them say no more along the way.

Finally, they come out of the mountains and come close to the main road. Nan

Yi reins his horse and turns around, courteously cupping his hands toward her, “Take care!”

The luminous afternoon sunshine glows on his handsome figure, making his blood-red earrings brightly shine. With her vision going dizzy and her blood boiling in her head, Pang Wan is successfully allured by his glamour. Unable to think straight anymore, she asks him, “Brother Nan Yi, why do you like Lady Mei Wu?”

This is the question she had buried in her heart for a long time.

Even though Mei Wu is as pretty as a fairy, there are cases in which female leads with middle-rank beauty defeat extraordinarily beautiful supporting characters in the land of Mary Sue! Pang Wan is used to being a powerful magnet for all males in her previous life, so she finds losing her male lead at the beginning of this life extremely painful to accept.

Nan Yi pauses for a second; he probably did not expect to hear her mention this.

Next, he turns his head to gaze into the far mountains and speaks with a serious, loving, desiring, and treasuring voice, “Because Ah Wu made me realize: in this world, there really exists a real, pure, and fine white lotus flower.”

Puff! A sour and pedantic smell flows out from her chest, raises above her throat and rushes out of her nose.

“Like I care!?”, exasperated, she pulls out her horse whip like a typical imperious demoness from a unorthodox sect, and whips toward Nan Yi, “I wish you and your white lotus flower^[6] never ever end up together!”

Nan Yi did not even bat his eyes when he catches the other end of the whip and holds it firmly in his hand.

Pang Wan’s cheeks are burning red; she stares at him stubbornly, prepared to counter attack his next move ——Secluded Underworld Palm? Showering Flower Sword? Nine Yin Skull Claw? ^[7]

However, in the end, Nan Yi only releases the whip silently.

Pang Wan does not know why he is willing to let her off. Pretending to be

strong, she glances at him ruthlessly, takes back her whip and signals her stallion to run.

Thereupon, she rides onto the main road to the villages, parting ways with Nan Yi.

“What’s so good about a ‘white lotus flower’?” Pang Wan furiously thinks.



She believes if she had not been born in an unorthodox sect, she would definitely be an unrivalled, delicate, white lotus flower as well.

After being annoyed for about fifteen minutes, she makes a great decision: she decides to completely forget about Nan Yi and Mei Wu, that shameless couple(?), never to remember them again.

How wonderful is the world? Countless beautiful men and handsome guys are waiting for her hugs. As long as she is the female lead, the invincible female lead.

{**Translator’s note:** Hello, this is Annie. Yeh!! My first chapter is done! Thank you for reading! Don’t forget to check the footnote below (sorry, it’s long). Just want to say: this novel is super interesting and funny! I laughed so many times while reading it. You will definitely enjoy it! I also want to thank Xiaoxiao1mei ♥ again for making my dream comes true and editing this chapter for me! I have so much to learn from her; I will work my hardest! This is my very first chapter, so please leave a comment below to encourage me...hahaha..I mean, leave a comment about anything, I just want to hear from you~ ^_^* }

[1] Coptis root 黄连/Huáng lián: Coptis root is a Chinese herb that is known for its bitterness. Having swallowed coptis root juice is a common Chinese saying

expressing one's bitterness in emotion.

[2] Supreme Chief of Wu Lin 武林盟主/Wǔ lín méng zhǔ: The highest position in Jiang Hu. 盟主 is the title of the chief of an alliance. Being the highest chief of the entire Wu Lin alliance, Gu Xi Ju can be considered almost as a monarch figure (also with perhaps the highest skill of martial arts). Supreme Chief is passed on to the next most skilled person, often the one that can successfully defeat the current Supreme Chief.

[3] E Mei/峨眉; Quan Zhen/全真: These two sects are real orthodox sects in Chinese History. E Mei members are all nuns and Quan Zhen members are all daoists.

[4] Rong Gu/容姑: Just in case if you are wondering about the disappearance of the other "Gu". Like what the footnote of chapter one says, Gu-Gu is a title for elder women in the sect (Gu-Gu does not have to be really old; Pang Wan calls her Gu-Gu because Rong is much older than her, also showing her respect and closeness with Rong). But Lord You only uses Gu, because he is in a higher position and also probably older than Rong. So this way, Rong-Gu can be understood as a formal title, Ms. Rong.

[5] Matriarch: the original Chinese text used here is 女尊(Nǚ zūn/women-highest), which is a genre of novels that involves the exchange of the traditional roles of females and males. 女尊 novels are mostly set in fictional history or the far future, in which women are regarded as the highest and men are considered as significantly inferior. Pang Wan is questioning if her story is actually a 女尊 novel right here. I have to confess that I love this genre of C-novels so much; I mean, girls, don't you want to be the female lead of a 女尊 novel?

[6] White Lotus Flower 白莲花/bái lián huā: This term is a popular modern Chinese slang, referring to girls that *look* so pure and innocent, wearing white every day. You can find a lot of cliché white lotus girls in Mary Sue novels, often as the female leads as well. However, this term is not really a good term, because they are usually not pure and not innocent in the inside.

[7] Secluded Underworld Palm 幽冥掌/Yōumíng zhǎng; Showering Flower Sword 浣花剑法/Huàn huā jiàn fǎ; Nine Yin Skull Claw 九阴白骨爪/Jiǔ yīn báigǔ zhǎo: All three moves are real martial art moves.

Full

(translated by *xia0xiao1mei*)

(edited by *anniaxx*)



CHAPTER SIX

Unfortunately, It's Not Me

Staying in town for over ten days, Pang Wan would always change into men's attire and head down to the little inn to listen to some storytelling.

Although the Jade Dragon Token is important, allowing a female shut-in^[1] who spent sixteen years of her life in the mountains to understand the customs of the common people, is also very important. Since Sect Leader has given her two years' time, then she has the right to divide these two years into four parts — — the first three parts are to be spent on accomplishing her pursuit for romance^[2], the final part is to be spent on bringing down Gu Xi Ju.

As to whether the mission can be smoothly accomplished? We'll see! Besides, in the world of Mary Sue, all will go well as long as the female protagonist is leading the path.

Listening to the storytelling for half a month, Pang Wan pretty much understands the current situation within the Wu Lin, like which sect and which sect gets along, which sect and which sect are sworn enemies, who holds wealth, who holds power, who is romantically involved with who, and so on.

To her, all this information, which bits are of use, which bits are not of use, she temporarily cannot tell, and can only absorb everything into her brain first, just like a sponge.

Amongst the stories told by the storyteller, there is one that she is in particularly interested in, always eagerly waiting to hear more every time, that is the complications of love-hate feelings between the Supreme Chief of Wu Lin, Gu Xi Ju, and the famous Jiangnan courtesan Xing Xiang Zi. Just like all typical Mary Sue female supporting characters, the famous courtesan Xing Xiang Zi is crazily in love with Gu Xi Ju, time and time again she professes her love, refusing to marry anyone other than him, and throughout all this, this Gu Xi Ji remained like a revered god sat high above all, not moved by the beauty in the slightest.

The Gu Xi Ju spoken in the words of the storyteller, is but a character of impeccably untainted honourability, one whose martial arts has attained the highest level of formidability.

This Gu Xi Ju, sure has the qualities to be leading male huh.

Such high position, has so many infatuated yet beautiful fans, definitely not your ordinary passer-by; plus he isn't affected by the opposite sex, maintaining his jade-like chastity, is this not precisely used to highlight the female lead's attractiveness and charms? How much of a classic Mary Sue cliché this is ah.

This is what Pang Wan thinks, after having listened to an entire series of sixteen gossip episodes about the two people.

And so in her mind, she had started to neglect the fact that she needs to bring down this Supreme Chief of Wu Lin, and is instead fantasising herself descending from the sky like the world's last hero, rescuing the male lead from some sort of incomprehensible tragic moment — if say, Gu Xi Ju's heart is a stubborn lock, then she, Pang Wan is for sure the only key that can unlock it~~~~ (Please allow the author to throw up first)

Numerous days after this, Pang Wan thinks about this as she walks, thinks

about this as she sits, thinks about this as she eats, thinks about this as she sleeps. Within her ongoing imaginations, Gu Xi Ju's image had actually been magically pumped up. In her mind, Gu Xi Ju seems to be a stunningly beautiful youth dressed in white robes, clean and elegant like bamboo, the two meet under the peach blossom tree as both reach out their hands, under the cherry blossoms do they get to know one another, amongst the tree peonies (aka mudan flowers) do they fall in love, the plot is very intricate, the scenes extremely romantic.



Today, as she was fantasising how a third party shows up in her and Gu Xi Ju's relationship, whilst walking, someone suddenly bumps into her.

"Blind brat, actually dare to block your grandfather's path^[3]!"

A rough and husky voice curses from behind her.

Pang Wan glances back, it's a burly fellow with his face tattooed, hand holding a bronze shield.

"Sissy! What you looking at?"

The burly man upon seeing her stare, raises the shield to greet her head.

The very moment the words were spoken, her eyes see the shield swing over, Pang Wan smoothly rolls onto the ground, then pats her butt before climbing up again.

“How could you randomly hit people?!” She glares at the burly man before her, red rising on her otherwise grey and dreary little face.

“So what if I hit you? I can even kill you!” That big fellow instead laughs out loud, “Look at your bear-like appearance, just like a Rabbit God!”

(In China, bears are generally seen as slow witted, often bullied by smaller animals, thus being seen as dumb and useless. Whilst rabbits are seen as weak and little, pretty creatures that needs protection, Rabbit God or Lord Rabbit in this context actually means a male prostitute for other men. On a side note, the term Rabbit God or Tu’er Ye 兔儿爷 could also refer to the Moon Rabbit, companion of the Moon Goddess Chang’e)

Looking at this from a rational point of view, Pang Wan is in her male getup right now, her skin still milky, her figure slender, indeed looking quite androgynous.

The burly man’s hurling insults are loud and clear, gradually attracting a crowd to gather around.

Pang Wan bites her bottom lip, she’s not happy, very unhappy.

On one hand, the other person is unreasonably causing a scene, on the other hand, she was just getting into the key plot of Gu Xi Ju kicking the third party aside and swearing to the heavens that he loves only her, to actually be disrupted by these two guys, such a killjoy!

When Sheng Gu is greatly angered, the consequences are very serious, and so from her fingers, two red needles silently appears.

In the eyes of the audience, all that can be seen is the young male viciously glaring at the burly man, not throwing back any insults nor making any refutes, only turning around and heading straight off. Everyone had thought the show was over, causing a huge ruckus only to have them scatter like birds and beasts, no one noticed that after the youth was a hundred paces away, that burly man had suddenly fallen in a corner of the alley, foaming at the mouth as he has a seizure.

Having spent six years in an unorthodox sect, escaping Nan Yi’s murder attempts for six years, Pang Wan’s time was not spent sitting and eating as she awaits her death. Although this is still far from being “unrivalled in martial arts” as Sect Leader desires, she still acquired quite a number of skills and abilities. For

example, the martial arts she is most adept in is using the whip, and what she loves to use most is this set of Blazing Needles — as fine as ox hair, shoots out at an incredibly quick speed. Blazing Needles also have a special feature, it will melt away after coming in contact with the human body, the dissolved needle thus covers up the wound, automatically concealing its trace, such is a true example of “killing without a trace”.

Although the burly man with tattooed face has such an abominable attitude, his sin was not bad enough to die for, so Pang Wan had only used the Blazing Needles to prick two of his numbing acupoints, she had thought that the entire action had been executed without detection.

But did not know that after she had far gone, someone had silently dropped by the burly man’s side to investigate his injury, mouth gently sounding a “heh~”

Pang Wan having dealt with the tattooed face man, joyfully heads towards the little inn.

The tales of Gu Xi Ju has already ended, starting today, the storyteller will begin a series about the Solitary Palace Master’s fragrant filled deeds (fragrant refers to ladies, the term refers to his womanising deeds).

This Solitary Palace Master, is pretty mysterious by the sounds of it, it is said that from a young age, he had earned the fame of giving into sensual pleasures, clearly sat with countless beauties in his arms, yet insists on naming his own place of residence “solitary”. Different from the righteous sects and Bai Yue Sect, Solitary Palace comes under the classification of third-party forces, excellent at secret intelligence and mechanism, not leaning towards anyone, no one within the Jiang Hu dares to even lightly offend them, the Palace Master freely comes and goes alone, his whereabouts remains a mystery, just like a noble and prideful orchid in an empty valley, piercingly chilly on its own.

Somewhere amongst all this, Pang Wan feels that this Solitary Palace Master will definitely become entangled with her as well — such a potential lover like venomous snake, a paradox of good and evil, is this not also a basic requirement in a Mary Sue story? Passing by millions of flowers, but remains devoted to the female lead only, this scenario is ranked within the top three most popular plotline in the land of Mary Sue!

“They say the very moment that Meng Hai Tang sees Palace Master, she only feels her eyes instantly brighten, a wonderful sight of a gracefully moving gentleman with jade-like face.....”

The storyteller enthusiastically speaks^[4] on the platform, below the platform, Pang Wan sits with her cheek resting in hand as she chuckles — — who the hell is Meng Hai Tang? Like she even cares! She only remembers, Palace Master is a “gracefully moving gentleman with jade-like face”. Since the Gu Xi Ju in her imagination just now had his heart swayed, she decides to temporarily forget about that unfaithful man (Gu Xi Ju is thus instructed to get lost), allow her to study the male lead potential in the Solitary Palace Master first, before anymore is to be said.

“.....only hearing Meng Hai Tang delicately shout out: ‘I shall go and bring back the head of that demoness right now!’ But sees the disciple hook up a smile: ‘Our Bai Yue Sheng Gu has not even reached sixteen years of age when she had taken down the heads of three hundred people, her dear life, is it something you people of the central plains are capable of taking?’”

Abruptly hearing the four words of “Bai Yue Sheng Gu”, Pang Wan feels a shiver run up, awakening her from her imaginations filled with fluttering charms.

Not sure if it is deliberate or not, the storyteller pauses right in this moment, and fuming curses immediately sounds from all around.

“Curse that demoness! Such hefty words!”

“What’s so impressive about killing three hundred people? Bullying the weak doesn’t make you capable!”

“Should she dare to come to the central plains, watch me pull out her tendons and shed her skin!”

“Nothing more than a barbaric bitch serving Zuo Huai An, what makes her worthy of the Sheng title (Sheng 圣 – holy) ? She sure has the nerve to flatter herself!” [5]

“Demoness of the unorthodox sect, everyone should put her to death!”

“Venomous witch!”

“Lowly wench!”

.....

Pang Wan listens on without a sound, the cold sweat had already soaked through the back of her inner layers.

Although she was more or less mentally prepared for this, she never thought that her reputation is actually this bad, already reaching the extent of being like mice on the streets, cursed and hunted by all.

Seeing that everyone’s heated emotions seems to have all been let out, the storyteller finally signals for silence with both hands pressing down, words marking a change of subject: “Speaking of this Bai Yue Sheng Gu ah, it is inevitable that we also mention our Wu Lin’s true Sheng Nü (female saint or holy woman) —— Fairy Sang Chan! In this world, other than her who is endowed with both talents and beauty, noble and pure in character, just like a white lotus flower lady, who else is able to live up to the ‘Sheng’ title?”

Upon hearing the two words “Sang Chan”, many members of the audience falls into a daze, one after another, displaying an expression of loving admiration and longing.

“.....Supreme Chief of Wu Lin maintaining his jade-like chastity for her, Master of the Solitary Palace falling into dejection for her, even the Ninth Prince is reserving his Princess Consort position for her! The entire Wu Lin is betting, amongst these outstandingly elite men, who is to win her heart in the end?!” The storyteller moves his head around as he speaks, acting very pleased with himself, seeming to have completely sunken into the charms of this heroine’s peerless elegance and talents, “Ah~! Our Fairy Sang Chan! She is so perfect, so outstanding, who will have the fortune to be her fated one, to remain by her side to the end?”

A sound of pu~, the ba bao tea^[6] came spraying out from Pang Wan’s mouth.

At this point, everyone was still intoxicated in the magnificence of Fairy Sang Chan, no one even noticed her at all.

And so Pang Wan takes out her handkerchief and silently cleans her mouth, her expression showing such depression of facing the world’s end, as though

what she had spat out was not tea, and is instead the fresh blood coming from her heart.

It’s over, no need to hope for the Palace Master, no need to even think about Gu Xi Ju either, the firm belief that all the pretty men loves her, has completely shattered now. Having gone through Nan Yi’s change of heart, and the heavy blow of Gu Xi Ju and Solitary Palace Master abandoning her for another^[7], Pang Wan’s warm pink heart had turned so cold so cold — I am not the female lead, Sang Chan is the true female lead, look at her gaining three great classic male leads all on her own, and is even able to have such beautiful reputation circulating as well?

“.....she, is the new moon in the sky; she, is the morning dew in the mountains; she, is the white lotus flower in the water.....” The storyteller is still singing his praises about Sang Chan’s peerless elegance.

Pang Wan sits on the chair, silently listening on, her chest rising and falling.
——giving up just like this, willingly becoming a supporting female, and marry a faceless supporting male till death do us part?
——no! Definitely not!

The blood of female nobility boiling within, the excessively confident and prideful Mary Sue genes in the body roaring out its cries.

She looks towards that storyteller, currently waving his arms and prancing around in joy. Her brows knits together, mind filled with brilliant schemes.

[1] **Female shut-in** or **zhái nǚ / 宅女** in Chinese, can also be said to be the Chinese version of **female otakus**, the Chinese term literally translates to **house-girl**.

[2] **Romance or love** is often referred to as **táo huā / 桃花** in Chinese, it literally means **peach blossoms**.

[3] **Grandfather** or **yé yé / 爷爷**; in Chinese, people sometimes use family terms to degrade others in arguments. Calling yourself the grandparent of

someone who is actually not your grandchild is an insult to the other person, because you are placing him or her in a lower generation.

A family name that I tend hear most often is **gū nǚ nai / 姑奶奶** as in great-aunt, your paternal grandfather's sister. And yes, whilst these terms are used as curses and such, in a reversed situation in which you are calling someone unrelated to you grandfather or great-aunt is also a way to make yourself humble, this is often used when begging the person for mercy.

[4] The original term used for **enthusiastically speaking** is **tuò mò héng fēi / 唾沫横飞** the literal translations is a little disgusting but it gets meaning across – **[speaking] with saliva spitting out.**

[5] **To flatter oneself or to give all credit to oneself** is **liǎn shàng tiē jīn / 脸上贴金** in Chinese, literally translates to **sticking gold to [one's own] face**. It can be said to be the Chinese equivalent of the English's **to blow one's own trumpet.**

[6] **Ba Bao Tea, bā bǎo chá / 八宝茶** or **eight treasure tea** is a tea, also considered herbal medicine, that's really good for healthy skin and body. The ingredients includes dried chrysanthemum flowers, goji berries, longans, red dates, green tea, ginseng, rock Sugar, liquorice root.

[7] The original term for **abandoning her for another** was actually **pípá bié bào / 琵琶别抱** which funnily enough, is a term used to refer to women rather than men. The term comes from a classic play called Tale of the Pipa, created in the Ming Dynasty, it tells of a loyal wife who went searching for her husband, whilst playing the pipa to make a living (see <http://www.npm.gov.tw/english/exhibition/eban1005/main12.htm> for full story). The translation for the term is something along the lines of **letting go of the pipa**, meaning that if the wife in this story had let go of her pipa, it is no different to abandoning her husband. The term was originally used to refer to **women who had abandoned their husbands to remarry** but nowadays it can also be used to refer **unfaithful women** in general.

Hello!! XXM here! So Annie had already posted up a chapter for this week — Congratulations to Annie for her first translation post!!! — Do leave her lots and lots of comments of support and appreciation, she's doing such a wonderful job and also making things so much more easier for me hahaha. And it's thanks to

having Annie here, that we have come to a new decision, I know you guys will really love this one hehe ...we are aware that the chapters for JHRIC are pretty short, especially for my readers who are used to the heck of a long chapter updates that was CCB. So...! Annie and I have decided to take turns to translate and post up the chapters, which means~~ JHRIC will be getting updates twice a week!! Yayy! :D Hopefully this will help satisfy your reading urges a litte more

Anyways~~ back to the story...wow Wan Wan sure is set on wanting to go down the matriarch 女尊 route huh? To actually act like the man of the *ahem* imaginary *ahem* relationship(s) ...*letting go of the pipa* hahahaha

But I must say, Wan Wan really isn't as useless as she was previously made out to be, when it comes to martial arts that is. And I can definitely see a lot, and I mean a lot, of Jin Yong influences in this novel, even with Pang Wan's martial arts, she went from Xiao Long Nu 小龙女 with her white silk to Dong Fang Bu Bai 东方不败 with her Blazing Needles here. Now we just need to see, how good she is with using the whip, which she claims to be most adept in...will she really be showing us some girl power?? Hehe

What are your thoughts on the story so far?

Full

(translated by anniaxx)

(edited by xia0xiao1mei)



Art by: 眠狼SevniLock

CHAPTER SEVEN

Second Generation Sang Chan

Commoner Wang Gang has been a storyteller for the greater half of his life, and never did he think, one day his fantastic skill of storytelling would cause him to be beaten unconscious and kidnapped.

So when he semi-consciously opens his eyes and finds himself tied to a column, he is so perplexed.

“You’re awake?” He suddenly hears a girl’s voice.

Wang Gang looks in the direction of that voice and sees a pretty oval-shaped face.

“La-la-lady, wh-what do you want?” He swallows some saliva— —the girl standing in front of him is no more than fifteen or sixteen years old, with clear black almond eyes, blushing cheeks with baby fat, looks like a pampered rich girl, not a bandit or a robber!

“I heard your name is Wang Gang, I ask you, how old are you? How long have you been storytelling?” The girl smiles at him.

“This little person^[1] has just past thirty years of age, have been telling stories for more than ten years.” Wang Gang answers anxiously. Even though this lady looks kind, he can’t judge someone by their appearance; he needs to treat her with caution.

“Having been telling stories for so many years, you must know a lot.” The girl slightly nods, then says, “The story you told in the restaurant today, how much of it is true?”

Wang Gang doubts whether she wants to get information from him, so he immediately answers, “All of it is true, all of it is true.”

But the girl drops her head and sighs for some reason, looking really melancholic.

Wang Gang is a little bedazzled.

“I ask you, have you ever seen Fairy Sang Chan with your own eyes?”

The girl lifts her head up and looks at him with a resolute and determined face, as if she just made a huge decision in her heart.

“This little person has never seen her myself.” Wang Gang shakes his head: Someone like Fairy Sang Chan, must surely make acquaintances with masters in the Wu Lin; how can a commoner like himself encounter her?

The girl seems very disappointed.

“...but this little person’s friend has!” Wang Gang sees her disappointment and becomes so intimidated that she will hurt him, so he quickly adds, “Storytellers often share what we see and hear, so about Fairy Sang Chan, what this little person knows is only a lot, not little!”

The girl contemplates for a while, then nods her head, showing that she thinks

his words are trustworthy.

Wang Gang relaxes a little bit; he knows, his life is has been secured.

The second day, the girl gives Wang Gang one hundred pieces of silver, this is much more than he can ever earn in ten years of storytelling. Henceforth, Wang Gang is to temporarily stay by her side.

The girl orders him to call her “Little Master”, and he takes care of her errands every day, sometimes telling her about interesting stories in the Jiang Hu. She really loves to hear about Sang Chan, always asking him about the finest details, such as: what kind of hairstyles does Sang Chan like, what colour of clothing, what kind of speaking tone...etc.

Wang Gang says Sang Chan wears white clothing, so on the second day, the girl starts to wear white.

Wang Gang says Sang Chan does not like hairpins, so on the second day, the girl starts to use ribbons for her hair.

Wang Gang says Sang Chan eats more vegetables than meat, so there is only one meat dish on the dinner table every half a month.

Wang Gang says Sang Chan never loses her temper——but when he annoys the Little Master, he still gets beaten.

But he is never angry. When Little Master beats him, she uses the slim whip that is usually wrapped around her waist. It gently hits his skin, soft and numb with no pain at all. Looking at his Little Master’s cheeks turning red due to anger, Wang Gang even feels happy sometimes, hoping she will whip him again.

Of course, Wang Gang’s Little Master is Pang Wan. Bai Yue Sect’s Sheng Gu sees that the most popular girl is not her but Fairy Sang Chan, so she ponders and makes an important decision—— she will use five years to become the second generation Sang Chan.

She cannot compare with that female lead for anything, but at least she has an advantage in age. She is still young, she can still train and grow. If in the future, her training is completed perfectly, then maybe she will even surpass the original version and directly rise above the ranks.

Those two spend more than half a month in the town. Every day, Pang Wan does nothing but practice the “Sang Chan Poise” in front of the mirror. Wang Gang assumes she must be a crazy fan of Fairy Sang Chan, so he just goes along with her.

He thought these kind of days would last for a long time, until this rainy day, Wang Gang goes out to buy baozi (stuffed buns), and someone suddenly blocks him in the alley.

“That ‘Little Master’ of yours, what is her name? How old is she?”

With a shining blade placed near Wang Gang’s neck, a man who is intentionally wearing a mask asks Wang Gang with a hoarse voice and malicious eyes.

“This-this little one^[1], doesn’t know.” Wang Gang tries his best to stay calm, yet his legs starts to shake. There are drops of liquid rolling down his face, blurring his vision, unable to tell if they are raindrops or his sweat.

“You sure have a backbone^[2], don’t you?” The masked man comes forward one step, that steel blade already cutting into his skin.

“This little one truly doesn’t know, truly doesn’t know! Please have mercy on me!” wails Wang Gang, both his collar and crotch area wet.

The masked man acts as if he does not hear anything, the steel blade cuts a little deeper. Wang Gang is crying so hard that he is losing his breath; suddenly with a sound of “ao!”, he chokes on his phlegm and passes out.

The masked man freezes: he has seen many cowardly men, but has never seen any man cowardly to this extent. He looks back at the eaves of the alley.

“Young Master?” He calls out to the darkness, seeming like he is waiting for a command.

The pitter-pattering rain finally stops. From under the eaves, a pair of jade-coloured soft boots slowly walks out, not touching a single trace of dirt, not catching a single drop of rain; that gentle and beautiful colour is like the cloudless sky immediately after the rain.

—

Footsteps sound behind her, Pang Wan throws away the bronze mirror in her

hand and quickly turns around to look at the approaching man.

“What took you so long?” Her voice still has a pampered childish tone, “I only asked you to buy some baozi, not to bring back a pig to kill!”

Wang Gang lowers his head, “The little one is too slow. Little Master, please spare my life.”

“Your life?” Pang Wan frowns, widening her eyes, and twitches her mouth, “Regarding what happened today, only if I cut off your head and eat it with wine, will my anger be soothed!”

Wang Gang does not say a thing. His back stiffens; his hands hidden in his sleeves quietly clenches into fists.

“Give it to me.” She puts out one of her fair and slim palms in front of him.

Wang Gang looks up bewilderedly.

“Give it!” As Pang Wan frowns and raises her voice, two emerald jade bracelets on her wrist collide, making jingling sounds.

“Baozi! My baozi!” She angrily reminds him.

Wang Gang now finally remembers about the baozi, he bows his body even lower, “Little Master, please spare my life! This little one was hurrying back, and had accidentally dropped them into a ditch!”

Pang Wan ordered him to buy food early this morning. Now, she has been waiting hungrily for four whole hours, only to hear this answer. She is so furious that she bursts into a smile.

“Wang Gang, you are too outstanding.” She uses her fingers to lift Wang Gang’s chin up and stares at him with the most tender, most sweet smile.

Wang Gang sees her smiling like a flower, so his mind becomes lost for a moment.

But the very next second, a whip lands on his body, “Pia!”

“Don’t you know you could have gone back to buy the mantou (white bun) again?” He lifts his head to see Pang Wan viciously looking at him with her golden whip grasped in hand.

Wang Gang's body shakes for once, but he does not speak.

Today, Pang Wan used the same amount of energy on the whip as usual, but Wang Gang's face does not exhibit his usual "painful yet somewhat enjoyable" expression, his face instead distorts a little bit.

"Are you sick?" Pang Wan feels strange, so she stretches out her hand to touch his forehead, but Wang Gang moves away.

"You got dumped? Poisoned? Infected by a parasite^[3]? You're acting so bizarre!" Pang Wan gives him a glance, too lazy to care about his abnormality, she turns around and leaves.

—

Pang Wan ends up ordering dinner herself at a restaurant. She tells the waiter to bring several featured dishes accompanying plum wine to her private chamber.

"...isn't Little Master only eating vegetables?" Wang Gang is shocked by the whole table of delicious meat cuisine.

"Your Little Master, I, almost died of hunger today. Shouldn't I take this opportunity to give myself a feast?" Pang Wan is annoyed by him mentioning what she does not want to talk about^[4].

Wang Gang obediently silences himself.

"Sit! Eat!" Without even looking at him, Pang Wan spits out only two words, then throws a pair of chopsticks to him.

Wang Gang is surprised; he remains standing.

"What? Are you mad at me?" Pang Wan widely opens her almond eyes and gnashes her teeth, "You want to get whipped more?"

Wang Gang finally sits his butt down on the seat.

—

Moonlight illuminates the entire sky; the scenery is as beautiful as a painting; these two people devour their big feast.



Art by: Wang Rui

After being full and drunk, the blushing Pang Wan suddenly grabs a lotus plate and begins to express her sorrow.

“Wang Gang, do you think white lotus flowers are pretty?” She burps with a smell of wine.

Wang Gang does not know the deeper meaning behind her sudden question, so he carefully answers, “Not bad.”

Pang Wan looks enraged, yet also seems unsatisfied; she purses her lips, “Do all of you people here love white lotus flowers?”

Wang Gang sees her looking tipsy, guessing she is probably drunk, so he calmly

says, “Lotus is always noble and unsullied, washed by ripples yet not voluptuous, came out of mud yet not contaminated^[5]. White Lotus is also the most flawless and purest kind of all lotus flowers, of course no one dislikes it.”

He did not expect, right after he says the last word, for her to immediately smash the plate on the ground.

“Why? Why?!” Big drops of tears flow out of Pang Wan’s eyes. Her face is red, nose is red, her whole body is red inside out, like a shrimp fresh out of boiling water.

“Wang Gang!” She suddenly yells and extends her arms to grab his sleeves, scaring Wang Gang to spring up from his chair.

“Wang Gang!” She yells again. Her lips cannot be more shrivelled, appearing to feel extremely wronged and pitiful.

“Why not me? It should have been mine! All should have been mine! Mine!” Her tears continuously flow out like waterfalls on her cheeks, down her neck, wetting a big area of her clothes, “Why am I her? Why is she not me?”

Her gibberish becomes louder and louder. Some curious individuals were already stretching their necks to look in her direction.

Wang Gang couldn’t endure it anymore. He reaches out to grab her collar.

But Pang Wan snatches the perfect chance to grab his sleeve, blows her nose and cleans her tears with it, constantly murmuring, “Wang Gang, your Little Master, I, am so bitter! So bitter!”

Wang Gang stares at his dirty sleeve, clenches his teeth in anger and reminds her, “Little Master, let’s talk about it when we go back.....”

But Pang Wan shakes her head repeatedly, “That won’t help! Going back won’t help! The bitterness in my heart, all of you do not understand.....”

Wang Gang has reached the limit of his forbearance. He lifts his hand and knocks down on her head, then carries the unconscious Pang Wan out of the restaurant.

[Translator’s note:](#) I think this is one of the cutest chapters in the entire novel.

Wang Gang’s masochistic behaviours made both xiaoxiaomei and me laugh so hard!! He is one of my favorite characters now. Pang Wan acting like a master is also really funny to me. *Hint*: there are actually some hidden things in this chapter. I think if you come back and reread this chapter after you finish the book, you will feel (“_”), (@~@), and #>_<#... Hope you have enjoyed reading and tell me what you think so far in the comments. —Annie ^_^*

[1] *This little person* 小人/*Xiǎo rén* and *this little one* 小的/*Xiǎo de*: in ancient Chinese, people often use some appellations to address themselves in conversations to show superiority or inferiority. Servants, maids, or commoners often use “this little person” or “this little one” to replace “I” when speaking to people in higher positions. In the contrary, for those who are superior: emperors always use “Zhèn/朕” to replace “I”; young masters use “this young master/本少爷” to replace “I”, *etc.*

[2] Just like how there is the English term ‘spineless’, to have a backbone or to have **gǔ qì / 骨气** is the opposite meaning, it is a term used to describe a man of character, someone who strong-willed with moral integrity.

[3] Infected by a *parasite*/蛊/**gǔ**: in historical or wuxia novels, there is often the presence of 蛊, some special kinds of parasites that can be intentionally put into people’s bodies to control or exterminate them. The impressive power of 蛊 is considered witchcraft. It is rumored that girls of Miao, a minor ethnic group in China, raise a kind of 蛊 and put them into their bodies and their husbands’ bodies. If one is unfaithful to the other, the 蛊 will fly out and cause him or her death. Other kinds of 蛊 can link two people’s lives together, control one’s actions and speech, *etc.* Whether 蛊 still exists now, it is a mystery.

[4] Mentioning what she does not want to talk about is 哪壶不开提哪壶/**Nǎ hú bù kāi tí nǎ hú**, which literally means “purposely lifting the teapot that is not boiling”. It comes from a funny story: Back in Song dynasty, there was a tea house. The city governor often came in to drink and never gave money, but the owner of the tea house was too afraid to make him unhappy. So he decided to intentionally serve tea from the teapot that has not been fully boiled (the tea does not have enough flavor) to the city governor. Eventually, the governor

stopped coming in. This phrase now means “*mentioning the things that are not ready to be discussed*”.

[5]washed by ripples yet not voluptuous, came out of mud yet not contaminated/濯清涟而不妖，出淤泥而不染/**Zhuó qīng lián ér bù yāo, chū yūní ér bù rǎn** comes from a classic short essay, [On the Love of the Lotus](#)/爱莲说/**Ài lián shuō** by Zhou Dun Yi in Song dynasty.

Full

Hello all! XXM here again! I know the last chapter has raised doubts about Wang Gang and his change in behaviour, this chapter, your questions (for most part) will be answered, bringing along a bit more action from Wan Wan too hehe Also for any wattpad users out there, zing aka otherstuffonly (wattpad username) has kindly posted up Mulberry Song on my behalf. I'll leave the link here as well as the main Mulberry Song page for anyone who would like to add it to their wattpad library for more convenient reading

<https://www.wattpad.com/story/64669156>

(translated by *xia0xiao1mei*)

(edited by *anniaxx*)



CHAPTER EIGHT

Walking Under The Peach Blossom Trees

That night, Pang Wan had a not so peaceful dream, in her dream, there was a pair of lovers as beautiful as jade, walking towards her hand in hand, cheerfully chatting and laughing to one another, filled with tender affection.

“Wan Wan, I, Gu Xi Ju has finally found the love of my life, let us both say our farewells now!” That beautiful youth in white robes, waves at her in an extremely dashing manner, “Henceforth, forget ourselves within the Jiang Hu, never to meet again!”

Pang Wan felt very unwilling to resign, she takes large strides forward and grabs hold of the woman’s shoulders, wanting to see exactly who the hell the third party is.

Nevermind this one look, she was utterly terrified into crying out loud — that woman has no facial features, the entire head is a white lotus in itself!

With this one fright one jump, she had woken up, sitting up and looking out the window, the sun had already rose as high as three bamboo poles^[1].

“Little Master has awakened? Would you like to have bath?” Wang Gang stands by the window side, hanging the clothes to dry, in a jolly good mood.

“Was I drunk last night?” Pang Wan rubs her throbbing head, “Must have caused you trouble right?”

Wang Gang was stunned, then hurriedly shakes his head: “Little Master’s matters are my matters.”

Pang Wan bursts out into laughter: “Since when were you such a doormat? Not like you sold yourself to me!”

Who knew Wang Gang would plop down to his knees: “This little one is wholeheartedly willing to sell myself to Master!” As he says this, he even takes out a piece of paper from his chest, “This little one has hoped for this day for a long time, hoped for such a long time, even the contract to sell myself has long been prepared!”

Pang Wan dazedly takes a peek at the contract, indeed clearly written with black ink on white paper, all that is missing is her signature.

“Not hurried when buying buns, but more hurried than anyone else when selling himself!” She mumbles a phrase, and does not accept the contract, “What’s so good about being a servant all your life?” Yawning as she gets out of bed, she lazily stretches her waist in an extremely ungraceful manner, “Don’t sell! Don’t sell!”

Wang Gang upon seeing her walk away without the slightest of care, disappointedly puts away the paper back into his chest.

After washing up, they move onto breakfast, Wang Gang brings over the steaming hot meat buns with eager attentiveness, Pang Wan’s eyes had even turned into crescents as she smiles at the sight: “The boy is worth teaching.”

Wang Gang takes the opportunity to reach into his chest, but sees the glare from Pang Wan’s almond eyes: “No insistent on selling!”

And so he bitterly retrieves his hand.

The two of them were eating breakfast, when Wang Gang suddenly asks: “Little Master has come out for so long, do you not miss your family?”

Pang Wan was just eating her ba bao congee^[2], mouth vaguely mumbling: “They couldn’t wait for me to come out for real world training.”

Wang Gang’s eyes flickers: “Could it be Little Master is from a distinguished Wu Lin family?”

Pang Wan says nothing, just focused on eating her own congee.

Wang Gang sees her looking as usual, and further says: “Seems like Little Master is also a martial arts person, don’t know what sect your master comes from?”

Pang Wan was amused, grinning towards him, her two little canine teeth bright and shining: “Your nerves sure fattened up huh, trying to get words out of me?”

Wang Gang’s face made no change, looking very serious: “Following Little Master for so long, it’s inevitable to be curious ah, nosiness is part of human

nature, Little Master mustn't blame me."

Pang Wan was not angry, nonchalantly eating the last mouthful of congee, taking out her handkerchief to wipe the grease from her lips.

"Heng, your little master's name is too big, saying it out loud may very well scare people to death! In order for you not to be scared to death, it is best that I continue to reserve the answer for now!" She drops these words and marches away, leaving Wang Gang behind to fume on the spot.

After eating, Wang Gang originally thought Little Master would continue to practice that "Sang Chan Poise", who knew Pang Wan would call him to a stop, telling him to go market to buy back the four treasures of study (writing brush, ink stick, ink slab and paper).

"Is Little Master planning to start practicing painting and calligraphy?" He places down the brush, ink stick and ink slab onto the desk one by one, heart feeling really curious.

"Will be bidding farewell to this little town soon, today I am in a great poetic mood." Pang Wan firmly fixes her eyes onto the rice paper, a peculiar look of decisiveness emerging on her face.

"Little Master is preparing to go travelling?" Wang Gang calmly says.

"I wish to compose a poem for the one who abandoned me, commemorating the passing of love that happened here." Pang Wan gives an irrelevant answer, her entire being shrouded inside a layer of a hazily dreamy glow.

Wang Gang was greatly shocked, thinking to himself, staying here for over a month, other than listening to the storytelling and looking in the mirror, Little Master has not spoken to a man any more than ten sentences in total, how was she suddenly abandoned by someone, and experienced the passing of love?

In any case, he would never have possibly guessed, this experience of "unrequited love to mutually passionate love then onto forsaken love" was something Pang Wan had gone through all on her own.

He only sees Pang Wan holding the brush, writing in one continuous breath "big hand holding little hand, walking under peach blossom trees" these ten big characters, signed with "dear Gu and I".

The “Gu (顾)” character was written very scribbly, Wang Gang bends down, wanting to get a closer and clearer look.

But sees a toss of Pang Wan’s brush, and a few big drops of black ink stains his face.

“Aiya I didn’t mean it.” Pang Wan looks at him with an in particularly innocent expression, red lips jutting out as it gestures towards the corner, “There’s water over there, you go clean your face!”

Wang Gang smiles, taking the cloth from the rack, and rinses it before wiping his cheek.

Pang Wan watches his every move, suddenly saying: “There’s still that spot you haven’t cleaned!” As she says this, she takes the cloth from his hand.

She rubs it very meticulously, also exerting a lot of strength, not sparing even the tiniest of spots, continuing to rub until Wang Gang’s face slowly turns red, should she rub anymore, it will probably tear off.

Wang Gang endures the pain, not saying a word from start to finish.

“Forget it! Can’t clean it away no matter how much I rub at it, you go wash it with something!” Pang Wan throws away the cloth annoyed.

Wang Gang nods, he picks up the soap^[3] and thoroughly washes his face in front of Pang Wan.

Pang Wan watches him, as though she cannot figure something out, her brows gradually furrows.

Wang Gang had just finished washing his face and is using the cloth to dry it, when he suddenly hears Pang Wan’s faint questioning voice.

“Say, should you have something extremely valuable, a treasure that the entire world has their eyes on, where would you place it?”

Wang Gang was stunned, then smilingly says: “If it cannot be taken along with me, then I will make a maze, find the most ferocious beasts and the most elite men to guard it, if the treasure can be brought along.....” He pauses, then says: “Naturally, I would keep it at my side at all times.”

Pang Wan nods her head, seeming to find his words very reasonable.

Wang Gang curiously asks: “Is Little Master by chance, searching for some sort of treasure?”

Pang Wan opens her mouth wanting to answer, but sulkily bites onto her lower lip, such actions were repeated over and over again, as though there is ongoing conflict in her mind.

Wang Gang does not say anymore, only sounding a ho-ho laugh, as though he does not mind at all, as though he did not see all of this.

Two people two horses leave the inn that afternoon, heading towards the mountain valley outside the town.

“Right, let us both bid farewell now, go our separate ways!” Pang Wan wraps her fist in salute to Wang Gang.

“Little Master doesn’t want me anymore?” Wang Gang pales with fear.

“Not like I’m really your master.” Pang Wan laughs, “My trail in the Jiang Hu will inevitably provoke calamity in future, a physically very weak^[4] storyteller like you, is better off not getting involved.”

“Wang Gang is wholeheartedly willing to take care of anything for Little Master! Never to hesitate even in face of millions of danger!” Didn’t think Wang Gang would strongly refuse to let go.

Pang Wan sighs, looking at his stubborn face, she takes out a silver ingot from her chest and tosses it over: “Take it, compensation for dismissal.”

Wang Gang reaches out to catch the ingot, but tosses it back, shouting out: “Gold and riches cannot buy my heart!”

Pang Wan smiles, she turns her head to the side, very seriously studying the person before her.

Wang Gang being stared at by such burning eyes, feels prickly on his back, in order to ease his nerves, he takes a huge gulp.

“You’re not Wang Gang.” Pang Wan suddenly speaks up very leisurely.

The light within Wang Gang’s eyes slightly flickers, his expression imposing but unchanged.

“Although I don’t know where your disguising skills were learnt from, to actually have no flaws whatsoever, I know, you are not Wang Gang.”

Pang Wan firmly stares at him, the smile sitting at her lips growing larger and larger.

“The real Wang Gang, is not capable of singlehandedly catching the silver ingot on horseback, nor is he someone who cannot be bought by gold and riches, you have overestimated him.”

‘Wang Gang’ does not speak, only straightens his back, from within his sleeve, a beam of cold light silently flows down.

“Exactly for what reason, did you rack your brains to approach me for?” Pang Wan seems to have not detected the oncoming danger, only curious towards this person’s intent.

“I’m interested, in you.”

‘Wang Gang’ finally speaks up, already switching into a compelling male’s voice, resonant like jade. Following the sound of his voice, the male figure on horseback grows tall and strong within a flash, no longer the short and scrawny body from before.

“.....I, too, am greatly interested, in your disguising ability.” Pang Wan watches all this dumbfounded, mouth vaguely mumbling this.

“Lady is already able to see through my disguise at such a young age, you sure are highly capable.”

‘Wang Gang’ smiles at her in admiration, right hand letting go of the reins.

In this very moment of lightning flashes and thunder rumbles, a silver light comes flying out of his sleeve, directly shooting straight towards Pang Wan’s chest — that is an incomparably sharp eagle claw.

But that very moment the silver light flashed, Pang Wan who was still looking blank just now, had actually leapt up into a somersault from the horseback, the white silk thrown out from her sleeves firmly holding her still in mid-air, avoiding the attack completely unharmed.

“Can’t catch me, going to annoy you to death!” She pulls an ugly silly face at

‘Wang Gang’ in mid-air, extremely proud of herself.

‘Wang Gang’ presses his lips together, don’t know where from his waist he pulled out ten pins, shua-shua they all go spraying out towards Pang Wan’s vital acupoints.

“What kind of brave man uses concealed weapons?!” Pang Wan loudly cries, pulling at the white silk to swing through the tree branches, and actually avoided all ten pins deftly.

‘Wang Gang’ had once again launched an attack in vain, but was not in a hurry, and only sits on horseback rubbing his chin, as though absorbed in his thoughts.

Pang Wan seeing that this person does not seem to be in a hurry to kill her, between every gesture every motion, he seems to be even more focused on secretly studying her martial arts, with one flutter of her eyelashes, the white silk rolls up, her entire person gathered away on the big tree like a cat.

“Hey! Do you by chance want to know who I am?”

She calls out to ‘Wang Gang’ situated at a nearby spot, that soft and light childish voice echoes across the mountain.

‘Wang Gang’ sinks into silence for a moment, before asking with slight reservation: “Is lady willing to tell the truth?”

Pang Wan sees his attitude with his back straightened, acting all high and mighty, and finds it very disdainful: “You must first tell me, why do you wish to know of my identity?”

‘Wang Gang’ thinks over this for a moment, saying: “Lady’s weapons, are not something the ordinary people can obtain.”

Pang Wan glances at the golden whip by her waist, and also touches the Blazing Needles inside her sleeves, unable to make out which one he is talking about, and could only rub her nose: “Which weapon is extraordinary?”

‘Wang Gang’ casts his eyes onto the opening of her sleeves: “It is naturally that.....”

Before he knew it, the final words had yet to come out his mouth, when a strike of the divine whip suddenly drops down from the sky, landing on his face

with a “pa~”, the sound extremely crisp.

‘Wang Gang’ was genuinely stunned through and through, he had already used his internal energy to protect his entire body’s vital points, but had never thought, this person would directly land a sneak attack on his face.

The golden whip pulls away, accompanying a blast of wind in freshly tearing off half a face, revealing the real skin and facial features underneath.

This is an extremely comical scene. One person, two faces, left and right asymmetrical, one half is seawater, one half is crimson flames, and so the culprit had only caught a glimpse from afar and was immediately frightened out of her wits — — “Ghost ahh~!!!”

As though her butt was set on fire, she dashes off and disappears into the forest.

‘Wang Gang’ sits on horseback, his back stiffened, five fingers fiercely curling into fists, even his knuckles had already turned white, sounding a crack.

Eyes seeing Pang Wan run off like a whirlwind, a masked man lurking in the forest finally comes out, kneeling before him as he gingerly calls out: “Young Master?”

‘Wang Gang’ does not say anything, only remaining silent, silently tearing down the other half of the fake skin on his face.

The masked person below the horse only feels he had been enveloped in a gigantic force of chilly air and looming dark clouds, even the slightest of movement, would have him shredded into flying flesh and blood.

A long time, after a long time.

The sun gradually sets in the west, a crisp whistle suddenly sounds within the mountain valley.

The stallion that was original resting on the ground, abruptly raises its head and climbs up, eyes like lit torches, sets onto the depths of the forest as it gallops ahead.

[1] **The sun rose as high as three bamboo poles** or **rì shài san gān/日晒三竿** is

used to say the sun has rose very high, meaning it is **no longer early**.

[2] We had the ba bao tea before and this time it's **ba bao congee, bā bǎo zhōu / 八宝粥** or **eight treasure congee**, which is very nutritious and simple to cook, the ingredients varies depending on what you wish to add in but generally includes different type of nuts, dried fruit or veg, seeds, mung beans, and also different types of rice.

[3] The literal word used for **soap** here is **yí zi / 胰子** meaning **pancreas**. The ancient Chinese used pig's pancreas to make soap as they can remove stains and grease. The term is still used to refer to soap in certain areas of China today, and these sort of pancreas soap can still be bought.

[4] The original words for **physically very weak** were **shǒu wú fù jī zhī lì / 手无缚鸡之力** which literally translates to **arms doesn't have the strength to tie up a chicken**.

Full

(translated by *anniaxx*)

(edited by *xia0xiao1mei*)



Art by: 伊吹五月

CHAPTER NINE

Advisor Bai Xiao Sheng

After rushing at full speed for more than ten days, Pang Wan and her stallion finally arrived in the capital.

She has been observing carefully along the whole way, making sure that Wang Gang imposter has not caught up with her—— that person gives off a vibe of overflowing hostility, virtually scarier than King Yan (also known as Yama – the king of hell in East Asian mythology), that face of peeled-off skin, has given her nightmares for several consecutive days.

As for what his real face looks like? Aiya, it was too scary; she can't remember it clearly.....

The capital is where Gu Xi Ju and Fairy Sang Chan live, so Pang Wan holds high expectations for this place.

She is no longer the girl who daydreams about quickly starting some romantic entanglements with the Supreme Chief anymore, but someone who carries a dream of worshiping her idol, hoping to catch a glimpse of the beauty of Sang Chan.

However, she did not accomplish anything after wandering around the city for three days. This day, when she hears that Fairy Sang Chan will be hosting a banquet at Vast Ocean Tower to invite the top ten masters on the Hero List, she gets an idea.

Entering the Hero List is of course an impossible feat for her, but the maids of Vast Ocean Tower, she is at least capable of acting as one right?

So she finds an excuse, bribed someone with silver, disguises herself and slips into the Vast Ocean Tower. Besides, having money can make even the ghosts push the millstone for you^[1].

Then on the fifteen night of the month, with a bright moon hanging high up in the sky, a gathering of masters follows the graceful leading of a maid and steps into the biggest and most luxurious chamber in Vast Ocean Tower.

Two beauties in the chamber smiles while cupping their hands respectfully toward the heroes, "Fairy is suddenly caught up in some business; she shall be coming soon. Please feel free to drink and rest; make sure you enjoy to the fullest."

The masters do not say anything, but the maid who was leading them shows signs of disappointment on her face.

After a while of drinking, the atmosphere inside of the chamber becomes lively as masters talk and laugh among themselves and gradually open up the topics.

A man with tanned face says, "Don't know if that Palace Master of the Solitary Palace will be coming to this year's Wu Lin general assembly or not? I want to have a satisfying match with him. "

Another man in cyan shakes his head, "How is that possible? If Solitary Palace places one foot inside the gates of the general assembly, then doesn't that show

his support to the orthodox side? He will never do this kind of profitless thing.”

Some other people nods and agrees, “Certainly, Solitary Palace is well versed in the skill of protecting itself and its own benefits. It will definitely not rush into the battle between the orthodox and the unorthodox. ”

“It’s a pity for his astonishing martial arts skill!” The tanned-face man sighs, “Unable to be used by us, the righteous orthodox sects, is truly a pity! Too much of a pity!” Upon finishing his sentence, he unhappily drinks a mouthful of wine.

The man in cyan shakes his fan and laughs loudly, “Xu Second^[2], could it be that you have a secret crush on the Solitary Palace Master?”

After hearing this, everyone bursts into laughter.

Xu Second fiercely glances at the cyan man, and angrily proclaims: “I value his talents! And feeling regret for Supreme Chief! If we can have Solitary Palace on our side, how will that trivial unorthodox Bai Yue Sect even be a worthy mention for us?”

After hearing him mention Bai Yue Sect, everyone’s faces sank, their laughter slowly fades away.

Pang Wan quietly stands behind the curtain, internally muttering to herself: What kind of horrible things did the sect leader uncle do, causing everyone to change their expressions after mentioning it?

All masters become silent for a moment, then suddenly hear a person saying, “Now the potential of the unorthodox sect is becoming stronger and stronger. I heard that Bai Yue Young Master has outstanding martial art skills and vicious schemes, especially challenging the head figures of famous sects. In just two short years, there have already been five head figures dying from his hands. Half a year ago, he severely hurt the greatest old master of Wu Lin, sect leader of Kun Lun——truly arrogant to the extreme!”

Another person says, “That’s not all! It is said that unorthodox sect also has a once-in-a-century genius, who is made the current Sheng Gu. That demoness is extremely blood-thirsty. She started training at six, started killing at eight, first stripped off the skin of a tiger at nine, and she has already cut off hundreds of heads before reaching sixteen years of age. Zuo Huai An having this pair of devil

successors is like a tiger gaining wings!”

After Pang Wan heard this first half, she thought Brother Nan Yi is so capable; now she has heard the second half, she is left speechless at such an unfamiliar version of herself.

Other people also bring their anger and hatred towards Bai Yue and join in the talk. Hearing all sorts of bloody events of the unorthodox sect almost made Pang Wan faint.

While she is having her headache, she suddenly hears someone announce from outside the doors: “The Supreme Chief is here!”

As if a bucket of cold water has just been dumped on her head, Pang Wan suddenly wakes up from her confusion— —good, Fairy Sang Chan is not here, but the other one is here! Just when she is about to look up to see what is happening, she is pushed out by the two beauties, “Okay, okay, you’re no longer needed here now.”

Pang Wan did not even have a chance to struggle before she is shut out. She drops her head, and sees a snow-white corner of clothing sways into the door.

...

The moon is at the highest point of the sky. The heroes have been staying in the chamber for nearly four hours.

Pang Wan has also been waiting outside for four whole hours, tired and hungry.

Ever since Gu Xi Ju came, the chamber has never been noisy for a single second, everything has been going on quietly, so she could not even hear any sound, unable to know if Fairy Sang Chan has come or not.

The more she thinks, the more she feels unsatisfied. In the end, she finally sneaks through the hallway. With one move of “Dragonfly Skimming Water”, she lands on the rooftop without a single sound.

Through the slits of tiles, she finally sees the appearance of Gu Xi Ju— —just like what she had imagined before, white robes swaying without a single trace of dirt contaminating it, definitely a recluse master. Right now, he is tightly

surrounded by heroes and experts, listening with a smile to their speech, standing out like the moon that receives homage of thousands of stars, or like one dot of red within endless green.

Pang Wan stares with an infatuated gaze at the scene of him handsomely smiling and talking, suddenly sensing sourness surge up from her heart— —dear Gu, do you know? You should have been matched to me by the author! Unfortunately I was born several years late, and have not mastered the invincible magic of female leads. After I master it and return five years later, don't know where am I to find a handsome husband like you?

“Did he abandon you?” A voice suddenly sounds by her ears.

Pang Wan is shocked and quickly turns back; she is unaware of since when a young man has been behind her, dressed in purple under the shining moonlight.

“Why would you say that?” Pang Wan's thoughts have been guessed correctly by that person, so she couldn't help but blush.

“The look that you had when you stared at him was plaintive to the point of almost crying.” The man in purple leans towards her, points at Gu Xi Ju using his chin, “A woman only shows that kind of look when she is abandoned by a man.”

“You're the one that got abandoned!” Pang Wan realizes that she is full of tears, she could not resist growing furious and throws her arms in the air, “None of your business!”

The man in purple seizes her hands that were raised high, and smiles, “I am someone who works by his side, you decide if this is my business or not?”

Pang Wan is stunned for a moment; she did not expect this man in purple to be someone by Gu Xi Ju's side.

Just as she is going to say something, people under them have already been following the sounds and looking up at their direction. The man in purple acts quickly and shouts once in a low tone, grabbing Pang Wan's hands and drifting toward the lower floor.

His light-body skill (qinggong)^[3] is extremely good. With only three jumps, he finishes the distance that Pang Wan would normally require six jumps to complete. Pang Wan stares at his handsome profile in the night wind, and finally

realize—— “You are Bai Xiao Sheng?”

Jiang Hu’s Bai Xiao Sheng, the advisor of Gu Xi Ju, is not good at fighting skills, but specializes in his outstanding light-body skill.

The man in purple pauses his breath and looks towards her, thousands of luminous light flies past his eyes, but in the end he only lifts the corner of his lips, and smiles gently.

Silent confirmation.

After many many years (you do not need to worry, as long as this sentence shows up, you know the female lead will not suddenly die for sure), every time Pang Wan thinks of this moment, she would sigh sentimentally——those two hands that were tightly holding together, those ropes that were flying and fluttering in the night wind, and the smile of that man that was as gentle as the moonlight, everything out of everything is like the most standard dream of Mary Sue style, perfect score, plus bonus!

Pang Wan and Bai Xiao Sheng became friends.

There is a proverb: lean on your parents when at home, lean on your friends when outside. Making friends with Bai Xiao Sheng, an expert at information, certainly brings Pang Wan more advantages than disadvantages. She does not have the guts to deceive Bai Xiao Sheng by saying that she was in a relationship with Gu Xi Ju^[4]. She just tells him that her name is Wan Wan and she comes from a little southern town. Having been admiring the Supreme Chief of Wu Lin for many years, she really could not control her emotions so she went on the rooftop that night.

To prove that she really has feelings for Gu Xi Ju, she even showed her masterpiece of “Big hand holding little hand, walking under peach blossom trees” for Bai Xiao Sheng to see.

“You see it? See it?” She points at the inscription, reading out loud, and “Dear! Gu! And! I!”

Bai Xiao Sheng stares at that painting for a while, then uses his finger to touch the ink and smells it.

“This is probably written a month ago.” He turns to look at Pang Wan, looking

surprised, “It’s not that long ago?”

Pang Wan shows him a look of ‘actually you do not understand my heart’ and shakes her hand, “I write one every month. The previous ones are all stored at home.”

Bai Xiao Sheng just sounds “oh”, then says no more.

As a wise advisor, he really understands people’s feelings, knowing what should be asked and what shouldn’t be asked.

On the other hand, Pang Wan often asks him about Fairy Sang Chan, such as “how is Sang Chan’s real appearance?”

Even a person who has seen and experienced a lot like Bai Xiao Sheng also highly praises, “The beauty of Fairy is matchless in the world.”

Pang Wan is really disheartened, so she starts to practice the “Sang Chan Poise” in front of the mirror again, trying to catch that refined trace of “Came out of mud yet not contaminated, washed by ripples yet not voluptuous”.

She believes that hard effort will eventually have paybacks.

Yet she did not expect the payback to come this fast.

This day, Pang Wan is waiting for her lunch at a restaurant. She suddenly notices that a large part of the beautiful spring scenery in the window is blocked by someone. She looks up and sees a youth in grey cloth standing in front of her.

“Brother^[5], what do you want?” She feels strange seeing this person blush and appear nervous.

That youth shakily glances at her for once, then quickly looks down as if he had been electric shocked.

Pang Wan is perplexed; she straightens her neck and opens her eyes wide, making a “hum” sound at him.

The youth immediately turns red from his face to the tip of his ears.

“La-la-lady-dy’s fa-fairy-ry-ry-li-like-bea-beau-beauty, I-I-I-fell-fell-ell-in-in-lo-love at-at fir-fir-first sigh-sight-sight...” He shakes violently while stammering this sentence out of his mouth.

Seven days, he has been observing this girl for seven whole days. Every noon, she would come to this same seat. He sells paintings downstairs; with just one lift of his head, he can see her lovely smile and hear her beautiful voice — — “Waiter, a bowl of sour spicy vercelli please!”

Having lived for twenty-two years, this is his first time meeting such a pretty girl. So he gathers up his courage to confess today, even if this girl will see him as a pervert and beats him up, it is okay.....

But he hears a sound of “Pia-Da” from across. He lifts his head up and sees a pair of chopsticks that has fallen from his love’s hand.

“You like me?” Pang Wan stares at the youth in grey, astonished.

“I-I-I re-really-ly-ly ad-ad-ad-admire...” The youth in grey did not expect his love to be this straight-forward, under the pressure of his shyness, he picks a relatively polished word.

“You like me? You like me?” Pang Wan stays dumbfounded for a long time, then covers her face with her hands, “You like me?”

How long? How long has it been since she last heard someone say he likes her? Coming to this mystical place, enduring various challenges, she had almost forgotten her powerful and heroic history in the land of Mary Sue back in those years.

“Lady thinks that I am not worthy of you?” The youth in grey did not think that she would be furious to the extent of having tears shining in her eyes; his heart cries out “not good”, he blames himself for offending this beautiful lady.

Pang Wan puts down her hands, revealing a little face that has turned red due to her great joy.

“No.” She speaks gently to him, “I am very grateful to you.”

Grateful to this bold youth, who gave her the confidence and motivation to continue living in this world.

“If lady is willing...” The youth is immediately overflowing with joy.

But Pang Wan slowly shakes her head, appearing firm, “Sorry, I am already engaged to my fated one. I am afraid that I have to let your kindness down.”

Deep down in her heart, she had long arranged for herself to marry all sorts of unknown top class handsome men.

With his legs turning soft, the youth in grey could not endure this heavy blow and falls on the floor.

This scene has greatly satisfied Pang Wan's vanity. So she takes out a small silver orchid from her sleeve. With a light and gentle move, she places it in the hand of the youth.

"Loving someone is originally not wrong, but it can't be helped that people like me, just always easily cause you to be in the wrong after wrong, ay."

With one breath, she says this Mary Sue line which has not been used for a long time; then in a graceful and beautiful manner, she proudly walks away.

Translator's Note: Hey, it's Annie~~ How is everyone's life going? We have made a [character list](#) for this novel, be sure to check it out. And~don't forget to leave a comment, tell me what you think^_^*♥

[1] "having money can make even the ghosts to push the millstone for you"/有钱能使鬼推磨 is a classic Chinese saying expressing the power of money.

[2] Xu Second/许老二/Xǔ lǎo èr: It is common in Chinese to call someone by their birth order or their ranking in any specific fields or schools. Xu Second means that this man is second in some ranking while having a surname of Xu.

[3]Light Body Skill/Qing Gong/轻功(Qīnggōng): a kind of Chinese Kung Fu that focuses on the control of one's movement, making a person to be able to run and jump extremely fast and far, staying in the air for longer intervals. A person with Qing Gong can also easily walk without making a single sound. It truly exists, but it is often exaggerated in movies to the extent of flying.

[4] "she was in a relationship with Gu Xi Ju" is originally 和顾溪居有一腿, which literally translates to "having a leg with Gu Xi Ju". I just thought I should show you this, because it is one of the funny and interesting sayings in Chinese. Most of the time people would use 有一腿/Yǒu yī tuǐ/Having a leg to talk about an affair or an underground relationship. There are several theories about the origin of this saying, but all of them are a little bit inappropriate.

[5] The use of the word brother here – 兄台 / xiōng tái – is similar to how one would use the words “bro” or “pal”, generally used to address males of similar age as you.

(translated by *xia0xiao1mei*)

(edited by *anniaxx*)



CHAPTER TEN

Praying For Love: Low Low Fortune

Pang Wan felt for the first time, imitating Sang Chan is truly capable of bringing peach blossom luck to her. (Peach blossom luck – good luck in love affairs)

And so she puts away all clothing with colours, only leaving behind white robes and white skirts (despite it being such a pain to wash them), hiding away all her hair ornaments, only leaving behind a few strands of lightly coloured ribbons (despite how the winds always blow it into her mouth).

Once she had packed it all away, she sees the Crimson Phoenix robe that Sect Leader had gifted her, that hint of stunningly bright red, just like the most vibrant roses of finest quality, beautiful, with thorns.

“White lotus flower, white lotus flower, I want to be a white lotus flower!” Pang Wan inwardly repeats to herself, enduring the pain as she folds away the

Crimson Phoenix robe, placing it away in the bottommost section of the box.

Turning her head to see the cleanly dressed young lady in the mirror, not yet considered a lotus flower, but should still barely pass as a little lotus bud!

Leading the stallion as she leaves the doors, she prepares to go on an outing with Bai Xiao Sheng.

Bai Xiao Sheng is usually very busy, and does not come finding her often, the outing this time is because she heard there is a bodhisattva temple near the Capital that is highly efficacious in kau chim^[1], thus pleaded Bai Xiao Sheng to take her there. Seeing that Pang Wan rarely makes any requests, Bai Xiao Sheng could only give in.

Having queued up for a long time, it finally came to her turn, Pang Wan firstly presses her palms together, inwardly praying: “May the heaven bless me with the bestowment of a good sign.”

Who knew once she drew a bamboo stick, upon searching up the number, it actually turned out to be a low low fortune sign.

The humble monk who gave her the fortune paper corresponding to the stick, looks at this lady whose face had suddenly paled, his eyes containing pity.

Pang Wan helplessly stares at the divine message written on the yellow paper, the first thing her eyes caught onto were four big characters — — “mustn’t ask [about] marriage fate”.

Mustn’t ask, mustn’t ask, mustn’t ask.....

Hong-long! Her mind suddenly clogs up, countless thoughts emerging, but are immediately suppressed.

“Do you want to have your sign interpreted?” Bai Xiao Sheng leans in.

“No need, no need.” Pang Wan folds up the divine message, shoving it into her sleeve in panic, “I don’t need it interpreted.”

“Why not have it interpreted?” Bai Xiao Sheng raises his brows at her, “I prayed for one, and was just wanting to go have it interpreted.”

“You also prayed?” Pang Wan lowers her head, indeed seeing his hand hold a yellow piece of paper, proudly revealing two words of “great fortune”.

“You go have it interpreted then, I’ll wait.” Pang Wan feels ashamed to speak of her own low low fortune sign to him, and could only force out a cheerful smile, “What I wanted to ask about, this sign tells me I mustn’t ask.”

Bai Xiao Sheng glances at the sign in his own hand, smiling without care: “Then I shall not have it interpreted either.”

Preoccupied with troubles on her way downhill, Pang Wan is utterly perplexed, her mind set on the thought of hurrying home, and find a torch to burn this fortune sign, lest it brings back luck.

“What lady had prayed for today, is it perhaps marriage fate?” Coming up to the halfway point, Bai Xiao Sheng suddenly asks from behind.

Pang Wan reveals a bitter smile, looking dejected: “But the Bodhisattva just had to tell me I mustn’t ask.”

“Perhaps it is not yet the right time?” Bai Xiao Sheng leads the horse as he walks to her side, softly comforting her, “Lady needs not let it get to you so much.”

Pang Wan thinks about Sang Chan’s great achievements of attracting three great male leads, then looks at her own solitary shadow and lonely figure, lacking a male lead’s interest in her, and could not help lamenting: “I fear the one I desire, will never like me in this lifetime.”

Bai Xiao Sheng was taken aback, and then says: “Exactly what is it that lady likes about Supreme Chief?” His tone delicate like a spring breeze, a timely rain^[2].

This one simple question, sure left Pang Wan stumped.

——why does she like Gu Xi Ju? Also, why did she carry hope for Zuo Nan Yi?

During her previous life in the land of Mary Sue, this a question that she did not need to consider at all, all sorts of male leads holding such qualities of “appearance of stunning beauty” “peerless elegance of a generation” “shocking talents with magnificent writings”, such diverse range of labels that practically says who else can you love other than me, giving her no chance whatsoever to even consider the question, the only factor that required her thinking, is choosing the correct type —— the devilish charm type? The elegantly refined

type? The evil demon type? The torturous love type? As a Mary Sue female lead, she did not need to consider why she would love, in the end it is still love, one hundred percent love, who told the male lead to be so handsome?

Her mouth left agape for a long time, unable to sound complete syllables, in the end, Pang Wan could only resort to speaking nonsense: “I admire Supreme Chief’s thriving bravery and mightiness.”

Bai Xiao Sheng’s steps staggers a bit.

Having her thoughts interrupted like this, Pang Wan’s mood starts to clear up again. She believes that when it comes to such thing that are male leads, there will always be an endless stream that comes and goes, Supreme Chief, Palace Master, Prince and whatever, although they have all been taken by Sang Chan, there will always be more pearls left in the ocean! Besides, even if there are no polished goods, she herself can also personally foster one! For example, save a pretty youth in distress, offer material assistance to a beggar in the streets, a chance encounter with a young noble gentleman who is just starting to understand love.....

As she thinks and thinks, she turns to glance back at Bai Xiao Sheng.

According to her many years of experience in life, this male in purple clothing before her, can also be considered to have graceful charms far above the mass, unfortunately, it seems that such label of “pretty man” is not suited for him. At a closer look, he is quite a tasteful one, but it is that sort of sediment taste resulted from going through thick and thin over the years, and is not the sort of male lead material that is popular in the land of Mary Sue.

“Already a matured form, not good for fostering” — Pang Wan secretly makes eight words of assessment to herself.

But hears Bai Xiao Sheng’s mood turn solemn as he says to her: “That’s not right.”

Ah? Pang Wan shivers, thinking to herself, could it be this fellow has some sort of divine ability to see into my private thoughts? Upon taking a proper look, does she find that Bai Xiao Sheng is looking behind her — approximately a hundred zhang behind her (one zhang / 丈 is equivalent of 3.13 metres), faint smoke was

billowing over.

“Mountain bandits.” Bai Xiao Sheng frowns.

Ahead, where the smoke is coming from, flags of the yellow and red waves around, the sound of ghost-like wails, wolf-like howls and metal blades are vaguely heard, one can imagine the situation there is inevitably tragic.

“Lady needn’t be alarmed, they are currently robbing others, looks like they wouldn’t be coming to us for the time being.” Bai Xiao Sheng seems to have sighed in relief, raising his arm to motion for Pang Wan to retreat back, “We could go to the temple for shelter first.....”

Who knew that once Pang Wan heard the word “robbery”, her almond eyes would suddenly be bursting with a frightening shine.

“Insolent bandits, actually dares to rob innocent people!” All that can be heard is her loud yell, she pulls out the whip by her waist, and charges towards the area clouded in thick smoke, not even looking back.

The bandit leader Zhang Second laid in ambush for over a half a month, waiting for this day. Receiving news from heavens know who, saying that within these few days, there will be a carriage fleet loaded with treasures, passing though this mountain valley, and so he arrived very early to execute a thoroughly planned deployment, occupying the best choice of terrain, and completely blocked off the escape path ahead, they are bound to completely wipe out the people, with not even a fragment of armour remaining, and then take all the gold and silver as they make a victorious return.

All was going well according to plan, they had outflanked the carriage fleet, taking on a thunderous force as they charge downhill, originally thinking it is a guaranteed success, until the very moment this great-aunt came falling down from the sky.

(Gū nǎinai / 姑奶奶 or great-aunt -refers to girls who are overbearing and tyrannical)

Oh dear great-aunt , this truly is a great-aunt, he didn’t even get see what this great-aunt looks like, and was thrown into the river with one lash of her whip, rendered immobilised. The sound of golden whip rattling, all that can be heard are cries for fathers and screams for mothers all around, seeing each and every

one of his comrades get beaten into falling petals and running water by her, incapable of taking care of their own lives, he closes his eyes, better off just playing dead.

Peeking through a tiny slit, he sees that great-aunt gather away her whip, heading straight towards the only sedan amongst the carriage fleet.

...

A youth! A pretty youth in distress!

The moment Pang Wan lifts open the curtain of the sedan, even her hand starts trembling — — pretty youth in distress ah, big sister did not let everyone down and has come to save you! You must remain inside no matter what!

Inside the sedan, there is indeed a collapsed young noble gentleman in silk clothing, lying flat on his stomach, just that he is facing down, not sure whether he is pleasing to the eye or not. Pang Wan feels this whole “receiving the reward one wished for” is too good to be true right now, she reaches out and unsteadily helps the young gentleman up, then unsteadily turns his face towards her.

Great, now this feels real.

That young gentleman has a face that is even more pig-headed than an actual pig head.

Pang Wan’s expression goes through dramatic changes of different colours, just when she finally couldn’t handle it anymore and was just about to drop the young gentleman, the young pig head gentleman suddenly wakes up.

“Fai-.....-ry.....sis-.....-ter?” The young gentleman turns those eyes that are even thinner than that of a needle, his breathing very faint as he calls out to Pang Wan.

In the end, these lifesaving words, succeeded in preventing Pang Wan from continuing to loosen her grip.

“Little brother, you’ve been attacked by mountain bandits, big sister has already chased them away for you, you’re safe now.” Pang Wan whose vanity was flattered, starts to speak in a soft and gentle tone, completely absorbed in the role of a fairy.

“Thank.....you.....sis-.....-ter.....” The young gentleman tries to reach out to Pang Wan, but finds that she is beyond his reach, and could only weakly drop his hand.

Pang Wan maintains her composure as she avoids the young gentleman’s pig trotter, smilingly saying: “Saving people to the end, sending the Buddha all the way west^[3], little brother, do you have any firework signal on you? Let me help you light one up!”

The young gentleman nods his head, eyes signalling that the thing is in his chest.

Pang Wan reaches into his chest, but pulls out two objects, one is a firework, the other is a piece of black jade.

“My apologies, my hand’s too big.” She sheepishly smiles, intending to place the jade back.

But did not expect for the young gentleman to reach out to reject it.

“Keep-.....-sake.....find.....me.....in.....Lin.....Yi.....” Once the young gentleman had feebly said this, he seems to have exhausted all his energy, his breathing becomes heavy, the corner of his lip leaking a trail of dark blood.

Pang Wan seeing his half-dead state, thinks to herself, how could she possibly turn her back on the entrustment of a dying person? And so puts away the jade by her waist side and generously says: “Sure!”

Once the young gentleman sees her accept the jade, he is finally put to ease, closing his eyes and falls unconscious.

“Put to rest just like that?” Pang Wan looks at him puzzled, walking out of the sedan, she lights the firework signal.

The bright firework illuminates the valley, also lights up her face, the carriage fleet gradually wakes up one after another, seeing this scene from the distant, they loudly call out to her: “May I ask of benefactor’s honourable name?”

“Me?” Pang Wan looks at the momentary brilliance in the sky, falling into a little trance in that moment.

After a moment, she softly says: “Sang Chan, I’m called, Sang Chan.”

[1] Those who have read Chaos of Beauty may remember this but **kau chim** is a divination method that sort of works like drawing lots, it's part of Chinese fortune telling practice, performed in Taoist or Buddhist temples, here's a link for info – http://en.wikipedia.org/wiki/Kau_cim

[2] **A spring breeze, a timely rain** or **chūn fēng huà yǔ / 春风化雨** literally means the sensation of a **refreshing spring breeze brushing against the person, or like a timely rain nourishing the earth**. The term is generally used to describe **the stimulating influence of a great teacher**.

[3] **Saving people to the end, sending the Buddha to the west** or **jiù rén jiù dào dǐ, sòng fú sòng dào xī / 救人救到底, 送佛送到西** the more often used phrase would be **bāng rén bāng dào dǐ, sòng fú sòng dào xī / 帮人帮到底, 送佛送到西** it's pretty much the same but rather than saving people, it's helping people in general. The phrase is used to say **if you are going to do something good, go all the way with it**. The sending Buddha to the west, refers to the Amitabha Buddha's western paradise (aka pure land) which is seen as a blissful paradise, a step away from nirvana.

After a slight setback, Wan Wan once again gets another little morale boost, is she perhaps catching up to Sang Chan fairy status? Haha...and just out of pure curiosity, what are everyone's thoughts on Bai Xiao Sheng up to now, think he's a possible male lead...or not?? Hehe

Full

(translated by *anniaxx*)

(edited by *xia0xiao1mei*)



CHAPTER ELEVEN

Supreme Chief Gu Xi Ju

Pang Wan's steps were somewhat staggering when she returns to Bai Xiao Sheng's side.

She still has not woken up from the moment everyone was looking up to her, three-kneels-nine-knocks, deep-bowing-devoted-worship^[1], all these are the respect that people only give to divine fairies! She, Pang Wan, is the highly condemned Sheng Gu of an unorthodox sect in Jiang Hu, how would she ever get the chance to be this respected by the orthodox people?

Hehe, the feeling of pretending to be a white lotus flower really isn't bad.

She quickly walks back to the original road, where Bai Xiao Sheng holds the reins of two horses, quietly waiting for her under the tree.

"Returning with victory?" Seeing her coming back without losing a single hair, he smiles with clear understanding.

"...mountain bandits are really weak, and I just happen to have some basic martial art skills..." Pang Wan does not know how to respond at this time, and uncomfortably scratches her hair.

Bai Xiao Sheng silently smiles, handing the rein to her, "Let's go, the sun is about to set."

——He is always so understanding, never leaving Pang Wan in an awkward position.

Pang Wan practically wanted to hug him and give him a kiss.

—

As they walk down the road painted in the light of the setting sun, Bai Xiao Sheng suddenly says, "Lady Wan Wan, you don't suit the colour white."

Pang Wan is stunned by this comment of his that just suddenly flied out. She lowers her head to look at her white chiffon dress, unable to comprehend his

deeper meaning.

“I just saw that lady’s martial arts skills of leaping in and killing the bandits are indeed sharp.” Bai Xiao Sheng gently continues his comment behind her, “White is clear yet shallow, incapable of suppressing your vibe, lady should choose a much richer colour, such as.....” His gaze lands on the arm, blood-red sun nearby, the look in his eyes darkens, “Red.”

In Pang Wan’s ears, these words are just indirectly judging her for having an overbearingly evil vibe. Pang Wan thinks: *I did not even kill a single bandit, only had them losing an arm or two, how is that having an overbearing evil vibe?* And so, unsatisfied in her heart, she unhappily sounds an “oh”.

Bai Xiao Sheng sees her unwilling look, and knows that his words have not sunk into her mind, so he changes the topic with a light smile, “Lady, do you want to approach the Supreme Chief?”

Pang Wan’s eyes immediately brightens. She turns her head and shows the sincerity in her eyes, “Naturally!” The jade dragon token is still in that guy’s hands!

——Even though finding the jade dragon token is not that urgent, she still has not figured anything out since leaving the sect one month ago. What if one day sect leader suddenly stops providing financial support to her? So no matter what, she needs to at least pretend to be working. After all, the eyes of the unorthodox sect are everywhere!

Bai Xiao Sheng nods and says, “According to my knowledge, Supreme Chief will go rest in the black bamboo forest in the outskirts tomorrow at noon. You can go meet him there.”

Pang Wan opens her eyes wide, “No ambush?”

Bai Xiao Sheng laughs, “Ambush you for what?”

Pang Wan thinks it makes sense, so with three points of happiness and seven points doubt, she purses her lips, “Xiao Sheng, why are you so nice to me?”

Bai Xiao Sheng facepalms. He wanted to say “Bai Xiao Sheng is only my nickname, my surname is not Bai, nor is my given name Xiao Sheng”^[2], but.....he shakes his head, and gently lifts the corners of his lips: “You will find out later.”

Pang Wan gazes at him with squinted eyes for a long time, then all of a sudden, she gets the chills, “Xiao Sheng, you listen to me! We are not meant to be!” I’m someone who needs to marry the male lead, but be it based on your name or your martial arts, you are fated to be a supporting character!

Bai Xiao Sheng has really been put at a loss this time.

“I know. I know. Your heart is set on loving Supreme Chief. How could I dare to have thoughts that I shouldn’t be having towards you?”

He pats Pang Wan’s shoulders to put her at ease.

“You must believe my words; I really don’t want to hurt you!” Pang Wan remembers the youth in grey at the restaurant; she could not resist sighing emotionally.

Bai Xiao Sheng waves his hand, signalling her that there is no need to say more.

Pang Wan sees a sense of unhappiness on his face, so she does not continue to admonish him, as long as the message gets across, then it is okay.

So these two people with different thoughts and worries in their hearts say farewell to each other and depart.

—

The next day, Pang Wan rushes to the black bamboo forest when it was only nine o’clock, two whole hours earlier than what Bai Xiao Sheng has said.

She has always been a person who prepares early.

Because of arriving early, she wanders around in the forest in order to get familiar with the terrain. As she strolls, she comes across a bamboo house.

“Is the Supreme Chief still bathing?” She suddenly hears someone say from behind a rock.

“He still is.” Another voice responds, “Supreme Chief has ordered me to bring the clothes in first and place it there.”

Pang Wan instantly shudders in realisation.

She remembers what the fake Wang Gang said on that day—important

treasures should be carried by one's side at all times.

So without making a single noise, she uses light-body skill to follow the maid from behind.

—

In the luxuriant black bamboo forest, a creek peacefully flows. Looking from afar, in the creek, there grows out, oh that's not right, it should be there stands a long hair, half-naked youth.

Pang Wan does not have time to look at the sexy scene. She seizes the chance to knock the maid unconscious and takes the clothes from her hands to search.

Search and search, after searching every pocket, and even opening the interlayer, she still finds nothing.

"Could it be that he has it on him?" Pang Wan frowns, then sneakily walks towards the bamboo forest near the creek.

She decides to peek without a face_(unashamedly)^[3].

—

Stream water gurgling, blazing sun scorching, she doesn't know if it is on purpose or just a coincidence, but whenever she changes her angle, that Supreme Chief also slowly turns, always keeping his back toward her. Under the reflection of sunlight, Pang Wan could not see the details on his body no matter what she does, just feels that he is standing there embellished with water drops all over his body, like a luminous statue.

"He actually carries his own light reflectors?" Pang Wan becomes annoyed and impatient. Finally, she could not endure to wait any longer and leaps on top of the black bamboos; she plans to peek at him from the top in the air—Supreme Chief would definitely not hold his breath and lie on his stomach in the creek water, right?!

In this moment, as swift as lightning striking and firestone igniting, Supreme Chief suddenly lifts up his head and looks toward her direction.



His gaze is as bright as a torch.

The moment their four eyes meet, Pang Wan's eyes widens and her mouth puffs; she loses her breath, and just falls straight down into the water with her limbs brandishing in the air, making a loud "pu-tong" sound.

After choking on several mouthful of water, she finally succeeds in crawling out and meets that person's face with his slightly pursed lips.

"How come it's you?" She stares at him stupidly.

"It is me." That person studies her awkward drowned-rat appearance with a faint smile on his face.

"You are the Chief?" Pang Wan's chin is about to drop from her face, "You betrayed him?"

The veins on that person's forehead twitches twice, then he asks, "From whom did you hear that the Supreme Chief has changed to a new one?"

Pang Wan expresses astonishment on her face, "Could it be that maid deceived me, Supreme Chief is not bathing here?"

The veins on that person's forehead twitches two more times, then he slowly says, "Wan Wan, I, myself am Gu Xi Ju."

Pang Wan pushes her dropped chin back up, takes a deep breath, and roars, "You deceived me! You deceived me! Bai Xiao Sheng, how dare you deceive me!"

Bai Xiao Sheng, no, he should be called Gu Xi Ju, has no choice but to cover her mouth, "When have I ever deceived you? Not like I ever admitted to be Bai Xiao Sheng."

——You did not admit, you just silently confirmed! Pang Wan is both resentful and furious, so she starts to try hitting and kicking Gu Xi Ju in the water;

however, he is strong in flesh and rough in skin, the resistance in water is also big; therefore, her attacks are as ineffective as scratching an itchy foot while wearing shoes.

Gu Xi Ju does not talk and lets her hustle.

After struggling for quite a while, Pang Wan finally exhausts all her energy and gets defeated.

“Little brat, dare to deceive me again next time, and I will dig out all your organs to feed the wolves!” She clenches her teeth at him, like a vicious little monster.

Gu Xi Ju just smiles and caresses her head.

—

In the end, Pang Wan still forgives Gu Xi Ju, moreover, this “in the end” came really soon, in like about one third of the burning time of a stick of incense (five minutes).

Because Gu Xi Ju says, last time, the person in white who she mistook for “Gu Xi Ju” is actually the real Bai Xiao Sheng. He found it interesting so he did not correct her; inviting her here today is because he does not want to lie anymore and plans to tell her all the truth.

Pang Wan ponders: *first of all, it seems like he really never admitted to being Bai Xiao Sheng, at least he has some remnant of conscience; secondly, he had already deceived her, so what can she do now? Wail and demand the Supreme Chief of Wu Lin to give her compensation for mental damage?*

Pang Wan is obviously not that kind of girl, so she quickly accepts the fact that she has been deceived and takes the opportunity to explain why she mistook Bai Xiang Sheng for him——She indicates that her glimpse of him years ago was wrong.

Gu Xi Ju appears to not care about these kind of things, treating it as a little girl’s joke. But he mentions a suggestion, hoping that Pang Wan can come and be his maid.

He says, his own maid had been easily ambushed by her, hence clearly showing

that her martial arts is inferior to Pang Wan's, probably unable to guard him in the future. On the other hand, Pang Wan's martial art skill is really high, being of help at crucial moments is definitely not a problem.

Pang Wan thinks: *firstly, being a maid can observe Gu Xi Ju from a close distance; secondly, she can spy on the whereabouts of jade dragon token, maybe she will also have a chance to meet Sang Chan, also making some money. There really is nothing bad about it.* So after hesitating for not even three seconds, she joyfully accepts the offer.

She believes the maid of Supreme Chief of Wu Lin is just being a hatchet man and a bodyguard; the style of this job is very silly and very simple.

En, we have to say that her way of thinking, is also very silly and very simple.

Translator's Note: Hello, this is Annie~ How is everybody? First of all, sorry that it took me longer to post this chapter...phew, life has been kind of crazy~~sorry for the long wait...I have to say that I am so proud of finding the perfect picture, hahaha... And, I hope this chapter has made you laugh a lot ^0^ So what do you think about Gu Xi Ju? Any prediction of how the story is gonna go? Being a maid, hum, is Pang Wan going to do well?

Found an even better picture today~When I saw it, I was like: this resembles Gu Xi Ju perfectly, purple cloth, handsome, and beautiful~~ 05/16/2016

[1] *“three-kneels-nine-knocks, deep-bowing-devoted-worship”/三跪九叩, 顶礼膜拜/Sān guì jiǔ kòu, dǐng lǐ mó bài:* “three-kneels-nine-knocks” basically means kowtow(磕头), a ritual consists of kneeling and knocking one's forehead on the floor for three times, then get up and repeat it for two more times; this is a common action performed when facing the emperor to show respect and submission. “Deep-bowing-devoted-worship” is the highest ritual that buddhists use to worship Buddha, kneeling with two hands on the ground and placing their foreheads on Buddha's feet.

[2] Remember the meaning of his name written in the [Character List](#)?

[3]*Without a face/不要脸/Bù yào liǎn:* I was going to directly translate it to “unashamedly”, but then I decided I should introduce this saying to you. Like “having a leg” in chapter 9, “no face” is another Chinese saying that is commonly

used, interesting and somewhat funny, and perhaps more well known. In Chinese culture, there is this concept of “face” which means appearing good in front of other people. When you “lose face”, you are bringing disgrace to yourself. When you “save someone’s face”, you are helping them to escape an embarrassed situation. When you “do not want a face”, like Pang Wan, you are purposefully doing shameful things and not caring if that will make you look bad. I often hear Chinese parents say to their kids, “You did so bad on your exams, I have ‘no face’ to go to the parent meeting.” I personally think “face(脸面/面子)” is different from dignity(尊严), because dignity is rightfully standing up for yourself while “face” is trying to not look bad no matter through good ways or bad ways.

Full

(translated by *xia0xiao1mei*)

(edited by *anniaxx*)



CHAPTER TWLEVE

The Broad Thinking Of A Maid

The scorching sun fiercely shines, Gu Xi Ju is once again in the yard, engaged in training his swordsmanship.

Flying like a startled swan, moving like a swimming dragon, piling up fancy descriptions of this sort is not needed, all in all, from what Pang Wan sees, he is just deliberately exhibiting those glistening slabs of meat after his body is soaked

in sweat. (To fly like a startled swan, to move like a swimming dragon, is a phrase used to describe graceful movements, swift and beautiful)

The scent of masculinity fills the air, the other two maids have long been blushing in silence. Pang Wan looks across at those broad shoulders and narrow waist that form an overturned triangle physique, deep down she is truly jealous and envious; even such fabulous natural born quality has been given to Fairy Sang Chan to enjoy, dear senior ah, you live such a dog life! (Meaning she was born with an extremely fortunate fate)

Just as her thoughts were running wild, the person across from her had already stood straight, inserting the sword back into its sheath.

“Bring it over.” He turns his head, the lapel of his shirt widely open, as he extends a hand out to her.

That chest like bronzeware, grandly leaps into her eyes, slightly rising and falling, Pang Wan shudders, grabbing the robe beside her and runs over: “Here, quickly put it on!” Cover your spring splendour from flowing out!

Gu Xi Ju looks at her puzzled, he shakes his head: “Not this.”

Not this? Then what? Pang Wan turns to look at him — — she is indeed confused.

Gu Xi Ju sighs, taking the robe from her hands, he pulls out a handkerchief himself, wiping his face.

Only then was Pang Wan hit with the realisation.

The other maids started to reveal looks of disdain.

Once Gu Xi Ju had finished wiping his face, he instructs: “Tea.”

This time, Pang Wan had already learnt, running up to the closest table, she pours a cup of tea, and gracefully brings it to him.

Gu Xi Ju only takes a little sip, and lightly furrows his brows: “Too cool.”

The eyes of the maids had already wanted to have Pang Wan cut into pieces.

“Don’t drink it if you don’t want to! Can you not make your instructions clearer?” Pang Wan instantly throws a tantrum, she has been the Sheng Gu of

an unorthodox sect for six years, has lived a well off life^[1] with others taking care of her in every possible way, since when would she have to serve another? Nevermind trying to figure out someone's preferences.

Maid A straightens out her curved brows, wanting to pull out the sword in hand, but is stopped by Gu Xi Ju's one look.

"It is not suited to drink cool tea after martial arts training, it disperses qi." He hands the cup back to her, his tone calm, "You make another cup, I'll drink it."

Pang Wan juts out her lips, showing great reluctance as she carries the cup to the side, pouring out half the water, then pours in some hot water, before she walks back to Gu Xi Ju's side, brusquely saying: "Here!"

Maid B practically wanted to explode, but is forced to keep such resentment to herself, and could only quietly beat at her own chest.

Pang Wan inwardly thinks: I'm kind heartedly pouring him a cup of warm tea here, why are you all so worked up for?

Gu Xi Ju glances at that cup of tea, accepting it and gulps it down, saying no more.

Pang Wan was very pleased, arrogantly batting her eyes at the other two people, indicating that lady, I, am still a very considerate person.

Outside, someone suddenly reports: "Zhang Xiu Zhu of Wudang is here!"

Gu Xi Ju rises upon hearing this, the other two maids immediately gathers around, one dressing him, one holding the sword, their movements smooth and graceful like passing clouds and flowing water, a flawless cooperation.

Pang Wan seeing that there is nothing for her help out with, thinks that since there is a guest visiting, then she should follow suit with serving another cup of warm tea.

How nimble minded I am ah! She thinks with self-satisfaction.

Very soon, Zhang Xiu Zhu comes stepping in, just like the typical old pretentious routine all righteous sects play out, bowing with clasped hands, an exchange of pleasantries, before sitting down and taking a sip of tea, preparing to move onto a discussion.

A sound of “pu~”, the tea comes spraying out from Zhang Xiu Zhu’s mouth.

“Supreme Chief has changed tea leaves?” He covers his face with his sleeve as he coughs, looking in quite the sorry state, “This tea.....”

In his memory, Supreme Chief does not have many special interests, with the exception of two in which he thoroughly excels in, the first being martial arts, the second being tea ceremony. The tea that Supreme Chief serves his guests stands above the world, the people of Wu Lin had once competitively fought for the opportunity to drink just one cup, as for the standards shown today.....it truly has left him feeling under the weather.

“Xiu Zhu has taken the wrong cup.” Gu Xi Ju smiles, sending maid B a look.

Maid B respectfully withdraws, serving up a new cup not long after.

Pang Wan watches the cup be taken away, it is precisely the warm tea filled with love that she personally made, and could not hold back that sad expression hanging by a thread.

With a new cup in hand, Zhang Xiu Zhu very quickly enters the state of discussing official business, conversing with Gu Xi Ju about such and such a matter, such and such a matter, for a good while.

Pang Wan did not feel very interested, waiting at the side bored to death, and almost did not start yawning.

“This maid is new?” She suddenly hears someone ask.

Pang Wan whose mind was still clogged up, dazedly turned towards the sound, but is met with Zhang Xiu Zhu’s bright and piercing eyes.

“So what if I’m new?” She juts out her lips and rolls her eyes at him.

Yet Zhang Xiu Zhu actually laughs at this: “Supreme Chief has always liked girls to be intelligent and refined, how did such an absentminded little thorn get selected to serve by his side?”

Pang Wan having devoted herself to practicing the “Sang Chan poise”, hates her efforts being put down the most, her almond eyes instantly rounded, lips sulkily puckers up: “You dare say I’m not refined?”

The smile on Zhang Xiu Zhu’s face spreads even more: “Supreme Chief has

always selected maids with both great temperament and great martial arts, with such a big temper like yours, could it be your martial arts is really that incredible?” As he says this, he pulls out a long sword from his waist side, “Allow me to put this to test!”

Gu Xi Ju was just about to speak out to stop this, but actually hears Pang Wan sound a cold chuckle, also pulling out a golden whip from her waist side.

“Fine, I’ll have you thoroughly convinced!” Her voice charmingly soft like the sound of pearls dropping into a jade plate, not really sounding ferocious despite how harsh her words may be.

Zhang Xiu Zhu did not think much of her at all, directly holding his sword up, a swift and fierce move going straight towards her face.

Pang Wan presses her lips together, head swishing to the side, her long hair drawing a beautiful arc in the air, forcing through the attack with ease.

“So fast!” Zhang Xiu Zhu did not think this little wretch would actually have such lightning quick reaction speed, and cannot help being greatly startled at heart.

Pang Wan upon seeing that moment of standstill on his face, playfully bats her eyes, clothes carrying fragrant wind as she lunges forward, hand highly raising the golden whip.

No one knew how she managed it, but all that could be seen was the golden whip lashing out towards Zhang Xiu Zhu’s neck like a dragon spitting out its tongue, seeing how it’s about strangle his throat, Zhang Xiu Zhu had no choice but to turn around in self-defence, landing one tap with his long sword, wanting to divert the whip away.

It was better to not touch it at all, with this one contact, that golden whip made use of the momentum to slither around his sword just like a serpent, tightly gripping on, not loosening no matter what.

Impossible! Zhang Xiu Zhu grew somewhat desperate — his Moonfall Sword is famed for cutting through metal as though it is mud, the number of souls claimed by his sword is at least several hundreds if not a thousand, how can it possibly not even prick into one whip?

Just like this, there was a moment of deadlock, both his eyes had reddened, already giving rise to killing intent, a short sword silently slides down from his other sleeve.

“That’s enough now.” Gu Xi Ju’s voice sounds in a timely manner.

Zhang Xiu Zhu lets out a huge sigh of relief, then looks towards that little maid, who contrarily seems to have turned a deaf ear to Gu Xi Ju’s orders, she looks at him with her chin raised, those large and alert eyes casting occasional glances at the opening of his sleeve, provoking him with seeming ridicule: “Come on, if you have the capability then try kill me with that other sword you got there!”

Zhang Xiu Zhu flew into a rage, the hand holding up the sword begins to channel ninety percent of his internal energy — he had originally planned to only use thirty percent of his martial arts skills to deal with this young lady.

Pang Wan sees the golden whip tremble, and knows her opponent has started show his real skills, yet still did not think much of it.

Golden snake, silver dragon tightly tangled together, a competition of internal energy between masters, just when the two people were unyieldingly holding their grounds, the air suddenly rings a sound of “zheng~”.

One little tea leaf pellets against the golden whip.

“Wan Wan, obey my words.” Gu Xi Ju calmly instructs her.

The golden whip releases the Moonfall Sword as though it got an electric shock, si-si it sounds as it returns to her waist side, Pang Wan studies Gu Xi Ju with a look of disbelief, her chest rising and falling, unable to speak for a long time.

——a breakthrough?

——my “moon-capturing, dragon-binding lock”, had actually been broken through by him?

Violent waves surge up in her heart.

Zhang Xiu Zhu was blasted back a few steps by a powerful airflow, before he was able to stand still. He respectfully clasps his hands towards Gu Xi Ju, saying a few phrases of “Supreme Chief is wise and remarkable, not only peerless in

martial arts, but also has such an extraordinary maid by your side” such bootlicking words, his pale face showing no intention to stay any longer, thus resentfully takes his leave.

Gu Xi Ju only smiles, sitting in his original spot without escorting him out.

Pang Wan stares at him for a good while, not knowing what to say.

Upon thinking how this man had actually used a mere piece of tea leaf and was able to flick apart Zhang Xiu Zhu and herself, his martial arts have clearly reached the very peak, she could not help but grow frightened deep down — just how unfathomable is this man?

Seeing her want to say something but remains hesitant, Gu Xi Ju raises the corners of his lips.

“Come over.” He beckons, hand still holding that cup of tea Pang Wan had made before, looking amiable.

Pang Wan tightly bites down on her bottom lip, walking in tiny yet quick steps, looking very unwilling.

Gu Xi Ju was not annoyed, and only watches her, his eyes filled with the glory reflected from his purple clothes: “My martial arts, is it formidable?”

Didn’t think he would be this direct, Pang Wan instantly throws her fear to the back of her mind, two almond eyes brightly glowing: “Formidable, formidable, very formidable!” She nods her head as though kowtowing.

Seeing her act like a devoted little fan, Gu Xi Ju couldn’t help bursting out into laughter.

“Want to learn it?” He pats her head.

Contrarily, the burning passion gradually dims: “.....no.”

Saying no is a lie, but she is the Sheng Gu of an unorthodox sect, how could she learn the martial arts of a righteous sect? If word got out, would this not be bringing shame to Uncle Zuo and Brother Nan Yi’s name?

Gu Xi Ju’s face turns cold, his big hand still on the top of her head, not saying anymore.

“Supreme Chief, is it possible for Supreme Chief to agree to another request of mine?” Pang Wan suddenly thinks of something, chirpily bringing down Gu Xi Ju’s hand, tightly holding it in her own.

Seeing that delicately fair, small and soft hand, Gu Xi Ju’s expression slightly calms.

“What request?” He turns to face her.

“Let us both fight it out this once! Fight it out to our hearts’ content just this once!”

The young girl’s pretty face radiates a type of shine that mixes both dream and desire together.

[1] **To live a well off life** is **chī xiāng hē là / 吃香喝辣** in Chinese, it literally means to **eat fragrant food and to drink spicy wine**. In the ancient times, as long as people are able to drink wine and eat all sorts of fragrant dishes (in particularly those containing meat and fish), then they are considered to live a well off life, this statement has been passed on to this day.

Just as we all expected, PW is indeed a terrible maid, but hey, she’s a maid that kicks ass, that, I really cannot complain about. So what do you all think of PW’s martial arts skills with the whip eh? If she’s capable of standing her own against a wu lin master(?) then surely her martial arts skills are pretty high up there right? Hehe

Also remember PW’s ridiculous ‘big hand holding little hand, walking under peach blossom trees’ poem?? Well~~ guess what I come acrossss~..... ([click here](#)) ...ok, sorry, not gonna lie, I’m just finding excuses to fangirl, but the song itself is actually called Hand in Hand! And it actually does feature a chorus that includes the line “big hand holding little hand”! But look at them!! Can they get any cuter than this??! Not to mention they’re finally having their wedding! Today!! In Bali!!! And Annie Liu (aka Ruo Lan) is bridesmaid!!!! Ok I’m done. Lemme cry happy tears now.

But before that...just gonna leave you all with [this](#) for the little cherry on top...

Congrats to our dearest BBJX couple!!!



Full

(translated by anniaxx)

(edited by xia0xiao1mei)



Art by: 伊吹五月

CHAPTER THIRTEEN

The Overflowing Fun of a Demoness

Gu Xi Ju is silent for a moment and feels something on his forehead twitching violently.

“.....I can’t.” He sighs, pulls out his hand from Pang Wan’s palm, and pushes down those restless things on his forehead.

“Why can’t you?” Pang Wan stubbornly pulls on him, acting like a spoiled child, “Fight this once, just fight this once!”

Gu Xi Ju was planning to ignore her, but his sleeve was about to be ripped by her pulling, and could only turn to look at her, “Wan Wan, you have been with me for about two month, have you ever seen anyone come to provoke a fight or

challenge me to a duel?”

“No.” Pang Wan lifts her little face and looks at him with eagerness, “You are the Supreme Chief of Wu Lin, naturally no one.....”

“This is not the only reason.” Gu Xi Ju sighs——then sighs again. He feels that even if he adds up all the sighs of the past twenty six years of his life, it would still not exceed the amount within these last two months, “It’s because the people who dare to challenge me, must expect for the worst.”

He gazes at Pang Wan and gently says, “My rule is, never leaving anyone alive under my hand.”

—

Of the people who have heard him say this, seven are dead, and thirteen threw away their swords and ran for their life; but now Pang Wan just stares at him and makes a crispy “oh” sound.

—

Gu Xi Ju frowns, “Do you understand?”

Pang Wan presses her lips and smiles, nodding, “I do. Isn’t it just fighting to either result in your death or my extermination?” So what, back in the unorthodox sect, didn’t Nan Yi try to torture her to death every single time? She does not think Gu Xi Ju is scary at all.

“You have such great martial arts skills, yet I can’t fight with you, it’s truly a pity.” Her face shows abundant regret, “Maybe I could have gotten to a higher level while fighting you!”

So she is actually treating him as a training partner? Gu Xi Ju yet again could not resist sighing one more time.

—

Since having a duel with Gu Xi Ju is impossible, Pang Wan settles her mind and decides to peacefully be a maid at Gu Xi Ju’s side.

Her reputation is really widespread right now. Every person at Gu Xi Ju’s side now knows: Supreme Chief has found a girl whose martial art skills are high but of unknown origin. This girl is arrogant and overbearing, directly drove away

Zhang Xiu Zhu, the outstanding representative of the Wu Dang clan.

“Do I count as a secluded master?” Pang Wan is extremely happy to hear people having discussions about her — — the Mary Sue character framework is indeed magical, sometime it automatically creates a self-protection system to filter out the keywords that are unfriendly, so she only remembers the few words of: “martial art skills are high”, “of unknown origin”.

Gu Xi Ju does not respond. With his head down, he only flips the book in his hands.

“I say, you, the formidable Supreme Chief of Wu Lin, why is it that all you do other than practicing martial arts is just reading books?” Seeing him ignore her, Pang Wan becomes unhappy. She goes to stand next to him and starts judging, “You are so capable, you should.....should.....”

She could not continue to say more. In her impression, the male leads of the land of Mary Sue also just read books and practice martial arts, other than doing some basic studies every day. Things like political schemes and court tactics don’t suit his position as the Supreme Chief of Wu Lin, should she make him to do celestial training to become an immortal^[1]?

Yet she sees Gu Xi Ju lifting up his eyes from the book and quietly waiting for her to continue.

“I know!” Pang Wan’s eyes suddenly brighten and she makes a loud clap, “You should find someone to start a relationship with.” As the male lead, having a relationship with the female lead is the most serious task!

—

Gu Xi Ju gazes at her, smiling, “Who should I go find?”

Pang Wan hesitates for a second and carefully gives him a glance, “I heard that you like Fairy Sang Chan?”

Gu Xi Ju’s expression stagnates, then his complexion turns gloomy, “..... unfortunately, I could not have what I long for no matter how I try.”

Pang Wan senses somewhere in her heart hurting as though being stabbed by a needle; however, she quickly cheers herself up again — — this answer was in

her expectation anyways.

Seeing such an outstanding youth feeling dejected, Pang Wan truly believes that she should do something for him — maybe, maybe after helping him to get his beloved lady, the Mary Sue pain in the bottom of her heart will heal.

“Have you ever thought, you are already this excellent, why Fairy Sang Chan still does not like you?” After thinking through everything clearly, Pang Wan is determined to say something.

— maybe she’s not good at other things, but she is definitely skilled at guessing the mind of Mary Sue female leads. An expert needs only to step forward, to know if the problem can be solved or not, as long as she is here to help Gu Xi Ju come up with plans and ideas, to know oneself and to know one’s opponent, how could such an all-powerful female lead like Sang Chan not be easily captured?

“I have never understood her mind.” Gu Xi Ju shakes his head.

“Does she especially love a certain type of man? Like the beautiful and fragile type?” Pang Wan thinks maybe Sang Chan likes the bewitching type.

“Speaking of being beautiful and delicate, the Ninth Prince is above everyone else, yet he has never gained half a degree of her interest.” Gu Xi Ju continues to shake his head.

“Maybe she likes the smart, clever and scheming type?” Pang Wan now thinks maybe Sang Chan likes the guileful fox type?

“The palace master of Solitary Palace has the utmost intelligence in the world, seeing though numerous schemes, yet still not receiving her pity once.” Gu Xi Ju still shakes his head.

Pang Wan thinks in her heart: Ai-yo! Such word as “pity” is even used by Supreme Chief, senior Sang Chan, could it be that you are on a matriarchist story line?

“Then, maybe it’s not the man that’s not right, but your ways of expressing love is not right.” Pang Wan frowns and contemplates while strolling in the

room, “Think about it, with so many people admiring her, Fairy would naturally think that the common type of love is insipid, maybe what she desires is a completely stunning legend?”

Gu Xi Ju is rendered completely stupefied by her overly flaunty words, he lifts his brows, “What do you mean by completely stunning?”

Pang Wan suddenly turns back and gives him a fierce grin — — hum-hum!

She walks to Gu Xi Ju’s side, picks up a cushion and smilingly hugs it in her arms.

“Chan Chan!” She suddenly yells, making a twisted and ferocious face at the cushion, “Chan Chan! You are mine! You can only be mine!” She makes the move to clutch the cushion, her eyes turning red and her voice becoming hoarse, “I don’t allow you to speak to other people, cannot smile at other people either! If you dare to smile at that person again, I will cut him into pieces! And as for you, I want to break your wings and imprison you forever by my side.” Next, she holds the cushion in her embrace again, gently murmuring, “Your goodness can only be shown to me! You belong to me alone forever! Chan Chan!”

—

“Did you see?” The following second, Pang Wan has already returned to normal; with her face not blushing and her breath not gasping, she throws the cushion to Gu Xi Ju, “Find time to practice.”

Gu Xi Ju is still shocked by her actions, hesitating, “.....must be this intense?”

“No experience!” Pang Wan glances at him scornfully, “The stronger a woman the emptier her heart, she needs an even stronger man to impress and conquer her, only this way will she become a little while bunny and lies obediently by your side!”

Gu Xi Ju’s face turns from green to white, then white to red; in the end he mutters, “Her personality is fierce. I am afraid this should not be used.”

Pang Wan sighs, saying internally to herself that he is such an unteachable loser, then she waves her hand and says, “Never mind, I still have one more sure-kill move, I’ll just teach it to you as well.”

—

As she says this, she lifts the cap of a teacup on the desk, touches the water and puts some drops in the corners of her eyes. She turns back with her whole face full of grief and anguish.

“Chan Chan, I know, there is already no place for worldly love in your heart. Even though I have already swore that I will marry no one else other than you in this life, I will definitely not alter any of your decisions. I am willing to die alone in loneliness for you, ah!” She sounds a scream and grabs the paperweight to act a fake thrust to her belly, then softly falls on the ground making an ‘about to die’ look, “Don’t, don’t ask me why I used my body to block the sword for you? Chan Chan, I only want to see you smile! Your happiness is my biggest wish! Farewell, my love!”

“This sure-kill move is called using retreat as an attack.” Pang Wan jumps up from the ground with no emotions on her face, “Even though girls who claim that they chase after freedom are afraid of confinement, their hearts are soft in the end. If you make her feel no pressure and show your persistent heart, see her even more important than your life, then you are almost there.”

Gu Xi Ju is dumbfounded by her excellent performance with outstanding singing and action. After being astounded for a while, he finally asks, “So I need to die before her? This.....”

Pang Wan unhappily bends her lips and purposely winks her eyes in a mysterious manner, “It’s just one stab; you are so smart, control the angle and you won’t die!”

—

She starts to feel immense pride in her own outstanding performance.

Gu Xi Ju does not say anything. He just stares at her for a long time, a long long time.

Then he puts down the book in his hands and starts laughing. He is laughing so hard that his tears are almost coming out.

The guards by the front of the doors have not seen Supreme Chief laugh like this in a very long time, they exchange looks, wanting to peek inside but too

afraid to do so.

—

“You don’t believe me?” Pang Wan sees Gu Xi Ju is not taking her words seriously; embarrassed and furious, she gets on him and clutches his collar, “All the girls in this world love these ways, but you do not believe me! How dare you not believe me?!”

Gu Xi Ju could not stop laughing. With his chest going up and down, he could only use his hands to block Pang Wan’s attacks, “Ay, stop messing, please stop messing.”

This is the scene that Bai Xiao Sheng sees when he enters—— the Supreme Chief who is usually majestic and full of manly spirit seems to be begging for mercy, and the little maid who is renowned for her bossiness and arrogance is right now on him, twisting her expression and raising her fists in a “female tiger” manner^[2].

“Ke ke.”

He really is too shocked, shocked to the point of accidentally revealing the coughs in his heart.

The two on the chair quickly separate. But Gu Xi Ju appears as usual, smiling at him: “How come you didn’t tell me you’re coming beforehand?”

The little maid is blushing crimson red, unable to tell if it is due to her anger or embarrassment. Without saluting, she gives him an angry stare and runs off.

—

“Lady Wan Wan is truly regarded with special attention from Supreme Chief.”

Bai Xiao Sheng says this meaningfully, right when Pang Wan was just about to step out the door.

Pang Wan’s footstep slips and she almost falls.

Gu Xi Ju does not say anything; he just lifts the corners of his lips and keeps smiling, keeps smiling.

Translator’s Note: While I was reading this chapter on the original website, I

saw the author leaving a comment at the end to respond to readers' questions from the previous chapters. She said: "1. Gu Xi Ju is really not Pang Wan's dad. 2. Which one of Pang Wan's Mary Sue sure-kill moves do you prefer? "

Honestly, even though I have seen cliché scenes like the second one (the "Don't ask me why I used my body to block the sword for you" one) for a thousand times in dramas and books, I still get touched every time I see it. I can't help it~And apparently some "out of the box" readers have thought that Gu Xi Ju is perhaps Pang Wan's dad, since he is much older. Hahaha~

Tell me which sure-kill move or male lead type do you like the best~And, don't forget to leave a comment about what do you think. —-^-*Annie

[1] This part is referring to C-novel's common genres. Chinese novels can be grouped to three big categories: Ancient, Modern and Futuristic. The ancient C-novels have 6 most popular genres: Time-travel (ex. Bu Bu Jing Xin 步步惊心), historical (ex. Nirvana in Fire 琅琊榜), political/royal family (ex. Emperor's Conquest 帝王业), Wu Xia/ Jiang Hu (ex. Jiang Hu Road is Curved~), Fantasy (ex. Journey of the Fierce Blade in Snow 雪中悍刀行), and Immortal (Journey of the Flower 花千骨). Of course, there are other smaller ones, such as Military, Matriarch, Piece of Life, etc. Which is your favorite genre? >@<

[2] Female Tiger/母老虎/Mǔ lǎo hǔ: is a term that is often used to describe women who are shrewish and ferocious.

Full

(translated by *xia0xiao1mei*)

(edited by *anniaxx*)



CHAPTER FOURTEEN

A Nan Ke Dream

Pang Wan makes the firm decision to never pass on pick-up skills to Gu Xi Ju ever again, this person really is a plank of decayed wood that cannot be carved.

But she still wishes to continue discussing about Sang Chan with Gu Xi Ju, after

all, only by getting a clear idea of what finer details the men here likes about girls, would it be more advantageous to her ‘Mary Sue female lead training program’, in the days to come.

Today she is currently looking in the mirror as she turns her face left and right, thinking of being able to spot a trace of heavenly poise like a “fragile willow trembling in the wind”, when she suddenly hears maid B call out from the doors: “Supreme Chief will be setting off to the banquet soon, are you not going to hurry up?”

She hastily holds up her skirt and heads out, maid B glares at her from the doors, not saying anything.

Pang Wan obviously knows what kind of a look that is, that is an ‘I really don’t like you, but cannot do anything about it for now’ feeling of abomination. Very soon does she find the cause of such an expression — — receiving special treatment once again, everyone else rides their own horses, only she alone has been arranged to sit inside Gu Xi Ju’s carriage.

“Why aren’t you speaking?” Gu Xi Ju sees her sitting in the carriage, looking all around without saying a word, and could not help saying something.

Pang Wan casts a glance at him, softly saying: “Aren’t you the Supreme Chief of Wu Lin, why do you still need to sit in such a pampering horse carriage.....?”

Gu Xi Ju had not yet gotten the chance to open his mouth, when maid B’s ice cold voice had already intercepted from the outside: “Supreme Chief is from a distinguished family, a body of precious gold, not someone that any commoner can compare to!”

Pang Wan does not say anything, and only turns her back on maid B, straightening her face as she bares her teeth and waves her claws (imitating a fierce beast-like gesture), silently repeating maid B’s words, when she mouths up to the word “commoner”, she had even deliberately rolled her eyes, pointing to her own face.

Gu Xi Ju bursts out laughing, his hand reaching out to knock onto her forehead: “Nonsense.”

Pang Wan pouts, obediently climbing to the carriage window side.

The journey to the banquet is very long, Gu Xi Ju did not speak to her anymore after that, and has only been skimming through the letters in hand, presumably from a long time ago, all those papers had already yellowed.

He looks at them very seriously, also very focused, as though he wants to have all those words and sentences imprinted in his heart.

Pang Wan observes him from the corner, inwardly thinking, this truly is an extremely charismatic man, magnanimous, tolerant, reasonable and understanding, proud but not conceited, his appearance included, all is perfectly right — it is only unfortunate that it just so happens, he had already been taken by senior first.

As she keeps thinking about it, she truly feels unwilling to give in at heart, suddenly blurting out a line of question: “Does Supreme Chief perhaps have a younger brother, a paternal or maternal younger male cousin?”

Who knows? She may be able snatch over a male lead belonging to solely her.

Gu Xi Ju raises his eyes to look at her, a lock of black hair hanging down from his forehead: “No.”

Pang Wan’s heart was hit with disappointment, she thinks a little before adding: “A nephew will also do.”

Gu Xi Ju shakes his head: “I’m the family’s only child, no brothers or sisters.”

It took great difficulty to come up with a way out, only to have it completely blocked off, Pang Wan mopes and sigh, her numbed body lazily plops onto the soft seat like a snake.

“What made you suddenly ask that?” Gu Xi Ju places down the letters in hand, quietly gazing at her.

“If, if.....” Pang Wan buries her face into the seat pad, grumpily huffing and muttering, “If you had a younger brother.....”

“What if I did?”

In the next moment, Gu Xi Ju had already got up towards the soft seat, both his arms propped onto the sides as he looms over, his sculpted nose moving down towards her.

Pang Wan was not willing to raise her head, her speech unclear as she says: “I will, I will.....”

In the end, the other half of her words were not heard, and so Gu Xi Ju inches his head even closer, it comes to no surprise that his lock of black hair would brush onto the girl’s round shoulders. Casually pushing away that lock of annoying hair, he once again pursues her words: “En?”

“Supreme Chief, we’re here!” The ice cold voice sounds from outside.

At the same time, maid B pulls open the curtain with the suddenness of lightning speed, but sees the two people inside the carriage with a calm Bodhisattva-like face, each sitting at their respective sides in a civil manner.

Tch, she inwardly scoffs, snappily saying to Pang Wan: “Get off!”

Each and every lantern is lit inside the hall, the maid permitted to follow Gu Xi Ju into the banquet was only Pang Wan alone, so Pang Wan very clearly senses maid B’s temper instantly setting ablaze.

On the contrary, maid A is very calm, she stands at the doors with her head proudly raised, and even deliberately lends Pang Wan a supporting hand when she walks by, frightening Pang Wan into inspecting if there is anything off on her as soon as she steps inside, in the end, she finds that she was being too narrow minded, thus giving up.

The atmosphere of this banquet is exceptionally grand, with around a hundred or so people participating, each and every one displaying the lofty bearing of martial arts specialists, Pang Wan feigns docility with her head bowed as she follows after Gu Xi Ju, whilst her eyes look past her lashes as she quietly observes her surroundings.

“No need to guess, all are leaders of different sects.” Someone says above her head.

Looking up, she sees a smile in full bloom, a body of fluttering white, Bai Xiao Sheng.

Gu Xi Ju had already taken a seat at this time, his table situated at the very top of the steps, Pang Wan and Bai Xiao Sheng stands behind at the left and right side of him respectively, just like the youthful door gods, Golden Boy and Jade

Maiden^[1] .

Taking advantage of the moment everyone else were taking a seat, Pang Wan asks Bai Xiao Sheng in a very quiet voice: “Is it a Wu Lin meeting?”

Bai Xiao Sheng shakes his head, answering Pang Wan with the same voice level: “No, it is a seasonal report summary.”

With just one clear sound of Gu Xi Ju clearing his throat, the entire site instantly falls into silence, a bearded man below the left seat is first to rise as he wraps his fist in greeting: “Heng Shan’s (Mount Heng) Xu Rong here, greets Supreme Chief!”

“Duan Zhi Qiu of the Dali Kingdom here, greets Supreme Chief!” Yet another handsome gentleman rises as he wraps his fist in greeting.

“Tang Men’s (Gate of Tang) Tang Fei Feng greets Supreme Chief!” “Song Shan’s (Mount Song) Ding Huai Li greets Supreme Chief!” More and more people rises from their seats as they report their names, many of whom are much older than Gu Xi Ju, their expressions and tones are all greatly respectful.

The round of reporting names finishes, with approximately over thirty sects attending, Gu Xi Ju nods his head, asking: “Has all been going well for everyone lately?” His appearance and bearings looking rather in tune with that of a Emperor attending imperial court.

All sects very quickly begins to report back, the majority of them claiming credit to spread their names for matters such as, how many bandits and scums of the society their disciples had eradicated, and what kind of treasures they have seized. Instead it is that Lady Fei Feng from Tang Men of Shu who reported something rather interesting, when it came to her turn, she says she had newly developed a type of spring drug, it is able to have the one poisoned to see any other person as the one they love, thus ridding all guilt and burdens to engage in having an affair.

(Of Shu or shǔ zhōng / 蜀中 refers to today’s province of Sichuan where Tang Men was reportedly located)

(Spring in Chinese – chūn / 春 can also be used for various different meanings such as romance/love, life, vitality, youth but in the case of the spring drug mentioned here, it

carries the meaning of lust)

Spring drug has never been something that can be openly put out on the table, so before she had even finished speaking, within the hall, there were already people issuing sounds of “pei-pei” as they spit out their contempt.

“Does everyone by chance know, the world’s most unfathomable thing is but the obstacle that is love?”

Tang Fei Feng was not peeved, and only turns to look at everyone with a beaming smile.

“Even if it is the most powerful spring drug, those with deeply cultivated internal energy can still grit their teeth and forcedly channel it out, just that, should the opposing figure be the one they love, then that.....” Speaking up to here, she presses her lips, and takes a pause, the suggestive meaning in her eyes sparkling, “They all say spring drug is a lust stimulating drug, as to such ruthlessness, what stimulation causes this?”

The implication of her words is that the spring drugs available up to now can only control the body but cannot control the mind, making them all unworthy drugs of the lowest quality.

Gu Xi Ju had yet to comment on her report, only asking: “For what reason did Sect Leader Tang tell us this today?”

Tang Fei Feng grins: “May I ask of Supreme Chief to name this drug?”

Gu Xi Ji thoughtfully furrows his brows, saying: “Since it is able to control people’s minds, let us call it Nan Ke then.”

(Nan Ke refers to the Chinese idiom Nán kē yī mèng/ 南柯一梦, which is also the title of this chapter, the idiom refers to a grand dream, one that obviously didn’t happen in reality, or it can be used to refer to getting all happy and excited for nothing)

Tang Fei Feng’s smile deepens: “Supreme Chief is talented and refined! I had originally wanted to simply call it Bliss, after all, those who take this drug will enter a world of bliss, upon deeper thinking now, so what if one is to go to Wu Shan together with the one they love? (Refers a Chinese idiom meaning sex)^[3] What’s false cannot become real, in the end, it is no more than a Nan Ke dream!”

“This lady is a formidable one.” Bai Xiao Sheng whispers to Pang Wan, “Is a tigress just like you, fierce and tough.”

Pang Wan is aware this person is taking every opportunity available to mock her, and just casts him a murderous glare, pursing her lips.

After Tang Men’s turn, the reports once again grows completely dry and uninteresting, occasionally, there would be two sects bickering over some trivial matters^[4], but would all be quickly resolved under Gu Xi Ju’s monitoring. Pang Wan counts with her fingers, the two words she has been hearing the most is still “evil sect”, and could not help inwardly sighing to herself — should there be no unorthodox sects, how boring the Jiang Hu will be!

In a blink of an eye, an entire hour had already passed, those in attendance were still reporting back and exchanging opinions, from noon to now, Pang Wan had not eaten anything at all, and is already hungry to the point her chest is pasted against her back.

Gradually, nothing was going into her ears, her eyes were fixed onto that untouched plump fish meat on Gu Xi Ju’s table, also that whole bunch of sweet and fresh fruits and drinks.

“Gu-du.” Her bulging eyes intently stares at them, gulping down a mouthful of saliva, at risk of leaking out.

The entire while, Gu Xi Ju had been listening to Dali’s talk about the arts of cultivating camellia flowers in steps, once Duan Zhi Qiu had finished speaking, he beckons Bai Xiao Sheng over, whispering something into his ear.

Bai Xiao Sheng bends his waist to listen attentively, his eyes suddenly brightens, glancing towards Pang Wan.

Pang Wan does not know what exactly he is looking at, and also tilts her head, frowning back at him.

Her meaning is very clear — big brother, I’m hungry.

But only sees Bai Xiao Sheng nod at Gu Xi Ju, quietly withdrawing, then very quickly makes an appearance again, bringing someone with him, maid A.

“Change shifts.” He pats Pang Wan’s shoulder, mouthing the words to her.

Pang Wan cannot be happier, pi-dian pi-dian she scuttles after him.

Maid A exhibits a type of “I just knew it will be like this” attitude as she once again stands in the spot that had originally belonged to her, an entire face of glowing vitality, mighty in spirit and heroic in bearings.

Pang Wan follows Bai Xiao Sheng into a little pavilion, already prepared inside, is an abundance of snacks to satisfy her stomach, and so, Pang Wan firstly takes on the swift and fierce attitude of a tiger coming out the mountain as she grabs a piece of drunken chicken (chicken cooked in wine) and tosses it into her mouth, then takes on the grand gesture of a flying crane spreading its wings as she gathers a bunch of osmanthus flower cakes into her arms.



“Keng-chi keng-chi” She sounds whilst awfully enjoying herself with eating, three pieces of sweet cakes goes into her belly one after another, before she notices there’s something off with the atmosphere — — Bai Xiao Sheng had not left, and is still standing there watching her.

Pang Wan feels ashamed and timidly hands him a pile of red bean pastry: “Would you like some?”

Bai Xiao Sheng shakes his head.

And so Pang Wan picks up a piece of red bean pastry and places it into her mouth, relishing the taste as she munches on it: “Directly say whatever you want, it’s not good to keep it all in.”

Bai Xiao Sheng cracks a smile, before meaningfully saying: “Lady Wan Wan, do you perhaps know, Supreme Chief sure treats you extremely well?”

Pang Wan did not even need to think and vigorously nods: “He indeed treats me extremely well.” Presumably, this table of snacks and drinks, had also been

specifically arranged by him, having heard her grumbling belly, indeed a very attentive person who stands above the rest.

Bai Xiao Sheng looks at her, the smile at his lips starting to expand inch by inch: “Then, has lady ever thought about, why Supreme Chief would treat you so well?”

Pang Wan’s bats her eyelashes, placing down the snacks in hand, and sighs.

——thought about it, how could she not have thought about it?! She, who possesses the sensitive quality of Mary Sue, has of course thought about this countless times! But deep down, she understands that no matter what the answer is, it will never be the one she hopes for, so she simply does not think about it anymore.

“Supreme Chief’s talent-loving heart weighs very heavy.” Only after a while does she bitterly say the correct answer, blaming the brutal reality.

Bai Xiao Sheng presses his lips together, he is originally a handsome fair faced man, with this one expression, he instead exudes a few points of evilness.

“Lady may have a pampered personality.....” Speaking up to here, he deliberately stops to cast a glance at Pang Wan, seeing her emotionless face show no signs of being offended, he continues, “But you are also a rational one, with the addition of lady’s internal energy and martial arts skills being far above the ordinary people, Supreme Chief indeed requires the assistance of such a person.”

Pang Wan does not say anything, she believes that Gu Xi Ju’s martial arts cultivation had long been crowned above the world, why would he still need the assistance of others?

Bai Xiao Sheng seems to have seen through her thoughts, and speaks in a neither hurried nor slow manner: “Supreme Chief may possess a set of peerless martial arts skills, but he has ascended to such a highly respected position at such a young age, such outstanding achievement, also results in the many difficulties he is to face in future.”

Pang Wan was originally planning to remain silent, she thinks that being the Supreme Chief of Wu Lin at twenty years old is nothing out of the ordinary, in

the land of Mary Sue, there is an entire sea of people who have become the supreme leader of the universe at only sixteen years old, just that, upon seeing Bai Xiao Sheng's bright and earnest eyes, she could only take on the unpleasant task of saying a few words of flattery: "Such talent like Supreme Chief, I'm afraid, is a rare figure that wouldn't even show up once every hundred years." Even though in the land of Mary Sue, such figures are a thriving population.

Bai Xiao Sheng nods, before continuing to speak: "Just as lady sees it, today, the many sects appears to be full of respect towards Supreme Chief on the surface, but underneath all that, there are also those harbouring the intent to betray." Speaking up to here, he cannot help knitting together his brows: "Take the Kunlun and Shaolin sects for example, although their mouths acknowledges Supreme Chief, they have never sent for anyone to attend these gatherings, always finding excuses to evade it every time....." He hatefully grits his teeth, "Deliberately subjecting us for ridicule!"

"Supreme Chief is able to sit in this position with his real capabilities, yet there are many who are waiting to see him as a joke, and even those who are placing bets, betting on when he will resign from the supreme seat." Bai Xiao Sheng bitterly laughs, "After all, the Supreme Chief of Wu Lin needs not only peerless martial arts skills, but even more so needs to display the ability to skilfully acquire outstanding achievements, to be able to suppress the thousands and thousands of evils and vicious demons in the Jiang Hu."

Pang Wan now understands — — turns out because of his young age and lack of experience, Gu Xi Ju's current position as Supreme Chief is not stable, and even has many people eyeing his seat!

Only concerned about the thief eating meat, but has not seen the thief get beaten. Thinking how, for several months, she has only took notice of Gu Xi Ju's leisurely attitude, a hundred responses to his one call, such gloriously glossed over surface, yet has never thought about the suffering behind his brilliance, Pang Wan's heart instantly softens.

"Isn't it fine to just have Supreme Chief perform several huge tasks that can shut everyone up?" She suggests to Bai Xiao Sheng.

"Indeed so," Bai Xiao Sheng sighs, "Just that in the current situation, Supreme

Chief can only perform two huge tasks to be able to thoroughly shut them all up.”

“What two tasks?” Pang Wan curiously looks at him.

“To bring in Solitary Palace’s forces under command, or.....”

His eyes reveals a hint of viciously firm resolution: “Thoroughly eradicate the evil Bai Yue Sect!”



[1] **Door Gods** or **mén shén / 门神** is a Chinese custom in which images are stuck onto the doors of homes and temples to **bring in good fortune and chase away evil spirits**. Door Gods may vary but will always come in pairs, whether they are of mythological characters of heroic historical characters, the Golden Boy and Jade Maiden pair are just one of the many Door Gods.



Golden Boy and Jade Maiden or **jīn tóng yù nǚ / 金童玉女** are one of the

most famous Chinese Gods or immortals, also known as the **Golden Couple** (Golden Boy and Jade Maiden can also be a term to describe a perfect couple). They are often depicted as disciples serving by the left and right side of Guanyin Bodhisattva, and their pictures are also often seen on the doors of Chinese households as they are believed to be good omens that brings fortune and happiness to the family.

[2] **The Dali Kingdom** or **Dàlǐ guó / 大理國** was an existing kingdom established in the year 937, situated in the centre of where Yunan Province of China is today. The kingdom was **established and ruled by the Duàn 段 family**. Some of you may also recognise the Dali Kingdom and the Duan family name from Jin Yong's Semi-Gods and Semi-Devils 天龍八部

[3] **To go to Wushan with a lover** or **gòng fù wū shān / 共赴巫山** refers to the Chinese idiom **wū shān yún yǔ / 巫山云雨** which literally translates to **the clouds and rain of Wu Shan**. It comes from a story about King Chu Huai who grew tired from touring in and thus fell asleep. He dreamt of a stunning beauty, who said she is the Lady of Wu Shan (also known as the Goddess of Wu Shan), she was willing to give her pillow and mat for the king to enjoy using. King Chu Huai understood the underlying meaning, and immediately engaged in a pleasurable moment with the Wu Shan beauty. After that, the Wu Shan Lady tells King Chu Huai, should he wish to find her again, he must remember that in Wu Shan, there are clouds in the morning, and rain in the evening.

[4] **Trivial matters** in Chinese is referred to as – **jī máo suàn pí / 鸡毛蒜皮** – which literally translates to **chicken feathers and garlic skin**, which refers to **needlessly getting down to the littlest detail**.



CHAPTER FIFTEEN

Lotus as Letter Paper

“Let’s bring in Solitary Palace’s forces under command!”

Pang Wan decides for Gu Xi Ju without even taking a second to think.

“Ah?” Bai Xiao Sheng is surprised by her immediate response, and could not help doubting, “Why would Lady say this?”

Pang Wan shows seriousness on her face, “Eradicating the unorthodox sect is just reducing one of many many enemies, but bringing in Solitary Palace’s forces is adding an alliance that no other can have. Look, if the same amount of effort and price is needed, isn’t the latter one more worthy?”

Bai Xiao Sheng gives her a scrutinizing gaze, nodding, "It makes sense."

Seeing him seem to agree to her words, Pang Wan relaxes a little bit in her heart.

——Are you kidding? How can I not do anything and just watch you guys forming teams to beat up my family's people? Isn't this the same as blaming my life for being too long?

After ending the topic of unorthodox sect, Pang Wan begins to enjoy the delicious taro dumplings. Bai Xiao Sheng sees her carefree appearance, suddenly speaks up to ask, "Does Lady Wan Wan like Supreme Chief?"

Pang Wan stops chewing, lifts her head and gives him a beaming smile, "I like him."

Bai Xiao Sheng was just about to respond, but he hears Pang Wan babbling with her mouth full of food, "Just as how I like my older brother."

Bai Xiao Sheng does not say any more.

—

After she has finally finished eating and returns to the hall, the assembly has already been dismissed. Gu Xi Ju, with his back as erect as a verdant pine, stands by the door and says farewell to each of the sect leaders.

Pang Wan does not make any noise; she walks to his side and stands there, imitating his moves, smiling, nodding and waving her hand, appearing like a "little virtuous wife"^[1].

After sending off the last sect leader, Gu Xi Ju turns around and smiles lightly toward her.

"Why are you such a good girl today?" He asks.

"I want to share Supreme Chief's burden." Pang Wan stands up straight with a serious face.

Gu Xi Ju gives her a glance, then suddenly reaches out his right hand; his thumb makes a gentle wipe on her lips, "Why did you forget to wipe your mouth after eating?"

This time, even maid A, who is usually calm, also becomes extremely shocked.

Pang Wan roughly wipes her lips with her hands. While her face and ears are blushing red, she sees the meaningful faint smile on Bai Xiao Sheng's face.

She gives him a vicious stare, lifts her skirt and leaves.

After returning to her room at night, Pang Wan turns and tosses in bed, unable to sleep.

She thinks of what Bai Xiao Sheng said, and grows uneasy in her heart— Sect Leader Uncle wants her to dethrone Gu Xi Ju and replace him as the next Supreme Chief; but Gu Xi Ju just happens to hope to have her as his confidant, and plans to exterminate the unorthodox sect, is the current situation bad, or bad?^[2]

Knowing that so many people desire to take her life, she subconsciously touches the silk soft armor^[3] on her, murmuring, "I'm so lucky to have you."

When she was leaving the sect, sect leader specially gives her this soft armor, saying that no weapons in this world can penetrate it; he also carefully warns her to not to take off this soft armor no matter what; now that she thinks about it, this elderly really has some wise foresight.

But she also thinks the other way, it is also this same elderly that framed her with numerous wicked reputation, resulting her to become the rat that runs across the street with everyone yelling "kill it" from behind; so she is unable to cheer herself up again.

Getting no solutions after long contemplation, at last, she decides to close her eyes and sleep.

Anyway, no matter she is happy or not, the days still pass by the same way, so she'll just live on and see what happens.

—

A huge event happens the next day. Fairy Sang Chan sends someone to deliver an invitation, asking Gu Xi Ju to meet in the black bamboo forest after five days.

Pang Wan turns transfixed when she picks up the invitation card—she has never seen an invitation card made of lotus petal; pink and soft, gentle and

fragrant, its aroma refreshing her heart.

“Fairy is still this elegant, using lotus as letter paper.” Bai Xiao Sheng leans toward her to study the invitation card.

Pang Wan lifts up her head and looks at him with a perplexed face, “Using lotus as letter paper, then what does she do in the winter?” Could it be that she does not write letters during winter?

Bai Xiao Sheng is speechless; it seems like he has never thought about this problem.

“Carving messages on plum tree branches.” Gu Xi Ju’s voice gently interrupts; he reaches out his hand and takes away the petal from Pang Wan’s hands.

Pang Wan shrivels her lips, thinking in her heart: *when I become famous in the future, I must use an even more special even more shocking thing to be my stationery, what should I choose? Carving messages on little cucumbers? Using cactus as letter paper?*

On the other side, Gu Xi Ju has finished reading all the words on the lotus letter; his lips curves upward, appearing hopeful, also satisfied.

— — This infatuated type is too easy to be satisfied! Pang Wan’s heart is almost worried to the extent of bleeding as she watches him being like that.

“Help me to postpone all the plans on the day after five days from now.” Gu Xi Ju looks up to Bai Xiao Sheng, his speaking tone unquestionably firm.

Bai Xiao Sheng nods, seems like he has already been preparing in his heart.

“I also want to go!” A fine white little hand rises high; of course, it is Pang Wan’s.

“Supreme Chief, I want to go with you to see Fairy Sang Chan, may I?” Looking under her eyelashes, she carefully studies Gu Xi Ju’s look on his face.

Gu Xi Ju has not even expressed his attitude when Bai Xiao Sheng immediately speaks, “Nonsense!” Not only his facial expression is bad, his tone is also unusually serious, “Supreme Chief has always attended the meetings with Fairy alone, how can he bring you along?”

Pang Wan is shocked by his sudden seriousness, she subconsciously bites her

lips, “I , I have no other intentions, I just want to see how Fairy older sister looks like.....”

Gu Xi Ju frowns with no emotions on his face, “No, you can’t.”

Not expecting to have this simple request rejected, Pang Wan heart grows hasty, so her voice pitch rises too, “Supreme Chief, you don’t need to worry! I will just look from afar; I will definitely not cause troubles for you! Then, you two can do all the things that you want, whatever you...” She suddenly feels inappropriate and lowers her voice, “I, I will guard the door for you two.....”

Bai Xiao Sheng was originally still angry, but upon hearing this, he bursts into laughter.

Gu Xi Ju presses his lips, seeing her apprehensive look, he sighs, “Wan Wan, we can discuss any other matters, but not this one.”

“Why?” Pang Wan widens her eyes——Isn’t it just seeing your loved one? How is it difficult? It’s not like I will eat her.

Not waiting for Gu Xi Ju to answer, Bai Xiao Sheng walks over and grabs her back collar, “Can’t you see who the person that Supreme Chief is going to see is?” He warns her in a low voice and drags her outside.

Pang Wan wanted to struggle, yet in the moment when she turns back her head and sees the look in Gu Xi Ju’s eyes, her breath stops.

That look is a cold and direct rejection, leaving no room for any further argument.

—

“Female lead is good ya female lead is good, female lead’s position is always super high...” Humming another top-ranked pop song from the land of Mary Sue, Pang Wan wanders on the street with little interest.

She did not expect for Gu Xi Ju’s protection of Sang Chan has already reach this extent of watertight. Judging from this, female lead is surely invincible here. Flashing back to her splendid Mary Sue previous life, and the numerous matchless beautiful men who dug their hearts out to show her their love, Pang Wan could not resist sighing melancholically.

I should treat the supporting characters better in her next life, she thinks in her heart.

All the good-looking men shall all be accepted! Needless to do that “one-life-one-pair”, too conservative, just go for the “one-wife-countless-husbands” matriarchist story line, she continues to plan in her heart.

As she was thinking, she unintentionally lifts her head and her sight lands on a pair of beautiful eyes.

It is an extremely beautiful young mister, between the age of eighteen or nineteen, with his hair bound by a golden coronet, his face appearing like jade, and a crimson cinnabar spot on the center of his forehead, he gives off a sense of noble adding some degree of unconventional charm.

This mister stares at her from the opposite restaurant for unknown reasons, his eyesight blazing and glowing, as if it will nail her shadow on the stone pathed road.

In this one short moment, Pang Wan develops the delusion that someone has fallen for her at first sight just like in her previous life in the land of Mary Sue.

So within a second, her steps broadens, shifting and leaping to stand right in front of that golden coronet gentleman.

“Hello! My name is Wan Wan, nice to meet you, nice to meet you!” She smiles sweetly as she reaches out her hands to the person in front of her.

The golden coronet gentleman stays silent and turns away his face, his neck revealing an elegant curve as a swan’s, does not show any interest of talking to her.

——Uh? This beautiful man was not staring at me a moment ago? Pang Wan is confused all of a sudden.

After a long while, the golden coronet gentleman still has not exhibited any interest of turning back his face to her, the bodyguard behind him also becomes impatient.

“Um, sorry, I saw wrong, sorry to interrupt you.” Pang Wan embarrasses herself, rubs her nose and turns around to leap off the restaurant.

Who would expect that after only a few steps, she senses that blazing and glowing eyesight starting to follow her again, making her feel as if her back is burned by it.

One, two, three! Pang Wan quietly counts in her heart and quickly turns back to the direction of the restaurant.

But she sees that golden coronal gentleman is calm and relaxed, just about to take a drink of wine, not even lifting his eyelids toward her direction.

Could it be that her senses are wrong? It couldn't be, Zuo Nan Yi has already trained her reaction nerves to be number-one keen and acute; it is impossible that she has judged incorrectly.

So she quietly turns back, lowers her head and continues to walk ahead.

Sensing the eyesight that almost wants to eat her, sticking on her back once again, she mutters some words to herself; one small circular ball silently slips into her hand.

“Ai-yo!” A passer-by was not careful, falling and slipping to about one zhang(1 zhang= 3.33 meters) in front of her, tossing the vegetable basket in his hand, which flies off.

Within this brief second that is as fast as lighting and thunder, Pang Wan quickly turns back her head to look at the restaurant.

——Everyone's sight is attracted by the passer-by, only the beautiful eyes of the golden coronet gentleman is still fixed on her.

Not expecting Pang Wan to suddenly turn at this moment at all, he did not have enough time to direct away the direction of his eyesight, colliding straight into Pang Wan's sight. So the expression of this gentleman shows a sudden shock.

Little boy, you thought your older sister couldn't catch you?^[4] Pang Wan gives him a proud smile.

Golden coronet gentleman's face looks angry.

One after another, people come to help that innocent passer-by up, assisting him to pick up the radish and cabbage that flew everywhere.

Pang Wan also bends over gracefully, picking up a broccoli that has rolled next to her feet.

Then as she holds that broccoli, she sweetly smiles to the golden coronet gentleman with her dimples revealed, and silently mouths three words.

“How dare you!” The golden coronet gentleman suddenly slaps the desk and stands up. His usual calm face shows extreme anger and embarrassment, his eyes full of blazing fire.

The person he scolds has already turned back and left.

The bodyguard takes a step back; cold sweat dropping down his forehead.

He saw it clearly, the words from that little lady’s red lips was clearly, “Don’t, be, shy.”

This is really, daring enough.

Translator’s Note: Hello, I am back. I have to apologize for the long wait for this chapter. Things in my life were not really going smooth and I couldn’t find time to finish this chapter. So sorry~ Back to the chapter, hahaha, guess which character has just came back? I’m trying so hard to not spoil anything, but I can’t resist. And the lotus petal as letter paper part, oh my gosh, I got goosebumps, I cannot think of anything more Mary Sue than this. Yingzhao is so good at mocking Mary Sue...Love you all~ —Annie ^_^*

[1] “Little Wife”: a little wife appearance means being submissive and obedient.

[2] “Is this situation bad or bad?”: another popular saying. Some of you might think it sounds weird. This is a saying in modern Chinese that is commonly used among young people. It basically means “it is surely bad.” People would say things like: “are you stupid, or stupid?”, “should I escape, or escape?”” Giving two choices that are the same is confirming the characteristic of the things being talked about. I think its origin comes from some movies that have bad guys saying, “I will give you two options, die, or...(wait for the victim to get his hope

up)..die?”

[3] soft armor: some characters in martial arts novels wear a layer of special material inside to protect themselves from attacks.

[4]Pang Wan is not of course not older than the golden coronet gentlemen. She says that she is his “older sister” to show her superiority and pride of tricking him.

Full

(translated by xia0xiao1mei)

(edited by anniaxx)



CHAPTER SIXTEEN

Beauty In The Forest

Due to encountering a man who has a crush on her in the main streets, Pang Wan's mood brightens up a lot — no matter what, she still has the capability to beckon bees and attract butterflies, and so her self-confidence shoots back up.

At that time, she did not know, the reason why someone would fix their eyes so deadly onto another, may very possibly be out of love, but the bigger possibility, is for it to be out of hatred and disdain.

En, we need not be in a hurry to tell her this, let us first allow her to enjoy a few days in Mary Sue dreamland.

The appointed meeting in five days, very quickly arrives, within these days, the entire estate was able to sense Supreme Chief's happiness coming from the bottom of his heart, his smile like the spring breeze, his voice like a ringing bell, even his steps were a lot lighter and quicker.

"Is this how he always is before meeting Fairy?" Pang Wan hides behind the

door, quietly whispering to Bai Xiao Sheng.

“Supreme Chief has indeed always held deep affection for Fairy.” It is unclear how Bai Xiao Sheng is feeling from his expression, seems to be envious, but also seems regretful.

Pang Wan inwardly sighs, not wanting to say anything — this Supreme Chief ah, when it comes to issues concerning romance, he is just a complete fool. Does he think Sang Chan will like a ‘red from the roots, proper since a seedling’, passionately devoted, joy and anger on clear display, such an honest and sincere type like himself? Of course not! In the land of Mary Sue, unless the male lead is a black-belly^[1] to the point that even their bones have been soaked in black ink, they generally wouldn’t be able to even touch the all-talented female lead, made of iron bones (unyielding). This just shows, Gu Xi Ju may have extraordinarily high martial arts skills, but when it comes romance, he is just a wooden block! Wooden block! A big wooden block that cannot be carved!

(Red from the roots, proper since a seedling or gēn hóng miáo zhèng / 根红苗正 in Chinese refers to someone who comes from a good family background, and has been raised in a proper way)

“What’s wrong?” Bai Xiao Sheng sees her looking strange, and could not help asking.

“Supreme Chief really is.....” Pang Wan swallows back an entire stomach of complaints, greatly irritated that the iron isn’t able to turn into steel, as she says, “Be careful deep affection doesn’t last.”

Bai Xiao Sheng looks at her weirdly: “He and Fairy have been under the same master for over ten years, senior brother and junior sister in relation, should these feelings not last then it would have ended a long time ago.”

Pang Wan was stunned at heart, suppressing her other words, not planning to pursue the matter.

“You’re able to rest assured when Supreme Chief is going to meet Fairy Sang Chan alone?” Who knew Bai Xiao Sheng would deliberately tease her.

“Rest assured ah, why wouldn’t I be?” Pang Wan rolls her eyes at him, “What *can* a man and woman do when both are in one room? Is it not just the matter

related to having a baby?”

Bai Xiao Sheng sounds a “pu” before starting to choke.

“You shameless woman!” His handsome face looking determined to teach her a lesson, “How could you casually speak of such matters!?”

In the next moment, Pang Wan’s rosy red face had already leaned in, right in front of his nose, bringing along a wave of clear and sweet fragrant wind.

“Is no one going to do it if not spoken of?” Pang Wan widens her gleaming big and black almond eyes, batting those fine and long lashes, “Had your parents not done such a thing, how did you come into the world?”

Warm fragrance like gentle jade closing in, Bai Xiao Sheng was still a little distracted when he heard the first half of the sentence, upon hearing the last half, his expression instantly turns into rage: “Damn wench! Don’t you believe I will beat you?!”

How could Pang Wan possibly give him the chance? Already making a light leap out of the doors, under the sunlight, her skirt can be seen billowing in the wind, and she turns around to pull a silly face.

Allow Gu Xi Ju to go see Sang Chan alone? Heng, of course she wouldn’t allow it.

Pang Wan thinks this as she walks.

Even though that day, Gu Xi Ju’s eyes were ice cold to the point it could freeze lava, she, Pang Wan, will definitely not give up any opportunity to come in close contact with her idol — since she is not allowed to go out bright and clear, then she shall sneak in the shady way.

When it came to the agreed day, Pang Wan makes use of her special hidden skill, she quietly holds her breath as she lies low in the black bamboo Forest.

In the middle of the bamboo forest, there is a cool pavilion that had been put up, sheer snow white curtains flutteringly dances along the wind, very much carrying a few points of a heavenly floaty feel.

Pang Wan picks up a few twigs and sticks them into her hair, quietly creeping her way behind a small mound, staring at that sheer white fabric without even

blinking her eyes.

Beyond the curtains is a purple figure, currently sat at the black jade table, leisurely appreciating the tea.

He is waiting, waiting for the one he loves to come.

Ling-ling, ling-ling.

The resonant ringing of a golden bell suddenly sounds in the air.

Ling-ling, ling-ling.

“Senior Brother, have you been well?” Amongst the waves of pleasant bell ringing, a snow white figure descends from the sky, clothes billowing.

A fairy descending from heaven.

An extremely delicate lotus foot extends from within that fog-like drifting skirt, completely bare, rosin within the white, the golden bell winds around the arch of her foot like a vine, adding a few points of gorgeous charm.

“I have come a little late.”

That tender voice like an oriole’s once again sounds, carrying three points of laughter, but contains no apologetic means whatsoever.

Pang Wan had never seen such a perfect little foot as though carved from jade, nor has she ever heard such a pleasantly charming voice, instantly rendered blank. When she had snapped out of it and raised her head to take a clear look at the person’s face, she actually finds that person wearing a bamboo hat with a veil, only exposing that pointed chin, and also delicate pink lips like flower petals.

Looking at this figure and hearing that voice alone, is enough to know the person is definitely a generation of peerless national beauty and heavenly fragrance.

Sang Chan, is indeed worthy of the “Fairy” title.

“Chan-er.”

The purple figure elegantly rises, extending his hands, wanting to pull the beauty into his embrace, “For you, it is worth it no matter how long I wait.”

The beauty unexpectedly presses her lips into a smile, slightly pushing away

the purple figure.

“Push and pull, indeed an expert!” Pang Wan squats behind the mound, both hands excitedly clenched into fists.

Watching from afar, she only sees that purple figure hold the beauty’s small hand, seating her at one end of the jade table, then personally brews her a cup of tea.

“Senior Brother’s tea, Chan-er seems to have not drank it for a long time.” The beauty watches the actions of the man before her, voice seeming to contain wistfulness.

The man in purple pauses, then raises his eyes to look at her: “Should you be willing, you can drink it anytime.”

The beauty does not answer, and only curls up by the table side in a deeply unfathomable manner, she rests her chin on her knees, lightly biting her cherry lips, long black hair flowing down like a waterfall, her entire person looking just like a jade rabbit waiting to be pitied, so fragile yet attractive, it moves the hearts of all who sees her.

——this is the classic “quickly embrace me” posture that requires long-term practicing ah! Senior sure has an attention for details, whilst not forgetting to work hard and diligently practice!

Pang Wan grows so excited, her eyes turn into crescents.

Gu Xi Ju sure enough extends a hand.

She only sees that long and slender hand fall onto the beauty’s cheek, separated by the white veil, as he gently caresses it.

The beauty stares at him, not saying anything.

—— that’s not right! You wooden block! That’s the “quickly embrace me” posture! Not the “come touch me” posture ah! Pang Wan was fuming at the sight as she watches on from behind the mound, hating to not be able to immediately roar out, idiot! Aren’t you going to hurry up and pull her into your embrace, regardless of right and wrong, and just fiercely go for the kiss? Also uncover the beauty’s veil whilst you’re at it, let me take a look!!

In this anxious moment, for some unknown reason, a “ka-cha” loudly sounds from above her head.

Pang Wan follows the sound and rolls her eyes up for a look, her face instantly pales — a little sparrow from heaven knows where, is currently pecking at the fruits of the twigs in her hair.

In the very moment she looked up, the sparrow is frightened by the movement under its claws, and immediately flaps its wings as it flies towards the sky.

Ci-la-la, ci-la-la.

“It seems like an esteemed guest has arrived in the forest, I’d best come again another day.”

Beyond the curtains where it was utterly silent, the beauty suddenly smiles, turning towards the depths of the bamboo forest and flutteringly flies off.

“I sure didn’t know, there will actually be a day, Senior Brother would fail to comply with the agreement.”

The pretty voice quips with seeming laughter, before her voice had sounded, the beauty had already disappeared into the horizon without a trace.

Everything was restored to its original state within an instant: the rustling black bamboo Forest, the carefully built pavilion with white curtains, also that lone purple figure inside it.

That graceful yet fleeting glimpse of the fairy, seems to have never even came by.

Aware that she had caused great disaster, with no turning back, Pang Wan sulkily squats behind the small mound, not even having the courage to run away.

A tall big figure appears before her, silently covering all rays of light in front.

Ai-ya-ya, the weather is turning dark.

[1] Although all you fans of the black-belly novels are already familiar with the term, for those who don’t know **black-belly** or **fù hēi / 腹黑** is a term that refers **to someone who looks nice on the outside but is cunningly evil on the inside**

Hello, xiaoxiaomei here again! As you all may know Annie has been busy with her private life lately, so I will be taking over her chapters for now. I give you my word that weekly double updates will continue as usual, so rest assured on that! And let's wish Annie the best of luck, hope all will go well for her

But anyways~ there you have it, Fairy Sang Chan finally makes her appearance! And how should I say this...the author sure portrays her in a way that I didn't really expect. Yes she's elegant, and pure, but I guess I just expected her to have more of that noble feel often found in the ancient setting when it comes to beauties there. She also has a lot more of a coquettish feel to her than expected haha, what are your initial thoughts on this greatly admired fairy?

On the other hand, I seriously can't get enough of Wan Wan's antics though The girl sure knows how to enjoy a good show hahaha. But really Wan Wan, really, who told you to copy those silly cartoons and needlessly stick twigs into your hair, now look who got themselves into deep trouble



CHAPTER SEVENTEEN

Kneel Down

The sun setting west, the moon rising above the trees, Pang Wan has already been standing in the courtyard for an entire hour.

After Gu Xi Ju took her out of the black bamboo forest, he directly discards her here, entering his room with a toss of his wide sleeves. Her heart and mind is troubled, in the end, she doesn't dare to act upon her own will and return to her room for a rest, only remaining on the spot as she awaits for her pending sentence.

She knows, Gu Xi Ju is really angry this time, completely stripped clean from his usual 'pleasantly warm like spring breeze' Supreme Chief grace, on the road back, he did not even utter a single word, just that his eyes were lit with raging fire, the veins on his forehead twitching.

Who knows how he will punish her this time? Beating with the paddle? Ban from eating? As thousands of thoughts circulates, deep down, she is secretly hoping, Gu Xi Ju is able to show some lenience out of personal consideration for how much he usually dotes on her. (Beating with the paddle or *dǎ bǎn zi* / 打板子 is

the punishment most often seen in ancient dramas, where a long handled paddle or wooden staff is used to beat the butt, back or thighs)

Having waiting for approximately another half an hour, Bai Xiao Sheng walks out from the building.

“You insanely audacious rascal!” He extends his finger and strongly jabs her forehead, his handsome face filled with anger, “Who allowed you to go? Who allow you to go along? You actually dare to ruin Supreme Chief’s happy moment?!”

Pang Wan is pained by the jab, but because she is in the wrong, she dares be angry but dares not voice out her anger, and could only tearfully bear with it.

“You shall suffer your share tonight!” Bai Xiao Sheng casts her a glare, pulling at her sleeve as he heads inside.

The hall is brightly lit, Gu Xi Ju sits high up at his seat, ashen face showing no expression.

Maid A and B serves on both sides of him respectively, although they too are keeping a straight face, upon a closer look, the corners of their lips a clearly hanging thirty percent sign of taking pleasure in another’s misfortune.

“Supreme Chief, I was wrong!”

Pang Wan has always been nimble-minded, seeing that the atmosphere doesn’t seem right, she immediately cries out for mercy, “I have already reflected, I no longer dare to disturb Supreme Chief next time.....”

“There’s still a next time?” Those deep eyes glances at her, dark clouds looming all around.

“No no!” Pang Wan frantically waves her hands, looking very wronged as she raises her head, “I really didn’t have any malicious intent, only wanted to see what Fairy Sister looks like.....”

“Who do you think you are?! To think you’re worthy of seeing Fairy’s real appearance?” A shrill sneer sounds, it’s Maid B.

Pang Wan purses her lips, strongly suppressing the rising of unpleasant feelings within her chest, and helplessly looks towards Gu Xi Ju.

However this time, Gu Xi Ju disregards her request for help.

“Kneel down.”

He looks at her, and icily says this.

That pitiful expression instantly freezes, Pang Wan somewhat doesn't dare to believe her own ears.

“Supreme Chief told you to kneel down!” Maid B repeats with her piercing voice.

“Why do I have to kneel?” Pang Wan stares at Gu Xi Ju stunned, the rosiness in her pretty face fading, “I already admitted wrong ah!”

“You dare to disobey Supreme Chief's order?” Maid B sounds a cold laugh, the sword in hand already removed from its sheath, cha!

Pang Wan blankly turns to look towards Bai Xiao Sheng, but sees him silently avert his eyes, solemnly nodding his head — he also wants her to kneel.

“You can punish me, blame me, but, I cannot kneel.”

Pang Wan works up her courage and looks towards Gu Xi Ju again, taking a serious stance, one word by word she speaks.

In this moment, on her stubborn little face, there reveals a type of very complex expression: hope, trust, and little bits of never before seen beseeching — she has her own dignity, she cannot kneel.

The dignified Bai Yue Sheng Gu, has only ever bowed down to the heaven, earth and ancestors, even Sect Leader Uncle never bear to have her kneel down, on what grounds, should she kneel down because of one woman?

Deeply still eyes locks onto her face, Gu Xi Ju looks at her, within that pair of narrow eyes, there appears to be something faintly twitching.

Pang Wan never manages to catch onto it clearly.

“Kneel down.”

After a long time, those pretty and thin lips lightly spits out two words, voice dull, carrying the danger of a brewing storm.

Maid B smiles, that is a “lady, I, just knew this would happen” type of

complacent smile.

Bai Xiao Sheng gently sighs.

Pang Wan stands on the spot all alone, saying nothing.

It was in this very moment, that she suddenly came to understand a principle.

——no matter how much he usually appears to dote on her, that is all not part of Gu Xi Ju's true nature. His tender love, his tolerance, is nothing more than an act to win over people's hearts, he is only temporarily putting away his fangs and claws in order to achieve his objective.

Gu Xi Ju is but a 'sleeping' dragon that will bite, and Sang Chan is his inverted scale.

(An inverted scale or nì lín / 逆鳞 comes from the ancients' saying – lóng zhī nì lín / 龙之逆鳞 – the inverted scale of a dragon. It is said that on a dragon's neck area, there is an inverted scale which is the dragon's sensitive spot, once touched, the dragon will kill the opposition. Nowadays it is an extended metaphor for the weakness of those in power, touching so and so's inverted scale 逆鳞 is no different to seeking death)

Cannot be felt, cannot be touched, even secretly catching a glimpse, he cannot bear to allow.

"I will not kneel." Reaching a clear understanding of this principle, Pang Wan smiles.

The dim light in Gu Xi Ju's eyes flickers.

"You're human, Sang Chan is human, I, too am human." She raises her chin up high, setting her back pen-straight, "Everyone is on equal standing, on what grounds, must I kneel?"

"Supreme Chief is not punishing you because of Fairy Sang Chan, but because you, as a maid, actually did not obey your master's orders."

Bai Xiao Sheng sounds a cough from the side, frowning.

"Right, not obeying your master's orders, as a maid, is indeed not right."

Pang Wan tugs up the corners of her lips towards the one above the hall, that brilliantly rosy face beaming with vitality.

Gu Xi Ju narrows his eyes —— for some unknown reason, he does not like this

smile, really does not like it.

“That’s why, I quit!”

Removing the command token and throwing it onto the ground with a “kuang-dang”, Pang Wan turns around with a toss of her hair as she makes her way out the doors, taking large strides, not even sparing a glance back.

Gu Xi Ju’s knuckles tightens as it clutches onto the armrest, faintly turning white.

“Where you running off to?!”

Maid B flies forward in vigorous strides and leaps, the long sword in hand directly piercing towards Pang Wan’s stomach.

Only hearing a sound of “dang”, and the blade is blocked by a golden whip just three centimetres away from the target.

“Want to land a sneak attack on me?” Under the cool lighting, the girl’s pair of almond eyes burns like lava, but also exudes extremely chilling coldness.

Maid B, despite having fought hundreds of battles, was actually intimidated by the opponent’s fiercely sharp imposing manner.

A sound of pa-da, and a strong force suddenly attacks, causing her to consecutively take two steps back.

“Go back and train another three years first!” The girl lets blossom a touch of contemptuous smile towards her.

Two sounds of shua-shua, and the golden whip returns to her waist side, Pang Wan leaps onto the roof, instantly vanishing out of sight.

“Supreme Chief!” Maid B impatiently wishes to launch into pursuit, but dares not to act on her own will, subconsciously taking a look at Gu Xi Ju’s face.

Gu Xi Ju silently sits on the chair, looking into the direction the girl had disappeared in, saying not a single word.

Right now, whether his expression is showing sorrow or happiness, anger or anger, no one could work it out.

Nor did anyone dare to.

Oh don't you just love it when characters stands up for themselves and pull out that "I quit!" line? It's just always so satisfying to see, although it can be said that Wan Wan really is just too spoilt, but even then, as someone from the modern times, I understand her reasoning of dignity. The girl would rather get beaten, would rather starve, than to kneel down, that says a lot.

Well...I know this chapter is a little shorter than the usual, but I'll have the next chap up real soon, perhaps tomorrow



CHAPTER EIGHTEEN

Noble Gentleman Qing Lu

Walking out from the little public house, Pang Wan's face is flushed red, her steps staggering.

"You asshole!" She hiccups, kicking at the rubble by the side of the road.

"You wooden block!" She then mercilessly stomps at the pile of innocent stones a few times.

"I hate you to death la!" Stomping her other foot onto it too, she makes a few jumps on the rubble pile.

"Ow!" Crouching down to hold her ankle — got too worked up that even her joint had been twisted.

"Where did this little lady come from, why are you here all alone?"

The moment she lowered her head to inspect her injury, three big burly men armed with knives had suddenly appeared out of nowhere.

Pang Wan locks her brows together, and does not answer.

“Tut-tut, little lady here has quite the pretty figure, raise your head for me to see?” A hairy arm reaches over, intending to lift her chin.

Pang Wan moves her face away without losing composure.

“Oh? A shy one too!” The owner of the arm widely grins, speckles of spit accompanying a stinking fishy smell comes spewing out, “Old man, I, just values the shy ones most!” As he says this, the tip of his knives picks at Pang Wan’s collar.

Pang Wan was just distressing over having no place to vent her anger, when her eyes see that group of perverts voluntarily send themselves forward, desperately asking for misfortune to fall upon them, her one flip of a hand knocks the handle of the knife and sends it flying to the ground.

“A clear path leading to heaven, yet you don’t go; hell has no doors, yet you insist on coming!”

Under the bright and clear moon, she raises the golden whip as she stands straight, expression at freezing point like the frost in the twelfth lunar month: “Great-Aunt shall teach you all a lesson today!”

The burly men holding knives were initially stunned, but then mutually eyes one another meaningfully, with one roar, they all come lunging towards Pang Wan at the same time.

The four people embroiled in a fight, Pang Wan relies on her tipsiness to execute her attacks mercilessly, with great accuracy, very quickly gaining the upper hand.

In the dark corners of the alley, not far away, there is a pair of raptured eyes quietly watching this entire scene.

In the end, just before one hooligan was going to fall to the ground, the owner of that pair of eyes suddenly speaks up:

“Add five people, top class.”

Eyes seeing victory in sight, Pang Wan had just wanted to withdraw her hands and leave, when another several men in black of unknown identity, suddenly appears. They do not even say a single word and come launching their attacks at

her, each and every move deadly and vicious, aiming for an absolute kill.

The martial arts of these few people are far above the hooligans from before, Pang Wan had sprained her ankle, her fired up impulse from alcohol influence, is gradually straining her energy as she continues to cope.

Her mind slightly sways, and suddenly a sword diagonally brushes past her cheek, cutting off half a strand of black hair.

A moment of panic flashes within those almond eyes, before it shoots out raging flames — dares to attack her face? These people actually dare to harm her cute and beautiful face? One must know that bad guys can hit anywhere, just aren't allowed to harm the face which she needs to fulfil the accomplishment of obtaining a dominant position!

Only hearing a sound of “pa”, the golden whip mercilessly lashes out towards that person who had almost cut her, that person is shaken into taking around ten steps back, a big mouthful of blood spraying out.

“Cut her face!” That person covers his chest as he shakily shouts out, heroically falling to the ground.

The remaining men in black instantly changes their tactics, manoeuvring all sorts of weapons in consecutively striking towards her face — sword, sabre, claw, hook, pin, stick, club, spear, trident, hoops — very much carrying the meaning of definitely not giving up unless they manage to tear up her face.

With her weakness seized, Pang Wan can only sway left and flash right to try her hardest in avoiding the attacks, the alcohol in her stomach practically about to be thrown up from the excessive movements, the moment she could no longer tolerate it anymore, the little red needle in her sleeve quietly slips out.

A sudden burst of chilly wind sweeps past, the men in black on scene are rendered absolutely motionless, as though they had an immobilising curse casted on them.

“Lady, has been startled.” A pale faced male in grey clothing lands on the ground and turns around, slowly holding his clenched fist out in salute to Pang Wan.

Pang Wan does not answer, only tightly clenching her teeth as her chest rises

and falls, constantly exhaling in heavy breaths.

“I have already hit their acupoints, the culprits have been subdued now, lady needs not worry.”

The man in grey once again respectfully salutes her, refined and well mannered.

“Why save me?” Pang Wan coldly looks at him, maintaining her on-offense posture, expression yet to show the slightest of easing.

The man in grey sounds a coarse “ha-ha” laugh, pointing his finger behind her: “This is the command of my Young Master.”

Eyes following his finger, Pang Wan finds that at the end of the alley, don’t know when a grandly sized horse carriage had quietly stopped there. That carriage is very strange, from the horses to the carriage itself, all is completely black, even the coachman’s face is covered in a black hood-mask, the entire carriage looking just like a ride for a ghost king, having just travelled out from hell.

“Reporting to Young Master, the person had already been saved, brought to you safe and sound.”

The man in grey reports to the horse carriage from a distant.

After a moment of silence, a corner of the black as ink curtain is suddenly lifted, exposing the rays of dim yellow lighting inside.

“Lady, please.” The man in grey respectfully gestures to Pang Wan.

Pang Wan looks back at the man in grey, lips spreading into a smile as radiant as the flowers in spring.

Closer, closer, she already sees the dim candlelight inside the carriage.

A bright light flashes past her eyes.

Closer, closer, she already gets a clear view of that hand like white jade, holding the curtain.

Only hearing a sound of “peng”, Pang Wan leaps into the carriage like a proud swallow soaring into the sky, at the same time pulling out the golden whip in

hand, firmly locking onto the person in the carriage's throat.

"Who are you? What motive do you have? Speak!" She glares at the person like a hungrily ferocious tiger, eyes menacing, tone swift and fierce.

— the entire action carried out in no more than a lightning flash of a moment, a smooth flow like a passing whirlwind, not giving anyone the slightest chance to intervene.

That person's body freezes, then slowly turns his face.

"It's you??" Pang Wan is stunned, slightly loosening the strength in her hands, the whip also slides down half an inch from the person's long and slender neck.

It is the golden coronet gentleman who was peeking at her in the inn a few days back.

"Lady! What is the need for this?!"

The man in grey loudly shouts out from outside the carriage, looking anxious, but for some unknown reason, does not dare to enter the carriage, and could only falter in his original spot.

"Move it away." The gentleman glances at the weapon under his neck, slight disdain sweeping past his face.

Pang Wan's eyes sparkles, her red lips presses together, the golden whip in hand once again pulled tight: "Who are you?" The tip of her nose practically about to touch the person's face.

"Our Young Master extended a helping hand upon witnessing injustice whilst passing, lady must most definitely not return a good deed with resentment!" The hoarse voice once again sounds from outside the carriage.

Pang Wan takes a look at the gentleman, seeing him remain calm since the very beginning, she ponders for a moment, before finally pulling the whip away.

"You followed me?" She retreats to the soft seat, turning to inspect him.

The gentleman does not speak, only adjusting his own wrinkled collar, in an extremely elegant manner.

"You really only just happened to pass by?" Seeing him remain silent, Pang

Wan stands, wanting to lean even closer.

But did not think she had moved her sprained joint, exclaiming with a sound of “ah”.

“Injured?” The gentleman speaks up, voice reserved just like his character.

“Injured my ankle.” Pang Wan sulkily moves aside her skirt, taking off her shoe and sock, revealing a little snow white foot, five toes pink like flower petals.

The gentleman very quickly averts his eyes.

“Do you have any medicinal liquor?” Pang Wan does not care, she gently kneads at the swollen area with her hands.

“No.” The gentleman frowns, seeming to despise her behaviour.

“Then I’ll trouble you to offer another helping hand, send me to the physicians.”

Seeing that her body of clothes is full of holes, Pang Wan sorrowfully pouts — — other than the face being perfectly fine with no harm done, the bruises, swelling, and fractures everywhere else makes up ten places at least right? She should hurry and find a place to apply medicine, most definitely cannot leave any scars!

“It’s the hour of the tiger right now (3am – 5AM), the physicians have long been closed.”

The gentleman indifferently answers.

Pang Wan raises her head upon hearing this, widening that pair of almond eyes to look at him, glistening like water, batting her eyelashes.

The gentleman says nothing.

Her big eyes once again persistently tries harder, once again blinking a few times.

Being stared at with such burning eyes, the gentleman clears his throat in the end, saying: “Should lady not mind, you may stay on the carriage to my estate for medicine.”

Almond eyes curving into crescent moons, the corners of Pang Wan’s lips rises

high, sweetly showing her dimples: “Very well, very well, Wan Wan first sends her gratitude to gentleman.” I was just waiting for such words of yours.

The gentleman looks at the cheery expression on her face after her silly scheme had succeeded, deadpanned, he says not a single word.

“Dare I ask of benefactor’s honourable name?” Pang Wan seeing that he is finally willing to look directly at her, quickly grins as she wraps her fist in salute, “Today’s saving grace, Wan Wan is sure to earnestly repay^[1] in future!”

“.....He Qing Lu.”

Seeing the bright smile, sweet like honey, before him, the gentleman quietly raises his brows.

“My name, may lady remember it well.”

Must most definitely, not carelessly forget it.

[1] **To earnestly repay someone for their saving grace** is actually an idiom in Chinese called **dī shuǐ zhī ēn, dāng yǒng quán xiāng bào / 滴水之恩，当涌泉相报** which literally translates to **the saving grace of a drop of water, is to be treated as surging spring water**. This means that even **the smallest of favours must be treated with great gratitude, and is to be repaid with such manner of thinking**. When expressing your sincerity in wanting to repay someone, you would only need to say the latter half of the idiom, which is what Wan Wan does here.

Guess who~~??? Hehe



CHAPTER NINETEEN

I Am Maid A

He Qing Lu is a very fascinating person.

His estate is just as huge as his dignified character, his home is just as deep as his 'difficult to get along with' personality.

"Your family sure is really rich!" Taking advantage of the moment the maid applies medicine on her, Pang Wan finally closes her mouth, her jaw practically about to dislocate.

It is not that she has never experienced much of the world, as the dignified Bai Yue Sheng Gu, and having also personally served the Supreme Chief of Wu Lin for several months, logically speaking, she has already seen a lot of rare treasures, but she really is seeing such ingenious architecture for the first time ever — an ordinary couch, with a row of six buttons on the desk, each in charge of different purposes, switches for opening and closing the door, raising and lowering the footrest, igniting and extinguishing the candle flame, the rising and falling of the

mosquito curtains, calling for the servants, access to storage containers, featuring six great functions!

— —all of remote control! Mother! There's actually remote control in a martial arts story! Not to mention the mattress also has massage functions!

Pang Wan is indeed thunderstruck.

He Qing Lu sits at the side drinking tea, as he listens to her praises, he does not even sound a harrumph.

Seeing that he has been unwilling to bother with her the entire time, Pang Wan could not help grow a little gloomy.

This well dressed Gentleman He ah, is good in all aspects, just too shy! When peeking at her in the main streets he was clearly passionate like raging flames, just before, he had even disregarded his own safety (?) and sent for someone to save her from the hands of those scoundrels, so why is it that in the presence of outsiders, he puts on such a "you have nothing to do with me" ice-cold look?

After careful considerations, she decides that, for the sake of Gentleman He's handsome face, she shall temporarily forgive him.

Ai-yo, that's because he really is so handsome ah.

"May I trouble lady to undress?" All ten of the maid's fair and soft slender fingers stretches towards her, clinging to Pang Wan's collar.

"What do you want?" Pang Wan shrinks back on alert, guarding her collar.

"Lady's body has also been wounded, this maid shall help lady apply the medicine." The maid urges her in a good-tempered manner, her voice tender and sweet, "As a young maiden, the skin condition is always important."

Pang Wan touches the soft armour she's wearing, and shakes her head in refusal: "No need, leave the medicine behind, I'll do it myself."

The maid glances back at He Qing Lu, seeing him looking as usual, she slowly responds with a smile, "Then I shall not bother you, here's the medicine, this maid shall go and prepare a new set of clothes for lady to change into later." Having said that, she turns and leaves in a delicately graceful manner.

Watching her swaying posture, Pang Wan thinks to herself, *afraid that such*

maid is the “refined type” that Gu Xi Ju truly likes, unable to help the darkening of her face, something within her chest starts to stir.

“What else are you hiding on you?”

In the empty room, He Qing Lu’s voice suddenly sounds, exceptionally clear and cold.

“What do you mean what I’m hiding?!” Pang Wan is not in the mood to spare him a look, in the next moment, her expression makes a huge change, “What do mean by ‘what else’?” Could it be that this rascal has found something on her?

He Qing Lu watches her, extending towards her his right hand, half curled into a fist.

“Miscalculation in the rural area and all wild land lost, where is the spring breeze to plant the cymbidium (boat orchids)?”^[1]

His right hand slowly opens up, revealing a little silver orchid flower.

“Didn’t think, you are actually one of Bai Yue Sect’s people.”

He Qing Lu slowly says this word by word, the corners of his lips pressed into an extremely contemptuous smile.

Pang Wan widens her eyes.

She takes a deep deep breath.

“Ai-ya! Such a pretty little orchid flower! Where did you buy this from gentleman?”

In the next moment, she had already tilted her head to look at the orchid flower whilst putting on a pleasantly surprised act, her voice bright and clear, her smile sweet and pretty, ten out of ten pure innocence.

He Qing Lu did not think she would actually play dumb, and was slightly stunned.

“Did you get a good look at it? This is what you gifted someone at a restaurant.” That pair of attractively sharp sword-like brows knits together, “An orchid with nine petals made from western silver iron, such unique item, is but Persia’s tribute to the Bai Yue Sect’s little master, say! Exactly what is your role

in the unorthodox sect?!”

With one overturning of his big hand, it locks onto Pang Wan’s throat, at the same time, one sound of kuang-dang, and dark steel shackles are pulled out from the wall behind the couch, tying up both her hands.

He does not give her any chance to react nor resist.

“How do you know this orchid flower is given to Bai Yue Sect?”

Pang Wan silently moves her wrist, to find that the shackles are extremely firm, impossible to break free from.

“Because this nine petal orchid, is created from the mould I made.”

Only seeing one wave of He Qing Lu’s finger, and under the candlelight, an extremely small “He” (贺) character vaguely emerges on the calyx of the flower.

“So what if your family name is carved onto it?” Pang Wan still keeps a firm stance, “This little orchid flower can be found anywhere, who knows, a different one may have another character carved onto it, put together, it happens to form the auspicious message of ‘Happy New Year’ (恭贺新年), how does it become your creation?”

He Qing Lu narrows his eyes, a trace of smile slowly washes onto his handsome face.

“You really don’t know anything?” He inspects her meaningfully, “Looks like you don’t have much of a formidable role, could it be this nine petal silver orchid was stolen by you?”

Pang Wan’s face turns cold, not saying a word.

“Silver orchid flowers can be found anywhere, but this one just happens to be different.”

Only seeing He Qing Lu pick up a cup of tea, sprinkling some sort of powder into it, then places that nine petal silver flower inside.

Not even a moment had past, when the nine petal silver orchid had already turned black and curled up into a ball, as though it had its vitality sucked out of it within a moment, thus withered away.

“Just now what I added was dichromate (highly toxic).” He Qing Lu picks up that cup and shakes it in front of her nose and eyes, “Now do you understand?”

Turns out this little orchid is used to test for poison! Pang Wan was alarmed at heart.

Ai-yo, that silver orchid flower was always brought back by Rong Gu-Gu from heavens know where, every year there will be one big bag of them, Rong Gu-Gu always casually uses it and leaves it around everywhere with very little care, causing her to believe it’s some sort of material benefits in the sect. Didn’t think that, didn’t think that this is actually a gift someone had given Nan Yi! Rong Gu-Gu ah, your sloppy adherence to trivial matters is going to get Wan Wan killed la!

“I actually been using it as spare pieces of silver all this time.....” Pang Wan’s expression looks a little upset, this item is classified as personalised products, it can clearly sell for high prices.

He Qing Lu sounds a mocking laugh, again, raising his hand to clamp onto her chin.

“Who exactly are you?” His voice gentle and warm, but also carries coercion that disallows any resistance.

“.....you want to know the truth?” Both hands seized, with no hope of escape, Pang Wan could only strongly keep her spirits up as she looks at him.

“You’re willing to tell the truth?” Another ice cold hand comes in contact, pinching Pang Wan’s cheek, “Careful, should I not believe you, I’ll use nails to jab your mouth into a bloody mess.” The expression on He Qing Lu’s face was sincere to the point it was eerie.

“I tell, I tell, I tell——” Her mouth looking askew due to her cheek being pulled, Pang Wan exhausts all efforts into speaking without any air leakage, “In fwat ——I em——Bai Yue Sect’s Sheng Gu——”

Having said that, she resigns to the heavens and closes her eyes.

——today, should she suffer the misfortune of dying here today, praying that she is able to reincarnate in a matriarch country in her next life, long live Mary Sue!

She has yet to consider, having waiting a good few seconds already, the big hand on her throat is showing no signs of movement, the one in front of her has not “gasped in horror” as she was expecting, his breathing steady as though he is still waiting for her to finish.

Pang Wan quietly lifts one eyelid.

To find He Qing Lu staring at her with furrowed brows.

And so gaining the courage, she lifts the other eyelid.

“Don’t even harbour the wishful thinking of deceiving me!”

Seeing her open her eyes, He Qing Lu’s face gives rise to a dismissive sneer, the coldness in his eyes dense.

“The cowardly three legged cat^[2] likes of you, actually want to impersonate that deadly demoness who kills without batting an eye?!” He mockingly says, “Should you be the Sheng Gu of the unorthodox sect, then I am the great Jade Emperor!” (Ruler of the heavens in Chinese culture and Taoist mythology)

Thoughts making a turn, didn’t think that the opposition would actually look down on her so much, Pang Wan does not know whether she should be sad or happy, and could only gulp down the saliva and dully add: “.....’s maid.”

“Indeed so.” He Qing Lu releases the hand tugging at her cheek, raising the corners of his lips in satisfaction, “You really are one of Bai Yue Sect’s.”

To have withheld the mystery in her identity, Pang Wan heart is met with mixed feelings, bitterly sounding an “en” — *—am I that weak? Do I really look that weak? I mean you don’t look like the great Jade Emperor either!*

“Since you are able to serve that demoness, looks like your identity can’t be considered too low — I heard your Bai Yue Sect has many interesting little gadgets?”

He Qing Lu’s following sentence, left Pang Wan muddleheaded.

“Interesting little gadgets?” Pang Wan repeats his words.

He Qing Lu narrows his eyes, one hand sliding into her sleeve: “Take this for example.”

He pulls out a crimson red Blazing Needle.

“How did you know?!” Pang Wan was greatly startled, subconsciously raising her foot, ready to stomp at him.

Both her legs were seized halfway, He Qing Lu’s eyes sparklingly looks at her, amber pupils gradually deepening: “What other strange weapons do you have, throw them out at me to see, the more vicious the better.”

Pang Wan shivers upon hearing this, could it be this Gentleman He is a masochist?

After a long moment of thinking, she hesitantly bites down on her lower lip, reluctantly, unclearly saying: “Should gentleman not mind, by my waist side there is a golden whip, this whip is firm and tenacious, also light and soft, and greatly powerful, should gentleman really like it, I, I.....” Her face burns crimson red, voice like a mosquito, unable to speak any further.

He Qing Lu does not even spare her a word and goes reaching for Pang Wan’s waist.

It cannot be helped that the golden whip is wrapped very tightly, the connector is also very well concealed, so he has no choice but to fumble around in exploration for a while, causing Pang Wan to constantly giggle like a trembling flower branch: “Ai-ya, it tickles! It tickles! Stop touching la!”

“Kuang-dang”, something smashes inside the room.

The two people on top of the couch halts their actions and simultaneously follows the sound, only seeing the maid from before, her left hand still maintaining the posture of holding a bowl, right hand still maintaining the posture of holding the clothes, as she stiffly stands at the doorway.

The medicine bowl, the clothes, as well as her jaw, had all dropped to the ground.

Perhaps what was smashed with them, is also the hopes of climbing up the branches to become a phoenix, a fair maiden’s heart.

[1] Poem mentioned here is [Yǔ Yú Zhōng Chéng / 与于中丞](#) by Tang Dynasty poet **Liú Shāng / 刘商**

[2] **Three legged cat** or **sān jiǎo māo / 三脚猫** actually has the meaning of being **capable of all sorts, but a master of none**, thus essentially rendering the person a good for nothing. I guess one way to think of it is, someone who is missing that one thing that they need to truly be good at something.



CHAPTER TWENTY

Give Me A Face

The maid's face stiffens, floating away as though her soul had left her body. Leaving behind the two by the couch, speechlessly exchanging eye contact.

"Unlock the shackles, I'll get it myself!" Heat rising through her blood vessels from the soles of her feet, burning directly up to her cheeks, Pang Wan feigns bravery as she glares at He Qing Lu, fearing that should she not push him away anytime soon, her head would be fuming.

She does not want to blush, but helplessly, cannot control her physiological reaction, ey.

Who knew He Qing Lu would instead suddenly sit down, leaning on her body, his slender fingers stroking her little flushed face.

"Indeed beautiful." He looks at her, eyes turning misty, voice hoarse.

Pang Wan looks at him in surprise, deep down, there is a little little voice that starts to rise and shouts out — — could it be, could it be this person is my male lead? Ah, look at how intoxicated in happiness he is, clearly, he has fallen for me

ah! Ah-haha I am indeed still a prized horse that can run thousands of miles, with beauty like that of flowers, all that I lack is a kind and considerate Bo Le to discover me..... (Bó Lè / 伯乐 is a famous horse tamer renowned for his ability to evaluate horses, his name can also be used to refer to a good judge of talents)

Before the expression of happiness had actually been reflected on her face, He Qing Lu had already spoken: “A real person’s face is indeed different.”

His obsessive gaze lingers on Pang Wan’s face with no signs of leaving, a finger glides over her brows, eyes, nose and lips, finally stopping at the fine hair by the young girl’s lip side: “Look at these hairs of divine workmanship, tut tut, Master’s right, it is beautiful when it reddens.”

“You mean your hair is of divine workmanship!” Pang Wan’s abashment turns into an angry roar, “Who doesn’t grow facial hair?! Do you not grow facial hair?!”

He Qing Lu having been straight up scolded by her, finally awakens from his own little world, eyes returning to its usual clear coldness.

“There are many faces that don’t grow hair.” He retrieves his hand from her lip side, leisurely wiping it, “For example, those that are made.”

Pang Wan is stunned.

She looks at the gentleman’s clear and radiant face like white jade, suddenly recalling a certain scene, and unconsciously shivers.

“It’s you?” She softly mutters, “That Wang Gang imposter from back then?”

He Qing Lu smiles: “At least you’re smart for once.” He has always hated stupid people.

“What about the real Wang Gang?” Her voice sounding a little unstable — — don’t tell me he’s been killed by this person and had his face shed off.

“Naturally isn’t in this world anymore.” He Qing Lu indifferently says.

“.....what’s your objective?” Pang Wan frowns, back gradually straightens up, seeming to take on an offensive form.

He Qing Lu bursts out laughing.

“These shackles have been forged from black iron, your internal energy would be absolutely incapable of breaking it apart.” He lightly pats her face in appeasement, presumably due to finding it has a nice feel to his hand, he once again touches it a little more, “Don’t get too angry, your skin is very smooth, it will be truly unfortunate if it is wounded.”

Pang Wan screams out terrified: “You want to shed my face to make a mask of human skin?!”

He Qing Lu raises his brows, seeming to consider this: “That is a very good idea, I must think about it.”

Pang Wan was practically about to faint and die on the spot.

But then hears He Qing Lu mutter to himself: “Wearing a dead person’s face as mask on the skin, would that not be very dirty? Better forget it.”

And so Pang Wan comes back to life again.

“I do not have any objectives.” He Qing Lu admires the three changes of colours on her face, red, white, blue, with great interest, before he tirelessly rattles on, “I am only interested in your weapon.”

He spreads out his left hand towards her, the Blazing Needle in his palm had already disappeared without a trace.

“This needle is able to automatically melt away shortly after coming in contact with the human body, I am truly curious, how do you usually store it, and how do you use it?” He looks at her, those amber pupils filled with eagerness and concentration, “The most important thing is, how is it created? Who creates it?”

“Why should I tell you?” Pang Wan is not in the mood to answer, not even willing to set her eyes on him, “You know I come from an unorthodox sect, are you going to kill me right after you got your answer?”

He Qing Lu knits his brows: “You’re thinking too much.”

He has never bothered with explanations, but the young girl before him has something that he wants, so he does not mind making an exception: “Whether you are of an unorthodox sect, or whether you are of some sort of so-called righteous sect, has absolutely nothing to do with me.”

Pang Wan very quickly raises her head to look at him.

“The conflicts and killings in the Jiang Hu, I do not care about.” He Qing Lu’s face is like that of light clouds and gentle breeze, “Moral principles of good and evil, are all just something that had been deliberately laid out for personal gains, each side has their own reasons, so why should I have to participate in it?”

“You.....” Pang Wan has only seen such kind of person, detached from the common customs and values, for the first time, and could not help being a little shocked.

“Gentleman, I, have my own principle of doing things.” He Qing Lu looks at her, slowly hooking up the corners of his lips, “Besides, in accordance to this principle, I have been living very well all along.”

One who is able to live on in accordance to their own principle, is the true mighty one in the world.

Pang Wan studies this handsome and self-confident young man, recalling that horse carriage of his, similar to none, as well as the construction of this building and the furniture filled with secret machineries, her mind makes a flash: “—— you’re Solitary Palace Master?” She firmly sets her eyes on him, not even blinking her eyes.

He Qing Lu is stunned, then shakes his head.

This answer is contrary to Pang Wan’s expectation, her willow-brows straightens, stubbornly pressing her lips together: “You dare to swear upon it?”

He Qing Lu had almost laughed out loud, this outrageously daring woman of the unorthodox sect, has constantly challenged his bottom line tolerance over and over again.

“Why should I swear upon it?” He raises his brows at her, “I am indeed not the Solitary Palace Master, he is older than I, this you may believe, or you may not believe, I am not obligated to explain to you.”

Pang Wan finds that indeed seems to be correct after a little thinking, and temporarily couldn’t think of any words to refute, thus grumpily stays silent.

“I like this hidden weapon of yours.” He Qing Lu looks at the disheartened Pang

Wan, with her head bowed, neither hurried nor slow in saying, "Although there are many ways I can get my hands on it, I know that once they leave you, they cannot possibly be preserved no matter what." He slightly pauses, voice softening three points, "Lady, you are so intelligent, and should know that I am not after your life, I only want the secret behind this hidden weapon."

"I don't know." Pang Wan raises her head, also looking at him, gentle like water, "This set of hidden weapon was given to me by my master, I had originally only thought of it as an ordinary hidden weapon, and did not know how special it is."

"Why does it not melt away in your hands?" He Qing Lu's face appears pensive.

"I really don't know." Pang Wan shrugs her shoulders, "Had I known it was so special, I would not have used it so carelessly." Having descended the mountain for so long, she has only ever really used the Blazing Needles once, and it was precisely that time she landed a sneak attack on that burly tattooed face man in the little town, thinking about it now, this He Qing Lu must have set his eyes on her from that moment.

He Qing Lu falls into silence for a moment, suddenly hooking up a smile, his face exhibiting a sort of indescribable look like a scheming falcon^[1]: "If lady does not know, then do not worry, as long as you obediently stay here, allowing me to get a few needles every day to study, there will definitely come a day we know the answers."

Pang Wan also starts smiling.

"It's not that I cannot stay here." She speaks in a refreshingly quick and direct manner, "Just that I have one request, I hope gentleman can fulfil."

"What request?" He Qing Lu is surprised she actually answered so quickly.

"Give me a face."

Pang Wan's eyes sparkingly looks at him, such hopeful eyes practically about to pierce into his heart.

"Give me the world's most beautiful, most pure, a face that will move the hearts of all who sees it."

That is Mary Sue’s ultimate stunning beauty, the most effective drug that has the male leads bowing at her feet.

It is also, the final straw that can save her from the fate of the supporting female.

[1] **Scheming falcon look** comes from the Chinese saying **yīn sǔn zhī xiāng / 阴隼之相** – the yin here is the same yin in yin and yang, and refers to shadiness, or in this case an evil schemer, whilst falcons are considered a bird with power and prestige, also considered domineering. To say that someone has the scheming falcon look, is usually to describe someone who is full of **dark schemes and evil ambitions**.

So he may not be the Solitary Palace Master, but it can pretty much be said that he’s a cosmetic surgeon of the ancient times...I guess



CHAPTER TWENTY-ONE

I Wish To Become Her

He Qing Lu has lived for almost twenty years, and very rarely has he ever went through moments of emotional ups and downs.

He comes from a renowned family, holds remarkable talents, never is there something he cannot get hold of, nor does he feel that there is anything in particular that is worth putting the effort into. That is why he has taken the fancy of collecting ingenious creations, occasionally putting himself at risk in pursuit of the thrill, this is one of the few pleasures in his life.

Someone had once said, the two extremes of emotions that is love and hate, may never ever occur in the gentleman of the He Clan's body.

What love is, He Qing Lu is not particularly sure of.

But what kind of a feeling hate is, he finally understands now.

He is extremely ascertained and definitely sure, hate lies within that swaying

white figure in the courtyard.

“Lady Ah Xiang, you teach me, how do you sway that waist? How do you raise your finger with the elegance of an orchid?”

Pang Wan is closely following behind his maid, showing a silly smile as she speaks flattering words like a spoilt child.

“Young lady Wan Wan, stop messing around now, how could you possibly learn gestures and postures from this servant?” The maid is clearly put on a very difficult spot.

“Why can’t I learn from you? You’re very ladylike ah!” And Pang Wan clearly does not take her difficulties into account, “That day I saw your back figure as you were walking, how nice the swaying of your butt was ah! I just couldn’t do it no matter how I tried.....” She even gives her own butt a little shake as she says this, “Also when you served tea for gentleman, your finger, raised just like a delicate flower.....”

The maid was practically about to sweat out blood upon hearing her words.

“Jin Di Luo.”

He Qing Lu finally could not bear with it any longer and quietly calls out.

“Here.” A man in grey walks out from the shaded area, “What are young master’s orders?”

“Drag that girl out the courtyard, find a way to shut her mouth!”

Throwing back his sleeves, he was planning to march away.

He truly does despise that girl called Wan Wan a lot, ever since the very day he disguised as Wang Gang to approach her, this feeling of abomination has never ceased.

Not only did she order him, whip him (she is the only person in the world who dared to), she has not an ounce of beautiful bearings that other women have (hugging him as she loudly wails in the restaurant), and had even attacked him with insulting words that he had never heard of (said he looks like a ghost).

The most crucial point is, she disappointed him.

He had originally thought, since this young girl was able to see through his disguise, and also owns such a remarkable secret weapon, she must definitely be an extraordinarily intelligent master, worlds away from the typical, but never did he think, she is just like any ordinary girl, only chasing after the superficiality of vanity.

She agreed to stay here, the condition being that she wants the world's most beautiful face in exchange, and her lifetime's aspiration, is nothing more than being a peerlessly elegant beauty of a generation, one who is stunning enough to overthrow all beings.

——how shallow!

The tiniest bit of interest he initially had in her, completely reduced into nothingness like ashes.

He is growing to increasingly hate this person.

“Do you have to raise it like this? Does it still need to be a little gentler? Ah right, right.....” The delicately pretty voice in the courtyard continues to sound.

He Qing Lu's steps suddenly falters.

——want to become a stunning beauty that overthrow cities and ruin states? This matter, he is very well able to fulfil.

“Wait, you go bring that girl into my room first.”

He instructs Jin Di Luo, his face cleared from its previous gloom, the corners of his lips also lifting a little.

...

“You'll make me a face?”

Pang Wan looks at He Qing Lu, sparkling almond eyes filled with excited radiance: “You're willing to make me the prettiest face?”

In a corner not far away, the tall figure is busily fiddling with a number of bottles and jars, his expression cannot be seen clearly under the backlighting.

“Must be in particularly pure, in particularly charming, the type that looks holy like a white lotus flower!” Pang Wan does not care if the other person is listening

or not, and just continues to constantly add to her requirements.

“You really like white lotus flowers?” He Qing Lu concocts the coloured pigments in his hand in a neither hurried nor slow manner, a dim light flickering within his deep orbs — recalling back when he was disguising as Wang Gang, she would also be crying as she asks him, are white lotus flowers very pretty, they are liked by many people.

Pang Wan purses her lips, of course she does not like white lotus flower, white lotus flower stole her first love, and also stole her second, third and fourth male leads, logically speaking, it is only right that she should hold a grudge against white lotus flower instead. But in this world, it seems that only white lotus flowers will receive the welcoming of good looking men, and she has always desired to be doted on, be loved, be treated like people’s treasure and cherished like that, just like the female leads — just like, just like how Gu Xi Ju treats Sang Chan.

“I want to become a lady that’s like a white lotus flower.” Pang Wan lowers her eyes, looking at the tips of her feet, softly saying, “I really want to.”

He Qing Lu’s solemn face gives rise to a laugh, his chest slightly rising and falling.

“You think that just because your face looks like a white lotus flower, then you will be a lady like a white lotus flower?” He sneers, his eyes flickering.

“Then what else must I do?” Pang Wan raises her head to look at him, a little doubtful.

He Qing Lu pulls out a snow white silk handkerchief, laying it over her face, bringing to her a burst of ice cold fragrance.

“To attend to a men with looks alone, for how long will it last?” Long slender fingers slowly wanders around her face, his touch separated by the handkerchief, seeming to outline the contours, “Besides, even if you do have a beautiful fake face, can you keep this mask on forever?”

Pang Wan had just wanted to open her mouth, but that finger had come to her lips, a little stronger.

“Can be kept on forever, as long as that mask is made by me.” The biting cold

voice faintly sounds, “But the precondition is that, you do not mind the mask ultimately becoming one with your own flesh.”

Pang Wan gradually falls asleep within the entire room filled with the aroma of incense.

In her dreams, she had returned to the Mary Sue land from her previous life, her peerlessly intelligent and dashing, handsome husband was in the kitchen washing his hands in order to make her soup.

“Darling, do you love me?” She watches his busy figure, feeling a little upset out of nowhere.

“Of course I love you ah!” Her handsome husband was busying with chopping the ingredients, not even raising his head.

“How much do you love me?” Pang Wan suddenly feels that his face looks slightly like an illusion.

“Just like fishes never being able to leave the waters, you’re a fish, I am water.” The handsome husband turns his face over and tenderly looks at her, “Honey, you are my mermaid, I am your vast ocean, forever holding you in my heart, no matter how far out you go.”

It’s been too long since she heard such honey coated words, Pang Wan’s nose reddens, about to feel the sadness well up.

“Ah, wait a moment honey, the water is boiling.” The handsome husband suddenly turns around, picking up from the chopping board, a bloody fish that had just been gutted and throws it into the pot, “We’re having tomato fish tonight!”

And so Pang Wan instantly stops wailing, eyes helplessly watching that pot of boiling hot water cook the fish into tumbling up and down as it breaks into little pieces.....

You’re a fish, I am water.....

The feeling of a slightly dull aching pain spreads from her face.

Pang Wan opens her eyes, and finds that the silk handkerchief on her face is long gone, He Qing Lu is currently using an exquisite little silver hammer to knock

on her face.

“What you doing?” She was startled, very quickly moving her head backwards.

“Inspecting the positions of your bones.” He Qing Lu casts her a glance, prising open her jaw and continues knocking, “A face without any flaw at all, is to be slowly moulded out.”

Pang Wan dares not to act rashly, and could only stiffen her neck and keep her eyes open wide: “How long does it take to make this mask?”

He Qing Lu furrows his brows, acting thoughtful: “Approximately three-five years.”

Pang Wan chokes, then angrily reaches for his collar: “To hell with the lies! How long did it take to make Wang Gang’s face? Definitely no more than a month!” Because Wang Gang served her for no more than a month.

With one turn of his body, He Qing Lu easily evades the attack of her demonic claws.

Wang Gang’s face is of course simple.” He smiles, very leisurely, “Just that with your facial standards, having to create the flawless effect of a peerless beauty, indeed requires three to five years.”

He uses a type of sympathetic look to inspect her.

Pang Wan’s mouth falls open and freezes in position for a long time.

“Is there any way to make it quicker?” She curls up on the chair like a deflated ball.

“Haste does not bring success.” He Qing Lu withdraws the hammer, continuing to admire her dejected look.

Just when Pang Wan felt the future was looking bleak, He Qing Lu once again adds another line that further makes her feel greatly pained at heart.

“Do you have money? I need to accept payment in order to make faces.” He looks down at her.

Pang Wan instantly widens her eyes: “Did you not agree, as long as I let you investigate into the Blazing Needles, you will give me a face in return?”

“Originally, that was indeed so.” He Qing Lu shakes his head, letting out a sigh, “It cannot be helped that gentleman, I, having seen the conditions of your facial structure today, has found that it falls far short from the objective of a peerless beauty. I’m afraid it will require over ten times the effort from usual, this business deal really isn’t worth it.”

Pang Wan’s face turns blue for a while then white for a while, after a moment of hesitation, she stammers out: “I, I don’t have money right now.....” Her belongings are still in Gu Xi Ju’s estate, at the time, she was too hasty in her cool exit, and did not even go get it.....

“No money?” He Qing Lu’s entire body exudes a chilling air, “Not making it if there’s no money, I don’t accept outstanding payments here.” He acts as though he is going to put away all his tools.

“No no no!” Pang Wan panics, reaching out to grab his clothes, “You wait for me! I’ll go back to get it!”

He Qing Lu turns to look at her, with a seeming smile: “Friendship discount, five thousand.”

“You stealing money?!” The blue veins on her forehead popping up, Pang Wan clutches onto his collar as she bears her teeth, “Let me kill you, you evil businessman, failing to live up to the agreement!” As she says this, three red needles slides out from her other hand, was just about to prick him.

He Qing Lu’s face remains unfazed, the corners of his lips lifting into a trace of a confident smile: “Not only will I give you a face, I will also gift you a nanny as a teacher for the art of seduction, how’s that?”

The highly raised hand slowly lowers.

“Is there really such thing as the art of seduction?” Pang Wan looks at him, face filled with surprise.

“How could there not be? As long as you master this art of seduction, however many people you wish to like you, there shall be that many people that will come to like you.”

He Qing Lu unfathomably looks at her.

“Deal!” The originally bloodthirsty hand resoundingly smacks the palm of his hand, Pang Wan’s face is already brimming with overflowing happiness.

“You really wish to become a peerless beauty of a generation this much, capable of toppling all living matters?”

He Qing Lu was not infected by her excitement at all, and instead furrows his brows: “Could it be that the Bai Yue Sect determines ranking by beauty standards? With your looks, you have it bad over there?” This little wretch’s looks can’t be considered ugly either ah!

Pang Wan lets her long yet soft lashes hang down, and does not answer.

Why must she become a white lotus flower?

Why mustn’t she become a white lotus flower?

A white lotus flower would receive many many love, many many care ah.

She silently clenches her fists.

——I wish to become her.

——I have to become her.

Full

Double update! Make sure you read the previous chapter

(translated by xiaOxiao1mei)



CHAPTER TWENTY-TWO

Half A Beautiful Face Nanny

Knowledge comes from experience, the most painful experiences in history tells us, to never trust others so easily.

Pang Wan looks at the reflection in the mirror, her tears trickling trickling down.

——the left half of her face, is still that of a pretty young girl, beautiful like a painting; the right half of her face, despite the facial features remaining the same, is coated in a layer of heaven knows what, the skin looking just like it had wrinkled from soaking in water for too long, layers and layers of creasing, looking strikingly similar to a haggard old lady.

“What you crying for? Does it not look very pretty?” He Qing Lu grinningly says as he stands behind her.

“You.....what’s the meaning of this?” Pang Wan trembles, she uses her fingertips to gently tug at those wrinkles —— so realistic! Could it be it was

caused by some sort of herbal water that she soaked her skin with?

“Did you not want to have lots and lots of people like you?” He Qing Lu leans in towards her ear, eyes overflowing with bizarre brilliance, “You see, looking from the left, young men will like you; looking from the right, the elderly men will like you——tut tut, how thoroughly considerate I am.”

“You, you’re using public affairs to exact personal vengeance……” Pang Wan has already been angered to the point that she cannot even speak properly, as she looks at her own disfigured appearance in the mirror, she gives rise to a sort of sensation, practically drowning in frustration and rage —— “I’ll kill you!” She flips over and pastes herself onto He Qing Lu’s torso, the golden whip in hand coils around his neck like a water snake, “Fraud!” She bares her teeth at him, face flushed red from fury.

He Qing Lu does not move at all, and only looks at her with slight obsession, using his hand to gently catch the tear on her cheek.

“Indeed real faces are still the best.” He calmly states, “Be it the trail from flowing tears, or the lines formed on the face when speaking, all is much more natural.” Looks like there’s still space for his skills to improve.

“You fake face lunatic! Aren’t you going to hurry up and fix the right side of my face?!” Pang Wan goes crazy, with one pull at the whip, He Qing Lu’s neck is impressively lined with an additional red mark.

“Sure you want it fixed?” He says, slightly out of breath, his brows knitted as he stares at her, “This glue is a uniquely made secret recipe, specially used to remember a person’s contours and direction of skin texture, should you remove it right now, how am I to help you make a face after this?”

Pang Wan’s tears comes to a halt, her hand loosens: “You, you didn’t say so before……”

“Why must I tell you?” He Qing Lu’s expression grows impatient to the extreme, “Should you be unwilling to apply it, then forget it.” He acts as though he is reaching out to wipe away that layer of glue.

“No no no!” Pang Wan hurriedly reaches out to block him, “I’ll apply! I’ll apply! I’ll apply it, isn’t that fine now?”

Seeing her look so terribly frightened, He Qing Lu puts his heart at ease, and turns his face to cover that hook of a smile.

“.....just that, exactly how long does this glue need to be applied for?” Pang Wan hesitantly looks at him through her lashes, big eyes flickering, looking very pitiful.

“For exactly seventy-two hours, remember not to wash your face, after three days, I will help you remove it, and then move onto the other side of your face.” He Qing Lu condescendingly commands.

Pang Wan touches the wrinkly right half of her face, just when she was about to ask why this glue can only be applied to one half of the face at a time, it just so happens that maid Ah Xiang’s voice sounds from outside the doors in this moment: “Gentleman, the hot water has been brought over for you.”

Pang Wan subconsciously follows the sound, her line of sight perfectly meeting Ah Xiang’s.

“Aiya!” Ah Xiang’s pretty face pales, and the bronze basin in hand overturns, springing into action, she makes a swift turn and dashes away, “Oh mother^[1]! Seeing ghost in broad daylight ah!”

Looking at the figure bolting down the corridor, He Qing Lu heartily laughs out loud, his entire being beaming with radiance.

Pang Wan upon seeing this scene, body shakily crumbles — she already knows the answer.

“You’re so narrow-minded.....”

She grievously glances at He Qing Lu, silently holding in her tears, bearing with it.

The servants of the He Estate finds, that these past few days, there’s a sudden addition of a little nanny with only half a pretty face.

That pretty half of her face looks very playful, sometimes appearing from the left side, sometimes appearing from the right side, the people cannot help but to doubt their own memory — still eighty years old yesterday, but instantly turns sixteen today.

The great young master of the He Estate extremely dotes on this little nanny, for several consecutive days, he would assign for this nanny to accompany him during dinner. And this little nanny is indeed very capable, as long as she is at the table, Young Master will be in a very good mood, and would even eat an extra bowl of rice.

Occasionally, they are even able to hear the voice of this nanny lecturing Young Master: “.....you, really are naughty.....”

Nanny’s voice is very delicate and pleasant to the ears, just like a young lady scolding her immature younger brother, carrying the grumbles of helplessness as the iron cannot turn into steel. And the always icily elegant and noble, never one to casually chat and laugh with others, this Young Master, in face of Nanny’s scolding, would only tolerate it all and continue to smile endlessly.

This little nanny also has yet another special point, being that she extremely loves to look in the mirror, even if she now has such a.....unique appearance. Every day she will always face the mirror and sway her head side to side, practicing the water snake posture (emphasising the S line) from time to time, acting innocent and naïve from time to time, coupled with that mystical face, she has frightened a good few maids into dropping the trays when delivering her meals.

Once all these strange matters are reported to Young Master, Young Master would once again clap his hands in booming laughter.

“Ugly ones are always up to more mischief.” He says such a comforting line for the first time ever, nor does anyone know who he is saying it to.

Three days later, a great beauty of distinguished elegant bearing comes to the He Estate.

That is a mature woman, tender and charming like that of a tree peony, every frown every smile is filled with heart moving charm.

“So you’re the young lady who wishes to learn the art of seduction?”

A fine finger with painted nail raises the little nanny’s chin, like a splash of orchid fragrance, the beauty’s entire body is lightly embraced in a layer of haze, and does not seem like a mere mortal.

Pang Wan looks up at this great beauty, the moment they make eye contact, she could only feel her heart suddenly skip a beat — her appearance truly is too far too lethal, it makes people unconsciously hold their breath, not daring to look from up close.

“This is Young Master’s doings?” A jade finger gently flicks the wrinkles on her left cheek, the beauty’s phoenix eyes half squints, “A pretty little face of flowers and jade reduced to this state, tut tut, must have offended him very ruthlessly.”

Pang Wan gets the feeling that she has finally found an understanding soul, and had almost leaped into the beauty’s arms, bursting into tears as she lists He Qing Lu’s sins.

But glancing at the expressionless Jin Di Luo behind the beauty, in the end, she could only gulp down a mouthful of saliva, and sheepishly nod.

“What’s your name?” The beauty retracts her finger, and sweetly smiles at her.

That one smile once again leaves Pang Wan in a trance, this beauty’s entire body from top to bottom, carries a sense of casualness and laziness, with not the slightest of pretentious tone in her words.

“I’m called Wan Wan.” Pang Wan looks at her bedazzled, and very obediently answers.

The beauty nods, patting the perfectly untouched half of her face: “I’m called Jin Bu Yao, assigned here by Young Master to teach you the art of seduction.”

Pang Wan is stunned, she remembers He Qing Lu saying the teacher is a nanny, how come she is so youthful and beautiful.

“What, curious about this name?” The beauty bats her lashes as she gracefully leans in towards her, those red lips opens and closes, teeth like lovely white shells, “*[She has] cloud-like hair, a flower-like face, and golden dangling hair ornaments* (golden dangling hair ornaments – jīn bù yáo/ 金步摇). *Together they spend the spring night within the warmth of the hibiscus canopy* ^[2] — have you ever heard of these lines?”

Pang Wan shakes her head, face showing confusion.

—she believes that such a beauty, really should not have been given such a

tacky name like Jin Bu Yao. In the land of Mary Sue, those that have pretty looks of this calibre are generally called something along the lines of “Shui Ling Dong” (lively running water), “Feng Bai He” (lily flower in the wind). “Liu Pian Pian” (gracefully dancing willow) and so on, such names that are filled with the natural beauty of picturesque landscape. And those poetry lines of “*[She has] cloud-like hair, a flower-like face, and golden dangling hair ornaments. Together they spend the spring night within the warmth of the hibiscus canopy*”, also contains the vulgar implications of sexual passion, it truly is not elegant enough.

The beauty upon seeing her look of puzzlement, bursts into laughter with a sound of “pu-chi”, softly covering those red lips with a delicate gesture.

“Where did Young Master find this little girl?” She speaks up, yet her words were directed towards Jin Di Luo, “So strangely interesting.”

“She is one of Bai Yue Sect’s.” Jin Di Luo answers from behind, face still showing no expression.

Jin Bu Yao lightly sounds an “oh”, but does not show any shock nor disgust.

“A few days later after your face is done, come find me.” She grinningly pinches Pang Wan’s cheek, only finding the touch creamy and very refreshing, “Don’t be too hasty, learning the art of seduction in your current state, I’m afraid all that can be seduced, is an evil spirit if not King Yan (King of Hell).”

Having said that, she gracefully marches away, leaving behind, only the jingling sound of a jade pendant, also a chamber of fragrant tranquillity.

Pang Wan watches the back figure of the beauty, biting her lower lip in distress — don’t know if the face that Gentleman He will be making her, will also be capable of turning the world upside down, vibrant and rich in fragrance just like the beauty?

Looks like I have quite a lot of opponents eh, she thinks, not without dismay.

[1] **Oh mother!** Or **wǒ de mā ya!** / 我的妈呀！ Is basically the Chinese equivalent of saying **oh my god**.

[2] “*[She has] cloud-like hair, a flower-like face, and golden dangling hair ornaments. Together they spend the spring night within the warmth of the*

hibiscus canopy". These two lines have been translated with reference from the two links provided here. And are from the Tang Dynasty poem – **Song of Everlasting Regret / Cháng Hèn Gē / 长恨歌** by Bái Jū Yì / 白居易. The poem tells of the tragic love between Yang Guifei (Guifei being the highest imperial consort rank) and Emperor Xuanzong of Tang.

For those interested in reading the full poem, which contains 120 verses, link 1 is a more accurate translation:

https://en.wikisource.org/wiki/Translation:Song_of_Everlasting_Regret and link

2 is more of a rhyming one:

<http://www.musicated.com/syh/TangPoems/EverlastingRegret.htm>

Note that the first line which mentions Jin Bu Yao (translated as golden dangling hair ornaments here) describes Yang Guifei, who is also renowned as one of the Four Great Beauties in Chinese history. **Jīn Bù Yáo / 金步摇** – the name of the new character introduced here, is literally made up from the words **gold (Jīn / 金) + steps (bù / 步) + sway (yáo / 摇)**, this is the name of a particular **hair ornament, with dangling decorations that delicately sways with every step, thus emphasising the graceful movements of a lady**. The second line, needless to say, tells of how Yang Guifei successfully entices the Emperor. And if any of you have heard of Yang Guifei's story, be it from dramas or if you had time to read the entire poem, you would know that Emperor Xuanzong was said to be so captivated by her, that he would spend all his time with Yang Guifei, to the point he even neglected his imperial duties. So if Jin Bu Yao's name comes from these two lines of Everlasting Regret, then in a sense, it really is a befitting name for someone who teaches the art of seduction.



CHAPTER TWENTY-THREE

May I Ask Of You To Like Me

On a beautiful sunny day with a gentle breeze, Pang Wan's fluttering figure sits on the swing, her face raised in thorough satisfaction, its bright and smooth state restored.

The refreshing breeze kisses her eyelashes, brushing back the locks of hair by her temples, black hair dancing like flowing clothes, long and slender brows with a straight nose, and her dimples slightly revealed.

This should originally be a charmingly captivating scene of a beauty on the swings.

"Legs stretched out!"

"Toes hooked up!"

"Chin raised high!"

"Lips relaxed, pucker up! Only pucker up a little!"

Several number of hidden weapons shua-shua-shua comes hitting her four body parts, and it just so happens, that the final one is pasted between her lips.

Standing by the principle of no wasting, Pang Wan sticks out her tongue, licking that hidden weapon, with one hook, she pulls it into her mouth and eats it — the hidden weapons being top grade Xiang Fei^[1] raisins.

“That little act sure is a fitting addition.” A delicately charming sneer sounds, Jin Bu Yao sits under the confederate rose pergola, leisurely nibbling at some seeds, her skin fairer than snow, vivid beauty equal to none, “Just that licking flowers is considerably fine, but you’d best pass on licking such dark coloured things like raisin.”

Pang Wan sighs, and jumps down from the swing.

She has been maintaining this posture that is not compatible with the engineering of the human body for far too long, and is feeling somewhat stiff.

“Tired?” Jin Bu Yao casts her a glance, raising her brows in disapproval, “Do you think a pretty looking bearing can be casually put on? You must practice more, persist on practicing, and the plum blossom fragrance shall naturally come along with the bitter cold.”

Pang Wan does not speak, only taking a piece of sweet cake and stuffs it into her mouth in anguish.

Within a short number of days, Jin Bu Yao had already passed on many lessons of classic peerless beauty style tips, such as “begonia flower spring sleep”, “herbaceous peony drunken nap”, “light and gentle lotus steps” etcetera, etcetera, and each little seemingly simple action, is actually filled with endless efforts: spacing between each step, the angle of a head turn, even the frequency of batting eyelashes, must be adjusted depending on differing occasions and differing subjects. What you may think of as a casual movement, may very well be a conclusive operation that has been precisely devised thirty-six thousand times in the person’s mind — seduction, is a type of imperceptible basic instinct.

“To be a successful peerless beauty of a generation sure is difficult!” Pang Wan swallows the sweet cake into her belly, and bitterly sighs.

“Since you wish to receive the liking of others, naturally, you would need to cater to their pleasure.” Jin Bu Yao also picks up a bright green grape and plops it

into her mouth, her gesture graceful, “What I’m teaching you right now, is still only just the very tip of the iceberg.”

Pang Wan purses her lips and does not speak, indeed, it is not easy to be a stunningly beautiful female lead, just seeing Sang Chan display those three special styles in front of Gu Xi Ju alone, says it all.

“Speaking of which, you are still at a very young age, why are you committed to practice the art of seduction?” Seeing her bow her head in a daze, Jin Bu Yao could not help wondering, “Could it be the one you love can only be yearned but cannot be reached?”

Pang Wan shakes her head — no, not one, but many many! All of which are peerless male leads!

Jin Bu Yao grows increasingly surprised: “Could it be you are burdened with a deeply imprinted blood feud, requiring this art of seduction to seduce and exact revenge on the enemy?”

Pang Wan feels a chill run through her, thinking to herself, *could this Beauty Jin also be from the land of Mary Sue? The scenarios she is coming up with are all classics.*

Jin Bu Yao seeing her not say anything, could only smile to herself: “Don’t you worry, as long as you go through a few years of Nanny Jin’s guidance and teaching, no matter what kind of a person the opposition is, in the end, he will definitely be enticed.” Clearly of slender waist, black hair and fair skin, yet she still insists on calling herself nanny.

“Is Nanny capable of easily capturing the hearts of all men?” Pang Wan with her cheeks resting in her hands, looks at Jin Bu Yao in fascination, “Whoever you wish will fall in love with you, shall definitely fall in love with you, is that right?”

The smile on Jin Bu Yao’s face instantly stiffens.

“.....there are still the rare few, that are very, very difficult.” She gazes at Pang Wan, onion-white fingertips swiping over her ink coloured brows, the bright white of her eyes shining, “Dealing with this type of men, requires special patience.”

Pang Wan nods with seeming understanding.

“How about Nanny put you to a test?” Jin Bu Yao hooks up the corners of her lips, as though she has thought of something extremely interesting, “Have you taken a look at our family’s young master? What kind of a person do you think he is?”

Pang Wan immediately thinks of He Qing Lu’s highly prideful look of cold indifference, and angrily spits out: “No-nonsense, ruthless, narrow-minded!”

Jin Bu Yao chuckles.

“You’re right.” She looks at Pang Wan with infinite affection, “Our family’s young master, is precisely such an extremely difficult subject to conquer.”

“Nanny! You can’t possibly be meaning.....” Pang Wan’s eyes widens, her tongue knotted and jaw drops — she would never have expected that Jin Bu Yao would strike up such an idea upon her own master, this is truly an insanely audacious thing to do!

“Rest assured, you need only treat Young Master as your training target.” Jin Bu Yao smiles like a blooming flower, with not the slightest trace of timidity nor guilt, “He’s someone whose eyes are set high up in the skies anyway, allowing absolutely no one to enter his spiritual eye^[2].”

Pang Wan upon seeing her eyes filled with splendid brilliance, senses the surging of a sort of bad feeling like that of asking a tiger for its skin.

“Nothing will happen between you and the young master.” Jin Bu Yao sweetly smiles, “The He family does not grow seeds of romance, they are born with a piece lacking in their heart, the seven emotions and six sensory pleasures blocked off.”

——turns out He Qing Lu is only a decoration that can only be admired but cannot be eaten!

Pang Wan was a little shocked, although the favourable impression she had of this noble gentleman had long been washed away, crystal clear, upon thinking that such a figure of extraordinary grace has set foot on the lonely monk road, she really cannot help but sigh.

Occasionally, in the land of Mary Sue there will also be handsome men who would put on the skin of other-worldly masters, an existence belonging to that of

the ‘can be admired but cannot be eaten’ species.

“Should you be able to have Young Master’s heart be even half a point affected by you, then you shall be considered to have officially surpassed your master.” Jin Bu Yao gently taps the between of her brows.

“That simple?” Pang Wan rapidly widens her eyes — for his heart to be affected, it may not necessarily mean likeable feelings, it may also very well be that of annoyance, such matter of causing He Qing Lu to lose his temper, she has already lost count of how many times she accomplished this.

Jin Bu Yao does not answer her, only turning her face to the side, her skin luminous like beautiful jade. “I would also like to see, will there be a day the rock warms up?” She softly sounds a sigh, deep within her eyes, a sense of loss that one cannot touch upon sweeps past.

—

This day, He Qing Lu is currently studying up on mechanisms inside the room, when the sound of playful laughter like that of silver bells suddenly rings from beyond the windows.

His thin lips presses together, brows deeply furrowed — everyone throughout the entire estate is aware that he has always enjoyed the quiet, how could there be such an impudent and thoughtless maid around?

Strongly pushing open the windows, he sees that between the sparkling emerald waves of the lotus pond, a little boat leisurely makes its way over, paddling the boat at the other end is a young girl in white, from her lips, sounds the singing of a little tune, the golden belt by her waist waving in the wind. “Nanny, shall I pick this flower?” That young girl turns to look towards the shore, both cheeks happily harmonious as they contain a seeming smile, a pair of sparkling almond eyes practically about to drip water.

The woman at the shore makes a gesture, and the young girl bends her waist to reach for the white lotus closest to her, her figure gentle and graceful, a pair of fine hands reflected on the emerald waves, skin like white jade, practically looking transparent.

He Qing Lu watches this scene, then glances at the woman at the shore,

silently scoffing from his nose, and slams the window shut.

After a few days, He Qing Lu is out on a trip for hunting.

On a road he must pass by to return home, a spotted deer suddenly sprang out, that little deer had a delicately slim figure, eyes looking intelligent and alert, right before his eyes, it makes an extremely swift leap into the trees and shrubs.

Eyes darkening, He Qing Lu motioned the horse and followed in pursuit.

Chasing after that deer for a while, he was just about to pull back the arrow and shoot, but sees the fleeting trace of a snow white figure floating down from above the trees. In his little trance, his aim moved off target, and the black feather arrow shot directly into the spotted deer's hind leg. The spotted deer struck with pain, falls to the ground with a 'pu-tong'.

"Meng Meng! What's wrong, Meng Meng!"

A young girl in white runs over looking alarmed, both cheeks flushed red, dark and sparkling big eyes filled with intelligent alertness, with extreme resemblance to that of a mountain spirit.

"You meanie! You actually harmed my Meng Meng?!"

The young girl mercilessly casts a glare at the culprit, her entire face showing heartache as she hugs the little deer, pained and vexed to the extreme.

He Qing Lu's eyes instantly turns cold, sitting on horseback without a word.

Only seeing that young girl bend down to caress the spotted deer's wound, beautiful black hair running down her back like a waterfall, that pair of eyes, looking as bright as the stars in the sky.

"Meng Meng, stand up!"

"Meng Meng, stand up!"

She stubbornly insists on encouraging the deer with a babyish voice.

He Qing Lu pulls the horse's head away and rides off, not even turning his head back.

Intentional or not, just before he left, he had even kicked up an entire ground of dust, leaving the young girl and deer with grey hair and soiled face, such

miserable state.

Yet another few days passes, when He Qing Lu goes to the greenhouse to gather some dyes.

He leisurely makes his way into the greenhouse, but just as he was about to enter the doors, he unexpectedly detects a trace of extremely light, extremely fine breathing.

Frowning as he brushes aside some flowers, he finds that under the confederate rose frame, a particular young girl is quietly lying on her side, dressed in a silk white shirt, and silk white skirt, her brows curved, her little nose with a slight flick at the end, face like white jade, coloured like the morning glow.

The young girl sleeps soundly, bright red flower petals laid out under her body, her entire person looking just like a celestial spirit amongst the flowers.

Occasionally she would mumble in her sleep, like a lazy cat, not at all detecting the arrival of an uninvited guest.

He Qing Lu indifferently looks at her, standing like a jade tree against the wind.

After a good long while, the corners of his lips rises into a trace of a deeply meaningful smile.

Only seeing his hand reach out to pull off a huge rotten banana leaf, splatting it onto the young girl's face, before coolly turning to leave.

"Hu-hu, Nanny! How is he just an emotionless person, he is clearly a lunatic!" Pang Wan with an entire face of red spots, comes leaping towards the beauty with tears flying.

"Young Master really is too naughty, how could he apply poison on the banana leaves?" Jin Bu Yao sees Pang Wan looking completely out of her mind, wanting to laugh but dares not to, and could only feign heartache as she caresses her face.

"Your family's young master is simply a devil!" Pang Wan fiercely clenches her fist, "He was already well aware of my purpose, hence making it impossible fool him!" As she says this, she turns to plead Jin Bu Yao, "Nanny, let us change the training target!" Should she practice the art of seduction on He Qing Lu any

longer, afraid that the person won't be seduced, instead, she will be the one to lose her precious life first!

Jin Bu Yao was stunned, covering her mouth as she bursts out laughing.

"Does Lady Wan Wan really not like our family's young master?" She takes out a box of ointment and applies it on Pang Wan's face, bringing to her a cooling sensation.

Pang Wan feels every hair on her body rise: "Don't like! Don't like!" Such type of character that is not deeply affectionate, is not deeply infatuated, does not treat the soon-to-be female lead with sharp attentiveness, she definitely does not like!

"Our family's young master is very rich, very talented, also....." Jin Bu Yao inches closer as she looks at her, long eyelashes practically about to prick Pang Wan's face, "Extremely good looking, is that not right?"

"Nanny, please have some mercy on me!" Pang Wan's face bitterly scrunches up, "Such outstanding figure that is your family's young master, I truly don't have such great fortune to enjoy!" All sorts of classic scenes of beauties displaying their charms have been faithfully re-enacted already, yet this person still wasn't moved in the slightest, either he is far too iron-hearted, or — he truly dislikes her as a person.

Jin Bu Yao's laughter further flourishes, like pearls falling into a jade plate, clear and pleasant as it rings in the ears.

"You sure are pretty smart." A finger like white jade stops at the corner of her eye, she looks at Pang Wan, and sounds a lonely sigh, "Back then, should I have snapped myself out of it as early as you did, how great that would have been?"

Pang Wan's eyes widens, was just about to ask about it, when Jin Bu Yao's finger had already moved to her lips.

She silently shakes her head, mischievously smiling.

[1] **Xiāng fēi / 香妃 – the fragrant concubine**, also known as Iparhan, an Uyghur woman from the eighteenth century. It is unknown if Xiang Fei is a real historical figure or whether she is only a legend. According to the myth, Xiang Fei

is said to be so beautiful and fragrant that Emperor Qianlong brought her to Beijing. There are different variations of the story, some say that Xiang Fei was either abducted or given as a gift and did everything she could to resist the emperor's advances until she was poisoned to death, whilst some told the myth as a great romance between the emperor and Xiang Fei. But nowadays, the name Xiang Fei itself has become a huge brand name for perfumes, raisins, *etc.*

[2] The term used here is actually called **dharma eye** rather than **spiritual eye**, and is obviously used to mock He Qing Lu's high and lofty attitude to everyone and everything around him.

But if you wish to understand what the Buddhist term of '**dharma eye**' actually is, you will have to understand the meaning of dharma, as well as the concept of five eyes in Buddhism, all these Buddhist terms are from

<http://www.sutrasmantras.info/glossary.html>

Dharma (fǎ / 法). (1) The teachings of a Buddha (the word dharma in this meaning is capitalized in English); (2) law; (3) anything (mental, physical, event); (4) a mental object of consciousness, such as a thought.

Five eyes (wǔ yǎn / 五眼). These are (1) the physical eye, which a sentient being is born with; (2) the god eye, which can see anything anywhere; (3) the wisdom eye, which can see the emptiness of dharmas; (4) the dharma eye, which can discriminate all dharmas; and (5) the Buddha eye of omniscience, which includes the preceding four at the highest level

Dharma eye (fǎ yǎn / 法眼). The spiritual eye that not only penetrates the true reality of all things but also discriminates all things. Bodhisattvas who have realized that dharmas have no birth ascend to the first ground and acquire the pure dharma eye, with which they continue to help sentient beings according to their natures and preferences

Full

Another double update!

(translated by xia0xiao1mei)



CHAPTER TWENTY-FOUR

Secret Behind The Divine Needles

Pang Wan finally stops provoking the gentleman of the He household, and devoted herself to carefully study the art of seduction as she faces the mirror by herself every day.

So when she was called to go see He Qing Lu, she was somewhat surprised.

The weather gradually heats up, and her new white outfit is not yet ready. She finds Jin Bu Yao and from her, mooches a pink silk shirt for her upper-body, along with an elegant red skirt for her lower body, on the skirt is a beautifully embroidered plum blossom, lively and delightful. Having imitated the fairy maiden that is like clear soup and tasteless water for far too long, she is inevitably tired of it, hence not only finding a floral hairpin to put on, but also tasselled earrings, swaying back and forth with her every step.

This is her usual way of dressing back in the unorthodox sect.

She peeks into the building, her body leaning forward, but sees the person inside dressed in a body of black, like a solitary pine tree standing alone, currently in deep thoughts whilst looking at the object on the desk.

——that is a Blazing Needle sealed within a block of ice, only by doing this, is it possible to preserve the hidden weapon, preventing it from melting away during the ongoing investigation.

Pang Wan seeing that he seems to have not detected her arrival, decides to quietly stand by the side, observing him without a sound.

Just as Jin Bu Yao had said, He Qing Lu is indeed extremely good looking, the type of good looks that strikes up admiration at first sight, rendered unforgettable at second sight and thereafter. Just as the ancients say, “*dignified like the wind under the pine tree, high and soothingly long-drawn-out, proud like the rising of the rosy morning glow, clear and beautifully bright*”.^[1]

(Dignified or 肃肃 is pronounced sù sù, it also works as an onomatopoeia of the sound of wind, with the underlying meaning of peaceful and quiet, whilst proud or 轩轩 is pronounced xuān xuān, and can also work as an onomatopoeia for a flying motion)

“Enough looking?” He Qing Lu did not even bother to raise his eyelids, maintaining his original position as he asks this.

“Not enough, not enough, gentleman is so good looking, can’t get enough no matter how much I look!” Pang Wan spreads her lips into a huge grin, cheerfully running over to him in a bootlicking manner —— in any case, she has already cut off the thoughts of composing a love song together with this handsome man (writing a new love story), should she be able to rake in any advantages with her words, that will also be good.

He Qing Lu is still keeping up with his usual lofty attitude, lightly harrumphing to show his contempt.

“What has gentleman called me over for?” She stands behind him, on her tiptoes as she looks towards the desk, and only sees many bottles and jars of all different colours scattered around the ice block.

“You finished your training on the art of seduction today?” He Qing Lu senses a

warm fragrance closing in, and moves his body to the side.

No matter how slow-witted she is, Pang Wan is also aware the gentleman before her, avoids her like avoiding snakes and scorpions, and could only bitterly withdraw her curious eyes: “The core lessons have already finished.”

He Qing Lu nods, then says: “Does Jin Bu Yao treat you well?”

Pang Wan is surprised he would actually be concerned about her, but still answers truthfully: “Nanny Jin teaches me without any reservation, her character is much like her appearance, extremely nice.”

He Qing Lu looks as though he had just thought of something, hooking his lips into a smile: “She is indeed one who speaks human language to humans, speaks ghost language to ghosts.” (Meaning she is able to adapt very quickly and speak to people accordingly to how they are like)

Upon seeing him comment on Jin Bu Yao like this, Pang Wan’s little face instantly crumples: “Gentleman! Don’t you be speaking wilfully just because she likes you!” No matter how beautiful, how devilishly enchanting Jin Bu Yao is, that heart is also made of flesh!

“She likes me?” He Qing Lu was slightly stunned, then turns to look at Pang Wan.

Seeing her aggrieved face, he smiles indifferently: “The one she likes is another person.”

Pang Wan’s eyes instantly widens, a line of questioning just about to be blurted out.

“Such trifling matters can be discussed later.”

Who knew He Qing Lu would not even give her the chance to delve into some gossip, taking it upon himself to readily interrupt her.

“Since Jin Bu Yao was summoned by me, her treating you well, is it not the same as me treating you well?” He raises his brows at her.

Pang Wan speculates this highly dignified gentleman is presumably reminding her to be grateful, thus obediently nods.

Sure enough, He Qing Lu’s following words were — “Then how could you

return a graceful deed with ingratitude?”

In face of such accusation that came flying out of thin air, Pang Wan was completely at loss, and could only rub her nose as she sheepishly says: “Could it be I done something wrong?”

He Qing Lu sounds a cold laugh, conveniently picking up the red needle inside the ice box.

“You once told me, you do not know why the Blazing Needles does not melt in your hands. But I have clearly found, some sort of special drug has been added to this red needle, only applied at the top, leaving only a line of trace.” He looks at her, dark heavy blackness spreading within his eyes, “In other words, before using this hidden weapon, you would wipe some sort of drug on your hand in advance, is that not right?”

Pang Wan is greatly shocked, she would never have thought, the man before her who appears overbearing and unruly, actually understands how to extract fingerprints from one needle!

“The secret behind preventing the red needle from melting, lies within this particular drug, and this type of drug dissolves when it comes in contact with blood, thus lacking evidence for cause of death.” He Qing Lu straightens out his face, extending his slender and long right hand to her — “Give me the bag you keep the needles in.”

Pang Wan unconsciously takes a step back.

— he’s right, she indeed did not tell him the truth.

Every time, before she uses the needles, she would first touch a specific corner of the needle bag. First apply some drugs, then use the needles, this is the secret Sect Leader Uncle had passed onto her.

Seeing her back slightly bow in a defensive posture, He Qing Lu’s eyes looks like dots of lacquer paint, and also smiles.

“You may be stupid, but should also be aware that, defying me will definitely not lead to a good outcome.” He lightly advises.

Pang Wan shakes her head.

“I did not deceive you.” She stands up straight, her chin tense, both cheeks like rosy clouds reflected across a clear pond, “Although before using the needles, applying the drug is required, I do not know what that drug is made from, or why its effect on the needle would prevent it from melting — I only use it in accordance to my master’s instructions.”

He Qing Lu squints his long and narrow eyes, intently looking at her, seeming to assess the truth in her words.

“You are unwilling to tell me of the needle bag’s secret, because you wish to remain in my estate?” He seems to have come to this realisation, those thin and long eyebrows knitting together, “You are afraid that once I know the secret lies with the needle bag, I will no longer be interested in you as an individual, thus directly shooing you out the estate?”

Pang Wan is stunned, and ultimately does not answer him, she only tightly bites down on her lower lip, practically about to draw out blood.

“You want a face of peerless stunning beauty that much?” He Qing Lu looks at her in surprise, “To be admired by all in the world, is that important to you?”

Pang Wan’s lashes droops down, the tassel by her temple sways all alone.

“.....rest assure, since I have promised to give you a face in exchange for the hidden weapon’s secret, I will not go back on my words.” He Qing Lu appears a little exhausted as he rubs the between of his brows, no longer looking directly at Pang Wan, “Those of the He Clan always remain true to their words, as long as your five thousand taels of silver is not on account, I promise you, this business deal is guaranteed with the honour of my family name put at stake.”

Pang Wan quickly raises her head, eyes brightly looking at him.

——to a prideful noble gentleman, nothing is more important than the honour of their family name, that’s why, she chooses to believe him.

“In fact, every time I use the needles, I would touch here beforehand.”

She takes off the needle bag and place it on the desk, pointing towards the area by the opening of worn down white.

He Qing Lu opens his eyes upon hearing this, that handsome face restoring its

energetic look again: “You sure it is only this one spot?”

Pang Wan nods, then quickly reaches to cover the needle bag: “Promise me, you must never ruin this bag, cannot slash, cannot cut, nor can you burn it!” She anxiously looks at him, a look of pleading, “Should it be ruined, my master will kill me!” Although not necessarily kill, she will be dragged off for a round of beating, and definitely would not lack the punishment of bathing in poisoned water.

He Qing Lu seeing her utterly nervous appearance, deliberately straightens his face: “This I cannot say for sure.”

“Then that can’t do!” She immediately retrieves the needle bag, tightly holding it in her embrace as though it’s her life, “Determined to not let you investigate!”

He Qing Lu seeing how stubborn she is, lets out a sigh, very unwillingly saying: “Should you really be that worried, every time I study the needle bag, I’ll allow you to watch on from the side, how’s that?” He really does not want to use the word ‘monitor’.

Pang Wan tilts her head in thinking, and finds this condition really reliable, thus grinningly agrees.

—

In the afternoon of early summer, the air filled is with warmth, and within the study room by the lotus pond, the heads of a man and a woman is oddly huddled together.

“Cannot scratch! You’re already breaking the rules!” This is the young girl’s voice filled with anxiety.

“I only lightly picked at it.....” This is the man’s voice showing disagreement.

“Who picks at things like that?! You picked out a very big piece of coating, you liar!” The young girl was practically on the verge of weeping.

“The size of a needle point is also considered a very big piece?! Do you have no concept of measurements at all.....?” The man’s angry shame turns into rage.

On the soil slope by the shore, someone comfortably brushes aside the lotus leaf covering their face, revealing a beautifully fair face of glowing radiance.

Jin Bu Yao listens to the sound of quarrelling from a distance, by her cheeks,

there hangs a trace of an undetectably faint smile.

“This lullaby sure is good.” She vaguely mutters, not caring about the greenish mud under her body, as she falls into sweet sleep just like that.

[1] The lines here comes from **A New Account of the Tales of the World / 世说新语** and are typically used to describe handsome males in the ancient times.

Hello, hope you are all well with exam and deadlines season here. Ugh! So busy busy busy~~! I apologise for not being able to reply to your comments, but I did of course read through them. It was really nice to see that you all seem to have favorable impressions of Jin Bu Yao hehe. Also, so has everyone warmed up to our Gentleman He now haha, I love their funny little interactions

Full

(translated by *anniaxx*)

(edited by *xia0xiao1mei*)



CHAPTER TWENTY FIVE

Real Or Fake

Today is the time for “the story behind the Blazing Needles” again. Pang Wan sings her little songs and walks to the study room with lively steps.

She did not think that someone would be standing in front of the study room’s door, blocking her path.

“Lady, please stop here.” Jin Di Luo places both hands behind his back, standing there like an iron wall.

“Why?” Pang Wan looks at him alertly — this person not only have high martial arts skill, but also seems deeply scheming, she has already stuck the “should not be overlooked” label on him in her heart.

“Our young master is meeting a guest, may I ask lady to please come on another day.” Jin Di Luo smiles politely and distantly.

Pang Wan slightly pauses, then also tilts her head and responds with a sweet smile, “I’ll head back first then.”

After leaving the study room, she did not walk the road that takes her back to her room; but with no one noticing, she quietly flipped into the lotus pond.

To get close to the study room without even the gods and ghosts noticing, is also possible to achieve through the underwater way.

When she was twelve, Nan Yi once kicked her into the river, almost drowning her to death. Ever since then, she has always been mastering her swimming skills. Now, she can at least be considered a “white fish in the waves” [1].

After burying the Blazing Needles and quietly swimming across to the other side, she sneakily climbs near the window and holds her breath as she lurks there.

——He Qing Lu is a fan of mechanics. He would not stop researching about it unless something urgent and important happens. Plus the guard at the door

this time is Jin Di Luo, the most trusted one and also the most mysterious one in the house.

She is more or less curious.

“...may gentleman make another face.”

An old and hoarse voice comes from inside, sounds like an old-aged man.

“Humph, you say I should make it, so I will make it? My best masterpiece has already been destroyed by you, what makes you think you have the right to ask me to make another one?”

This slightly cold answer, is He Qing Lu.

“Destroying that face was really not by our means, but we had no other choice at all; therefore, my master specially offers one hundred thousand pieces of silver to express our apology to gentleman.”

The old man speaks apologetically.

Pang Wan unconsciously covers her mouth — — one hundred thousand pieces! Oh my grandmother!

“One hundred thousand pieces?” He Qing Lu’s voice sounds like he is smiling, yet also especially cold, “Your master sure thinks highly of me.”

“We don’t dare, we don’t dare!”^[2] The one hundred thousand pieces of white silver are only to show our apology. Should gentleman be willing to make another face, my master shall pay one hundred thousand pieces of gold.” The old man’s voice is really humble.

Pang Wan’s pupils are about to fall out of her eyes.

“You assume that making a face is an easy task?” He Qing Lu’s voice clearly shows anger, “Not to mention a face like that one!”

“No need to say more, I have already decided, I will not make one again.” He shows his will for the old man to leave.

It was silent for a moment inside the room. Then she hears that old man weirdly laughs, convincing him, “Gentleman has a body full of proud bones, my master understands that. These one hundred thousand pieces of white

silver shall be left here as our apology, please reconsider this for another few days, Hu An shall not interrupt gentleman any longer.”

Then it is the sound of doors closing.

Pang Wan is a little bit surprised, because she did not hear any footsteps, so that old man must be a master of light body skill.

The room returns back to its previous quietness.

No need for further eavesdropping, Pang Wan carefully turns to leave, not noticing a silver string that is thin to the point of being invisible below her feet.

“Ding-Ling-Ling!” Right at the moment she steps onto the silver string, a crisp bell sounds.

——how could she forget that He Qing Lu is a vicious mechanic master?!

There is already no time to get mad, the sounds of wind come from behind, hidden weapons piercing through the air as they come shooting towards her, Pang Wan instinctively rolls on the floor to avoid them, but did not expect to have set off ever more silver strings. In the midst of “Ding-Ding” sounds criss-crossing, countless plum-blossom-needles^[3] emerge from all directions; at the same time, there is a loud “zeng” sound, a dark feather arrow heads straightly toward her face. In this rapid moment with her life at risk, Pang Wan flings out the snake-like golden whip with her left hand; with one wrap and one pull, it drags onto the arrow and throws it into the lake. In the same second, her right hand pulls off her outer garment; with one wave and one spin, all the plum-blossom-needles have been gathered within.

All these moves were just within seconds.

“Pia-pia.” Two crisp hand-claps sound behind her.

Pang Wan has still not calmed her breathing yet. She turns with her chest rising and falling, and sees He Qing Lu leaning on the windowsill, looking at her. His amber-coloured eyes show complete calmness.

“My mechanics are truly excellent.” Looking at Pang Wan full of mud, he lifts the corner of his mouth to a very beautiful curve.

Pang Wan originally thought those applause are for her performance of good martial art skills, but did not think that he simply has his eyes on the mechanics only; she could not resist feeling unhappy.

“Why did you come here?” Gazing at her awkward and embarrassing appearance, He Qing Lu is in an extremely good mood.

“If I say I came here to fish, would you believe me?” Getting caught in the middle of eavesdropping, Pang Wan is very disheartened.

“Believe, how could I not believe you?” He Qing Lu laughs, “Even if you say you came here sleepwalking, I would believe you too.”

——this fellow is clearly showing how he looks down on her! Pang Wan stares at him angrily and embarrassingly.

“Come in.” Unexpectedly, He Qing Lu does not immediately argue with her, turning to walk toward the center of the room.

Pang Wan is anxious, not daring to make a move.

“Could it be that you actually desire to go back wet and muddy?” His voice flows from afar again, containing no emotions.

After he ordered maids to bring water and prepare clothes, Pang Wan is confined within a small space, unable to move.

“So stinky and dirty.” He Qing Lu gives her a disgusted glance, “You are only allowed to stay in that space, do not contaminate any other things. After you leave, there will be people who will clean and burn incense in this room.”

Pang Wan is not yet completely calmed from the previous danger, now also being disliked and scolded by He Qing Lu, she could not resist feeling terribly wronged.

It is now early summer; she only wore a thin pink dress with a rice-white silk gown on the outside. When getting out of the water, she treasured her inner energy so did not use it to dry her clothes, then her silk garment was also pulled off to gather hidden weapons; now, her body is only covered by a completely wet dress. Half of her lotus-root arm is exposed. She feels cold to the bone whenever wind blows, but He Qing Lu also orders her to stand near

the window and not to move, saying it is easier to weaken her smell that way.

“Achoo! Achoo! Achoo!” Pang Wan sneezes three times continuously.

He Qing Lu does not even look at her; he slowly gets out a mask from the drawer and wears it on, then continues to work on mechanics.

Pang Wan emotionally collapses——this person completely does not know how to care for girls!!

“Gentleman He, may the window be closed?” She anxiously asks.

“No.” He Qing Lu does not even lift his head, “I need enough light to see these things clearly.”

Pang Wan does not say more, but curses this guy a hundred thousand times in her heart——had she not pleaded him to make a face for her, she would definitely not treat him this carefully! According to her usual personality in the unorthodox sect, she would have already bestowed him several slaps!

Thinking of the unorthodox sect, she thinks of the Rong Gu Gu who spoils, cares and loves her; she thinks of the career as the Sheng Gu when she could order people around with one gesture, capable of summoning the wind and commanding the rain (?), she could not help to have her eyes turning red, a drop of luminous pearl appears on her eyelashes.

This sorrow could not be stopped once emerged; she starts to bite her lips and quietly sobs, some of the sounds pour into He Qing Lu’s ears.

The gentleman’s eyebrows deeply furrows——it was clearly this little lady who did wrong first, he has not even spoken up to scold her yet, what right does she have to put on such an awfully wronged look? Seeing this just proves what teacher said is correct, woman is the most problematic and most unreasonable creature on earth.

Turning back his head, he sees the maiden hugging her shoulders and shaking consistently, her lips showing a tint of green, her face is overall red, the usual smooth-cream skin also has a layer of goosebumps, appearing extremely pitiful as if someone is bullying her.

He Qing Lu suddenly feels a headache; he takes off his mask, stands up and

grabs one of his cloaks to hand to her.

Pang Wan becomes happy. Just when she is about to lift her head to say “thank you”, she sees He Qing Lu showing a constipated look^[4], seeming like he has been greatly humiliated; he says, “This cloak is given to you, burn it after using it no matter what, do not do any stupid things such as washing, ironing and returning it! Also do not put it under your pillow no matter what!”

Pang Wan’s entire body huddles and shakes.

After a long while, she takes the cloak and put it on herself, lightly says, “Okay.”

Another moment passes, the maid has still not returned, Pang Wan cannot endure the emptiness and weirdness in this room, she speaks to break the silence.

“Gentleman really likes to make faces for other people?” She covers herself in the enormous cloak, just exposing a little dirty face, curiously observes He Qing Lu’s every action.

“Not to the extent of liking it, but making faces is really interesting.” He Qing Lu is holding a soft brush gently brushing a thin, milk-white, bone-like object, with an intensively concentrated look.

“How is it interesting?” Pang Wan does not understand; contrarily, she thinks making faces is scary.

“Making fake things to become more and more real, don’t you think it is interesting?”

He Qing Lu squints his eyes and blows a breath toward his hands; the previously milk-white object suddenly becomes crystal-clear.

Pang Wan is dumbfounded of observing this; after a while, she finally speaks, “Gentleman is like the immortals that can do magic.” This statement is purely fluttering.

“You are also like the toad in the lotus pond.” He Qing Lu lifts the tip of his brows, ““Sounding gua-gua-gua’, so noisy.”

Pang Wan chokes; even “liver and gall cracking” and “heart and lungs

rending” cannot describe the wound inside of her now.

“Gentleman’s skill of making faces is this outstanding, then is there a way to tell which faces are fake, which ones are real?” Pang Wan constantly tells herself to resist her desire to be bloodthirsty; she uses her whole strength to calm her breath.

“Of course I can tell.” He Qing Lu answers without any hesitation, “Just that, for you common people, it is harder.”

Pang Wan is once again knocked by “you common people” to the extent of seeing stars.

“Isn’t it just observing if it has hair or not?” She sneers, attempting to win back her dignity, “I remember you said before, faces that are made do not have hair.”

Did not think He Qing Lu would shake his head, “A flawless face even requires me to stick on the hair one by one. Even though it needs extraordinarily long time, I have actually made this kind of face before.”

Pang Wan recalls him saying that a perfect face needs three to five years to complete, hence she believes him.

“So there really is no way to tell between real faces and fake faces?” She is so curious; could it be that He Qing Lu’s skill has already been mastered to an unbelievable extent?

“There is a simplest way.” He Qing Lu smiles, “feel the temperature.”

“Even if the fake face is so thin and so translucent, it is still made by special materials, incapable of conducting heat. As long as you carefully try, you will find that all fake faces are cold.” He smoothly tells, then regretfully sighs, “I have been trying to find a heat-conducting material for these ten years; yet unfortunately, I have no results.”

Pang Wan listens to him with amazement, gazing at He Qing Lu’s white jade-like profile, an idea vaguely emerges in her heart.

——he is so good-looking; could his face also be one of those fake ones?

Thinking about this, her hand unconsciously reaches forward.

“If you dare to touch my face with your dirty hand, today you will need to leave your two arms here!”

A voice that freezes people down to the bones sounds, He Qing Lu gazes at Pang Wan; a trace of sharp danger flashing in his eyes.

Pang Wan’s hand immediately freezes in the air.

Until now, she has already suffered too much dislike and scorn from this noble gentleman, adding up to be even more than the amount of her past five years, Pang Wan finally laughs out of extreme anger.

“Gentleman He!” She employs the “speak as an oriole sings” trick in the art of seduction, and lovingly calls out his name.

“What do you want?” He Qing Lu frowns and looks at her; his lips tightly pressed together.

“Just want to remind you, that bucket of paint just fell on the floor.” Pang Wan purses her red lips, acting soft and pampered.

He Qing Lu instinctively looks down at the floor; in this brief moment fast as lighting and fire stones, Pang Wan suddenly jumps up and leaps in front of him. Her hands presses down both of his arms whilst she lifts her spotted-cat face (dirty face) and quickly rubs it against his cheek.

He Qing Lu is shocked, lifts up and head and attempts to capture her, yet the beautiful maiden in his arms has already jumped out with a single step, and now gracefully stands by the door.

“You only said that I can’t use my hands to touch you; you didn’t say I can’t use my face!” Pang Wan stares at him, laughing playfully and brightly, “My arms definitely can’t be given to you.”

He Qing Lu’s sight fixes on her like an eagle; his back shaking, his entire body seeming to burst with an air of hostility.

Pang Wan sees the situation is bad, she sticks out her tongue and quickly runs away.

“Your face is real! I know now!” She yells as she runs, seeming like she is apologizing.

He Qing Lu's face is like the dark clouds right before a violent storm.

After a long time, he calms his breath, turns his head to look at the silver mirror on the desk.

A trace of grayish-black pond mud has been added to his face.

"Stain." He lightly says; his fingertips slightly moves, then that silver mirror cracks into pieces by the pond, finally becomes broken fragments; silver scraps scatter in the air.

[1] "white fish in the waves"/浪里白条/Làng lǐ bái tiáo: this was originally a nickname of Zhang Shun, a famous navy leader in *Water Margin* or 《水浒传》, one of the Four Great Classic Novels in Chinese literature. Now, it is used to describe someone who is extremely skilled at swimming.

[2] "We don't dare, we don't dare!"/不敢不敢/bù gǎn bù gǎn: In this case, Hu An actually means "Yes, He Qing Lu, my master thinks high of you." This is another interesting and somewhat weird Chinese saying or logic again. Back then, Chinese liked to use negatives as confirmations, such as: when people compliment on your dress, you would say "No, no", which actually means, "thank you, I know my dress is pretty." It is because Chinese people think being humble is extremely important.

[3] plum-blossom-needles/梅花针/Méi huā zhēn: a classic hidden weapon. Countless thin needles shot at the same time to pierce the target.

[4] constipated look/便秘表情/Biàn mì biǎo qíng: this is a modern funny phrase that describes the facial expression that shows serious struggles.

Translator's Note: Hey! This is Annie! I am back! In the past month, I really missed you all~I missed Xiaoxiao1mei; I missed translating so much. I'm so happy that I am back to Jiang Hu road is curved now.

So, back to this chapter. 1. I literally yelled out laughing: *He Qing Lu! Boy, why don't you understand a thing about love?! You need to learn how to treat a girl! Pang Wan is not gonna stay with you if you keep behaving like this.* 2. I think some foreshadowing is going on over here, in the first half of this chapter. 3. For those of you Nan Yi fans!! Guess what? Nan Yi is finally gonna

come back next week~~



CHAPTER TWENTY-SIX

Reunion

On a particular dark and stormy night, above the Supreme Chief of Wu Lin's grand estate, an uninvited guest comes flying in.

Our Bai Yue Sheng Gu, young lady Pang Wan, strong and unyielding in face of materialistic means^[1], has decided that in order to pay Gentleman He five thousand taels of silver, she shall take the risk of sneaking back into Gu Xi Ju's estate.

She needs to take back her own bag, inside are a number of medicines, and also approximately a thousand taels worth of paper money.

As to whether she should go find Lord Supreme Chief to get her pay for last month back, erm, she still hasn't decided yet.

Without a sound, she slips into the room and rummages here and there, only to find that practically everything had been left completely untouched, with the exception of the bag that contained her money and clothing that is not in its original spot, disappeared without a trace.

"Confiscating an employee's assets is a crime!" Both Pang Wan's hands tightly

clenches into fists, hatefully gritting her teeth.

This world clearly does not have trade unions, and so she decided to fight for her own rights and interests, one flick of her hair, one raising of the chin, her thigh raises and valiantly she heads out.

Before she had reached Gu Xi Ju's courtyard, from afar, she catches glimpse of many fire torches, mixed in were unclear cries.

Could it be an arson? Pang Wan advances with broadened steps and leaps onto the roof, wanting to get a clearer look.

This one look leaves her stunned.

The servants are carrying what seems to be a number of corpses as they head into the courtyard, all looking solemn, and leading at the front, is the shockingly raggedly clothed, a whole body covered in blood, Bai Xiao Sheng! He staggers along with the support of two people on both sides, the originally handsome scholarly face looking as white as paper, eyes emptily lacking focus, as though his soul and spirit had all been sucked away, a few more steps and he will immediately collapse.

This strange group of people enters Gu Xi Ju's courtyard, Pang Wan frowns, and silently follows after.

".....didn't think the opposition would be so formidable, consecutively leaving over ten of our highly skilled experts wounded! If not for Adviser being so quick-witted, I'm afraid we would have been completely annihilated....."

".....that martial arts skill really is vicious! Absorbing the opponents' inner energy within a moment, leaving not a single breath behind! Never before seen, never before heard of....."

Inside the dimly lit room, the sound of extremely angry condemnation occasionally comes and goes.

Pang Wan turns her ear to the sound and listens in, roughly distinguishing the presence of Wudang's Zhang Xiu Zhu, Song Shan's Ding Huai Li, Heng Shan's Xu Rong and so on.

Hearing these people discuss the absorbing of inner energy, Pang Wan thinks

to herself, could it be the Star Sucking Great Skill has resurfaced in the Jiang Hu? But she only hears Bai Xiao Sheng raising his weak yet resolute voice: “That Bai Yue Sect is exceedingly malicious, to actually foster such a monstrous being that is the Blood Tyrant! Not only sucking people’s inner energy, but also drains dry the opponent’s flesh and blood! Supreme Chief, we must absolutely not allow for that monster to enter the society, if not, Jiang Hu would definitely be met with great chaos!”

(Star Sucking Great Skill or Xī xīng dà fǎ / 吸星大法 – a skill that was introduced in Swordsman/笑傲江湖 which originated from the Sun-Moon Holy Sect/日月神教 – trust me, all these names sounds a whole lot cooler in Chinese, these are just popularised translations of the names around the web)

The very moment the three words of ‘Bai Yue Sect’ sounded, Pang Wan freezes.

——Blood Tyrant? Since when did Bai Yue Sect have someone with such title? Anyone can tell from hearing the name alone, he’s a super arch-villain, vulgar.

“Supreme Chief! Bai Xiao Sheng is incompetent, was not able to complete the task, may Supreme Chief set a punishment!”

Only hearing a sound of ‘guang-dang’, it seems like someone dropped to their knees, immediately following was a much louder ‘pu-tong’ sound, and the room instantly sounded successive gasping: “Advisor! Advisor”

Quietly opening a small crack in the room door, Pang Wan’s almond eyes glance over, only seeing Bai Xiao Sheng lying flat on the ground, face turning blue, from the corner of his lip, a stream of black blood flows out.

A purple figure bends down, checking his breathing from under the nose: “He’s been poisoned.”

The man in purple slowly turns his head, Pang Wan’s heart is struck —— not seen him for a few days, Gu Xi Ju remains extraordinarily graceful, just that his face has gained the additional touch of exhaustion that was never there before.

“Poisoned?! That Blood Tyrant is also capable of utilising poison? Simply abominable to the extreme.....”

“Bai Yue scoundrels! Old man, I, shall shed their skin, tear out their tendons,

drink their blood.....”

All of a sudden, the room turns into a chaotic clamouring.

“Enough!” Only hearing a thunderous shout comes from Gu Xi Ju’s lips, his eyes solemnly circles the room, instantly rendering everyone breathless, not daring to sound the slightest noise.

“Xu Rong!” He instructs the person on his left, “You quickly send for someone to invite Tang Men’s Lady Fei Feng over!”

“Ding Huai Li!” He instructs the person his right, “Take my command token, go to the Medicine King Valley and ask of the Divine Physician to leave the mountain!”

“Lu Kui!” He calls out an unfamiliar name, the one who responded is surprisingly Maid A, her eyes red, “Send Military Advisor back to his room, first use snow ginseng to suppress the poison affect, remember to add a hint of sweet gum resin in the medicine!”

Finally, he turns to the crowd, eyes like blinding stars.

“Any others who have seen the Blood Tyrant, tell me all your recollections of the moves he used and his appearance, one by one!”

With instructions made clear, the originally panicking people seems to have found their backbone, everyone starting to get moving respectively.

Pang Wan looks inside the room, at the one who remains unruffled amongst the chaos and calmly gives out orders, her heart giving rise to hazy complications.

——so this is the Supreme Chief of Wu Lin’s true appearance?

Having to face such unexpected difficulties, having to command like the outstanding heroes in the battlefields, and also having to quickly make the most reasonable and correct judgement, all this really isn’t an easy feat.

She recalls the mission Sect Leader Uncle had placed in her hands —— seize the Jade Dragon Token, overthrow Gu Xi Ju, and take his place.

Ey, looks like stealing the token alone is enough, being the Supreme Chief of Wu Lin, such job that harms both the body and mind, is best left for that

workaholic Gu Xi Ju!

Time trickles away, heavy dew deep into the night, inside the mountain estate, peace is gradually restored.

Seeing no one around, Pang Wan stealthily springs towards Bai Xiao Sheng's room.

——this guys has always been clever and cunning, how could he suddenly have been injured so badly? In the end, her heart just couldn't withstand it.

Arriving at the rooftop, she quietly removes a tile, falling back into her past offense and starts peeking.

But sees that inside the room, other than the wooden-puppet-like Bai Xiao Sheng who is suffering from loss of blood, there is also another person, he is currently sat behind Bai Xiao Sheng, channelling his inner energy to force out the poison and tend to his injury.

"Come on down." That person clearly did not raise his head, but throws out those words at her.

Pang Wan freezes, biting onto her bottom lip.

"You really sure you don't want to take a look at him?" That person has his eyes closed, but from his lips, he murmurs the words, "Wan Wan?"

Pang Wan had no other choice, in the end, her body flutteringly descends —— speaking in terms of martial arts, should she be Su Wu Kong (the monkey king), then that person is the Great Buddha, her every act and every move, he knows just like it's the back of his hand, she just has no way nor chance of escaping.

Up until the other person completed a set of inner cultivation, sitting in meditation as he channels the energy through his body and calms the mind, did Pang Wan hesitantly makes her way over.

——exercising the inner energy for healing purposes is every master's most vulnerable moment, at the same time, it also the moment in which they are most likely to be consumed by their own power^[2], plus she needs to try hard not to arouse suspicion.

Watching her faltering steps, Gu Xi Ju gradually smiles, his posture like green

mountains formed from the sprinkling of splashed ink (Chinese ink painting technique).

“Where have you ran off to play these days?” He stands against the wind, eyes showing not the slightest hint of scolding, only looking deep and bottomless at one glance.

“.....casually wandering around.” Pang Wan scratches her hair, a little dejected — it’s not like this, it shouldn’t be like this, they all say enemies meet with exceptionally reddened eyes (in anger), she thought that Gu Xi Ju would at least kick up a huge fuss, spitting out his rage and ferociously glare, but did not ever think, he would still be calm and gentle towards her like he always had been.

Gu Xi Ju nods, seeming to have no intention to pursue the matter.

“During the time you weren’t here, a lot has happened.” He slightly lowers both eyes, softly sounding a sigh.

Pang Wan opens her mouth wanting to ask, but once the words reached her lips, they were swallowed back — “It has nothing to do with me.” She answers in a haughtily stiff manner.

Gu Xi Ju raises his head to cast her a glance, smiling without a word.

“You’re right, it indeed has nothing to do with you.” He once again sighs, and just quietly sits there, saying no more.

Outside the window, the sky appears to be brightening up soon, in the distance, the shrill sound of crowing can be heard from afar.

“Should you not mind, I can take a look at his injury.”

Pang Wan looks at the man lying on the bed, his face like ashes, revealing two sharp white teeth.

Gu Xi Ju steadily looks at her, a hint of extremely hot glow brushing past his eyes, disappearing within an instance.

“You’re versed in medicine?” He speaks, voice sounding dull.

Pang Wan shakes her head: “I’m only a little knowledgeable in poison.”

——since Bai Xiao Sheng has been affected by Bai Yue Sect’s poison, then she

should be able to tell exactly what poison it is, as to whether she can relieve the poison, they will have to see if this mountain estate is well stocked up on medicinal herbs or not.

Gu Xi Ju thinks for a moment, and finally gets up to give her the seat beside the bed: “Then I shall hand it over to you.”

After checking out Bai Xiao Sheng’s injury, Pang Wan’s face turns heavily solemn.

This kind of peculiar poison, seems to be the “black orchid” she learnt of from her “poison your entire family to death” lessons, this poison is specifically applied to bloody wounds, and would cause the victim’s complexion to turn blue then black, in the end, the entire body will fester and die. But right now, Bai Xiao Sheng is not only turning blue in the face, the top of his nose bridge is turning green, and from the corner of his lips there is also an endless stream of black blood flowing out, these symptoms are much more severe than what she has learnt of.

“Is there a cure?” Gu Xi Ju anxiously asks from the side.

“.....I cannot be certain.” Pang Wan speaks the truth as it is, “His body may very well contain several different poison, curing him will be an extremely complex process.”

Gu Xi Ju takes a deep deep breath.

“But I have a Powerful Overlord Pill here, it can delay the effect of the poison.” Pang Wan takes out a little pill from her waist and places it in Gu Xi Ju’s hand, lowering both her eyes, “As to whether you wish to feed it him or not, it’s up to you to decide.”

Gu Xi Ju takes the pill, eyes dark and unfathomable as he glances at Pang Wan.

After a moment of silence, he places the pill in Bai Xiao Sheng’s mouth.

Bai Xiao Sheng falls into deep sleep after consuming the Powerful Overlord Pill, his breathing clear and steady.

“Your thinking is much more complicated than before.” Gu Xi Ju quietly watches the person on the bed, and suddenly speaks up.

Pang Wan rubs her nose, and sheepishly laughs.

“Still blaming me?” He adds the question, voice deep, as though speaking to himself.

“Wouldn’t dare to.” Pang Wan smiles — she is speaking the truth, why should she blame him? He is the Supreme Chief who has to take into account the Supreme Chief position, she can never ever possibly change this, and can only hide far away, maintaining her own moral integrity alone is fine as it is.

Gu Xi Ju slightly furrows his brows, practically undetectable.

“A nation has its laws, a household has its rules, that day I was only acting accordingly to the rules.” He adds, revealing slight exhaustion.

“I didn’t say anything ah.” Pang Wan looks at him in slight surprise, “Why would Lord Supreme Chief explain this?”

This clear distancing and strong sense of being on-guard, finally has the corners of Gu Xi Ju’s lips to lightly curl downwards.

He opens his mouth, seemingly wanting to say something, but does not say anything in the end.

Pang Wan seeing that Bai Xiao Sheng isn’t showing any adverse reaction, bows towards Gu Xi Ju with clasped hands, about to take her leave just like that.

“Where you going?” Gu Xi Ju asks from behind.

“Wherever I go is home.” Pang Wan turns her head to the side and pulls a silly face at him — of course this isn’t the case, this is only words of evasion.

“.....stay here for now, help me look after Military Advisor.” Gu Xi Ju closes both eyes, a layer of weariness covering his cheeks, “I need someone knowledgeable in poison to stay here.”

Pang Wan directly shakes her head: “I really cannot cure his poison, inviting Tang Men’s Lady Fei Feng is the right way to go.” Who knows? This poison might not even be able to cured by the head of Tang Men! If so, they can only trouble the one from Medicine King Valley to leave the mountain.

Gu Xi Ju’s lips once again curves downwards.

“You leaving like this, do not even want your own belongings?” He opens his eyes, looking at her with extreme tenderness.

——belongings!

Only then did Pang Wan recall her real purpose for sneaking into the mountain estate deep within the night, and quickly extends one hand out to him: “Where have you hidden my belongings?” She still has one thousand taels worth of paper money there!

Gu Xi Ju is not in a hurry to speak, and could only stare straight at her, eyes clear like water.

“Quickly give me it ah! I’m in desperate need for money!” Pang Wan felt a chill run up her spine from his stare, her voice unconsciously rising a few points.

“You’re short of money?” Gu Xi Ju speaks up in asking, tone sounding rather concerned, “Why are you suddenly short of money?”

“This has nothing to do with you!” Pang Wan does not wish to waste her breath on him, directly extending her hand before his chest, “Are you going to give it or not?!” Her eyes narrows, expression looking exceptionally aggressive.

Gu Xi Ju upon seeing her bear her fangs and claws, sighs, and smiles.

“Wan Wan, since you are unwilling to be my maid, then I will offer money to have you look after Bai Xiao Sheng, how is that?” He looks at her, those bottomless eyes flashing a gentle light, “I will give you lots and lots of money, is ten thousand taels enough? Or do you want twenty thousand taels?”

That figure that dissolved amongst the mountain mist, just like the vast sky that holds infinite attraction, hazily floats up.

Pang Wan feels all the hair on her body start to stand, “Are you plotting something ah?” She glares.

——twenty thousand taels of silver, this is an amount two hundred ordinary households can only save up by not eating and drinking for ten years! How did it suddenly become a piece of meat bun hanging down from the heavens?

“.....I want to save Bai Xiao Sheng’s life.”

The distant sun slowly rises, glowing red reflected across the mountain valley,

its heat warming the clouds, only Gu Xi Ju's face alone is practically a transparent ice cold white.

"I want him to live." He looks at her, tender and firm, "Nothing more."

Pang Wan feels a certain part of her heart suddenly soften.

—this person ah, said to be the youngest Supreme Chief of Wu Lin, his body bears many many heavy burdens, even though the most precious spot in his heart has already been given to Fairy Sang Chan, that does not mean, he would not hold back in the slightest when it comes to ignoring others. At the very least, at the very least he really does care for his companions, is that not right?

"Five thousand taels."

And so Pang Wan hears her own voice.

"You need only give five thousand taels, and I will agree to stay behind."

[1] To be **unyielding in face of materialistic means** is **bù wéi wǔ dòu mǐ zhé yāo / 不为五斗米折腰** which literally means **to not bow down for five buckets of rice**. In the Jin Dynasty, five buckets of rice makes up the magistrates' salaries, this is also later referred to as a meagre salary. The line itself is used to refer to a man of character, **someone who does not bow down to superiors just for a meagre pay**.

[2] The original text for **consumed by their own power** is **zǒu huǒ rù mó / 走火入魔** which could also translate to **being possessed by one's inner demon**, the term is often used in wuxia when characters overdoes themselves when cultivating their inner energy or when one wrong move is made when channeling their inner energy, be it when healing others or when cultivating their own martial arts. But when martial artist do enter such state they tend to lose control over their own mind and the inner energy running through their body.

So...who was asking for Gu Xi Ju??? Hahaha.

The plot is slowly unravelling the more serious things to come now, and of course there's Nan Yi coming back next chapter with some shocking news.

Again, I apologise for the lack of replies as well as this update being a little late, but after this week all should be good again! Also, welcome back to Annie! And

thank you for coming back in time to prevent this weeks update from being too late haha

Full

(translated by anniaxx)

(edited by xia0xiao1mei)



CHAPTER TWENTY-SEVEN

Seems Like An Old Friend has Arrived

Two days have passed within a blink of an eye; Xu Rong sent back a message on a dove: Tang Fei Feng is far in Shu Zhong; it will take her seven days and seven nights on fast horses to get to the capital.

Ding Huai Li rushed to the Medicine King Valley on the best horse, yet not even half a word has been sent back.

Pang Wan has used all the methods she knows to control the poison in Bai Xiao Sheng, but she sadly found none of them works — — Bai Xiao Sheng's poison is extremely complex, plus its power is stunningly strong. If he did not have the Powerful Overlord Pill and Gu Xi Ju's overwhelming inner energy to support him,

he probably would have dropped dead by now.

“Sorry.” Pang Wan sighs once again, she has already not closed her eyes for two nights; her dark circles can be compared to a panda’s.

Gu Xi Ju emotionlessly stares at the person on bed who has already entered the state of fake death; Gu Xi Ju’s eyes are filled with dismal gloominess. He also has not slept or rested for two days and two nights; some short bristles have grown out from his chin, even though he still appears handsome and charming, he seems to have aged countless years within one night.

Pang Wan really cannot bear to see Gu Xi Ju being like this— — In her heart, he has always been the excellent master who commands wind and clouds and looks at all things in Jiang Hu with a smile; how can he have this kind of helpless days?

“Supreme Chief, go have rest, I’ll figure something out!” She gently convinces, reaching out her hands to push his iron-firm body.

Gu Xi Ju turns to look at her, eyes like ice-cold stars, “Shall I give some more inner energy to him?”

“It won’t help no matter how much you supply him!” Pang Wan speaks depressingly, “Right now, we can only help him maintain one breath that can keep him alive, no matter how much inner energy you give to him, it will all be devoured by the poison, this is throwing meat buns to dogs— —once gone no returns!”

Upon hearing this, Gu Xi Ju frowns; seeing him struggling, Pang Wan unconsciously lifts her hand to smooth the place between his eyebrows, attempting to gently unfold that furrow.

As the touch of a soft and smooth hand caresses his face, Gu Xi Ju irresistibly turns stunned.

“Hurry up and sleep! Be careful, if you become old and ugly, Fairy Sang Chan will not want you anymore!”

Pang Wan only smoothed his brows twice, then dejectedly pulls back her hands and yawns, “I.....ahhhhhwuuuu...will figure something out”, tears flowing out of her red eyes.

Looking at her striving to persist while she is clearly exhausted, GU Xi Ju reveals a trace of unnoticeable gentleness in his eyes.

“Okay, have a rest.” He nods; big hand quietly moves behind her back and lightly presses a certain spot(an acupuncture point for sleep).

Pang Wan immediately falls into his arms without making a sound, just like a drunken porcelain doll.

“You really should take a nap.” He sighs with pity and tenderness, then holds her up and carefully walks out of the room.

Outside, Maid A and Maid B both saw this scene; one dropped her chin and the other lost her pupils(an expression of being overly shocked).

There was also a Maid C, who really could not believe her eyes. She even unconsciously ripped the handkerchief in her hands into noodle strips.

When Pang Wan woke up, it was already the noon of the next day. She slept extra well this time, not even had a single dream. It was not until she slowly stretched her arms did she suddenly remember the poisoned Bai Xiao Sheng. She runs out so hurriedly that she almost threw herself on the ground.

“Lady Wan Wan has awoken?” A round face maid encounters her at the door, appearing extremely happy.

Did not think her position would suddenly be promoted once she woke up, Pang Wan sticks out her tongue, “Is Adviser better now? Where is Supreme Chief right now?”

The round face maid is overflowing with joy, “Mr. Ding brought back the divine physician last night, Adviser’s sickness has already been controlled by him, Supreme Chief is very happy, right now, he is currently with the physician!”

Pang Wan suddenly feels like an enormous stone on her chest has fallen to the ground.

“I’m going to see the Adviser.” She vibrantly runs toward Bai Xiao Sheng’s room.

There are two more people in Bai Xiao Sheng’s room now: Ding Huai Li and a youth in cyan clothing. Ding Huai Li has met Pang Wan before; now seeing her

running in excitedly, he nods at her, “Lady Wan Wan.”

The youth in cyan is sitting at Bai Xiao Sheng’s bedside, treating him with acupuncture. His position just happens to have his back facing toward Pang Wan, upon hearing Ding Huai Li’s greeting to her, his shoulders shake for once, then no more moves are made.

“Is Adviser better now?” Pang Wan hopefully stares at Gu Xi Ju, desiring to get some good news from his mouth.

“The poison has already been stopped.” Gu Xi Ju gazes at her blossom-like dimples for a second, then lifts the corners of his lips, “Divine physician said it was your Powerful Overlord Pill that gave him three more days of life.”

Pang Wan smiles and rubs her hair, “No need to thank me for such trivial help.”

The shoulders of the youth in cyan shake slightly again, but his move was too small to be noticed by anyone.

“Does Mister know what kind of poison Adviser has been attacked with? Do you think you can remove the poison completely?” Pang Wan is curious of the appearance of this divine physician of the Medicine King Valley; she could not resist leaning forward to see how he looks.

“He has three kinds of poison in him, each is “ice soul”, “polygonum”, and “black orchid”; I already stopped the poison’s power, completely removing them will take three months.” The youth in cyan coldly answers, turning his head to look straightly at Pang Wan.

Seeing him suddenly turning, Pang Wan is a little startled. Looking at his delicate yet unfamiliar face, she unconsciously smiles shyly, “Mister sure has excellent skills.”

The youth in cyan does not reply. He turns back and continues to apply acupuncture for Bai Xiao Sheng.

Pang Wan gazes at his every move, dubiously winks her eyes. When her eyesight slips pass the ear of the youth, Pang Wan is shocked.

An hour quickly passed, the blueness on Bai Xiao Sheng’s face has gradually

faded. The youth finishes the acupuncture, stands up and takes his leave.

Gu Xi Ju politely thanks him in every verbal way possible, also ordering maids to lead this precious guest to the best guest room. The youth in cyan reacts with no sense of superiority or inferiority, also with no signs of flattering or indifference.

Pang Wan stands behind him, quietly pressing her lips together.

After settling the divine physician of Medicine King Valley, Gu Xi Ju and Ding Huai Li both show tiredness, each returning back to their respective room to rest.

Pang Wan sits and stares blankly in Bai Xiao Sheng's room for a long while; finally, she quietly sneaks out.

She goes toward the room of that precious guest.

The time is already the evening; blood-red sun hangs right by the mountainside; that youth in cyan stands in the courtyard, gazing into the far distance in a trance for some unknown reason; the luminous afterglow brews his shadow into a rich trace of ink.

Pang Wan comes close to him. As if she is afraid to startle him, she gently calls out.

“Brother Nan Yi?”

The youth in cyan turns back toward her after hearing this call.

Four eyes meet; his unreachable, proud, black eyes reveal a freezing chill.

“Brother Nan Yi, how come you are here?”

Pang Wan carefully walks two more steps toward him, then stops.

Due to a kind of emotion called “fear”, she unconsciously keeps a safe distance from Nan Yi — after being hunted by someone for five entire years, her body naturally produces a rejecting reaction.

“How come I can't be here?” Nan Yi glances at her, slowly lifting the corners of his lips.

“I, I mean, how come Brother Nan Yi has become a member of the Medicine King Valley?” Pang Wan is somewhat panicking, “You're also disguising your

face.”

Because she has been bullied by him ever since a young age, even though right now Nan Yi has a fake face on, under his overbearing presence, Pang Wan’s nervousness is almost a conditioned reflex without any hesitation.

“You gave Bai Xiao Sheng the antidote?” Nan Yi ignores her question; his eyes sharp, almost stabbing into her heart.

“This.....” Pang Wan’s eyebrows furrow, “the situation was so urgent at that time.....”

Nan Yi sneers, his voice exhibits a sarcastic tone, “I did not know father’s Jade-Dew Pure-Heart Pellet has changed its name to Powerful Overlord pill!”

Pang Wan is embarrassed and scared, cowardly shrinks her neck.

Bai Yue Sect is located at the southern frontier. It has always been skilled at collecting herbs for creating poison. To prevent sect members from the situation of getting unintentionally poisoned yet unable to return in time for treatment, sect leader has especially invented a medicine that can postpone all poison’s power. This medicine is Jade-Dew Pure-Heart Pellet. Jade-Dew Pure-Heart Pellet is extremely precious, always kept by the current sect leader, never exposing its ingredients to anyone else. Even if it was Pang Wan, this kind of highly-positioned princeling leaving the sect, sect leader only gave her three pellets.

“At that time, I did not dare to say its real name, I could only make one up on the spot.....” Pang Wan is disheartened; she only lied to not expose her identity, she did not expect Nan Yi would be this angry, showing how unsatisfied he is regarding the pseudonym of this medicine.

“This kind of precious medicine, how can you easily give it to other people!” Nan Yi frustrated interrupts her explanation, flames light up in his ink-black eyes.

Pang Wan pauses, thinking: so he is actually mad at me for not treasuring the medicine”, she sadly twitches her lips, “I know, I will never dare to do it again.”

Nan Yi glares at her, and does not say anything else.

Maybe it’s because Nan Yi’s face is suddenly so unfamiliar, so his attack power decreases in Pang Wan’s eyes. Pang Wan stares at the delicate, pale and

scholarly face in front of her, cannot resist the sudden desire in her heart to reach out her hand to touch it.

——He Qing Lu said, fake face is cold without any degree of warmth. She just wants to test it.

Pang Wan has forgotten the person in front of her is the devil that she had longed to escape from in her youth years. When she returned to a clear mind, her hand was already completely on his cheek.

“What do you want?” Nan Yi lifts up his eyes, coldly and emotionlessly focusing on her.

Pang Wan is frightened, immediately taking back her hand and stands up straight, the tips of her ears fully red.

“Nothing, nothing!” She shakes her head in panic, lowering her face even more, “I was just curious of your mask!”

——He Qing Lu did not lie to her. Nan Yi’s face right now is indeed cold like ice.

“I made it myself.” Nan Yi condescendingly gives her a glance, “two years ago, when I left the sect to build experiences, I asked a master of disguising to be my teacher.”

Pang Wan stares at his refined mask, could not resist to show a spell-bounded face, “It would be so great if I can learn the disguising skill.” Then she does not need to bother putting up with that Gentleman He anymore.

Nan Yi laughs and scornfully mocks her, “You want to learn? Can you learn it well? Look at yourself, what have you accomplished after leaving the sect for half a year? Do you know where the Jade Dragon Token is? After fifteen days, you will turn sixteen; have you even lost your virgin kill? You are just a disgrace to father!”

Pang Wan is left speechless by his sudden and unending scolding.

——Indeed, just as what Nan Yi said, after leaving the sect, she indulges in transforming herself into a White Lotus Flower, never noticing that time has flew by so fast. He, the young master of the unorthodox sect, left the sect for half and year and mastered the disguising skill, also slayed two sect leaders; what did she

learn in this half of a year? She can't go back and tell sect leader that she learned how to seduce male leads, right?

"I..." Guiltiness emerges inside of her; she has really been wasting Bai Yue Sect's money.

"Good for nothing!" Just as after he successfully framed her numerous time in the past, Nan Yi condescendingly summarizes with these three words again.

Pang Wan is not in the mood of arguing with him; she is rather dizzily pondering: What? So she will be sixteen after fifteen days? In Bai Yue Sect, not losing virgin kill signifies failing to reach the true adulthood, definitely unable to become the Sheng Gu as well, where should she go to find a head of an orthodox figure to hang on the gate?

The more she ponders, the gloomier her face becomes.

"Although having a sect sister like you is truly a disgrace, I still prepared an adulthood gift for you."

Looking at her face switching emotions back and forth, Nan Yi slightly lifts his brows.

"Oh, thanks a lot." Pang Wan superficially shows her gratitude.

Nan Yi would never give her anything good. The gifts from previous years are either hiding poison or containing hidden weapons. Her hope for it has long died.

"Won't you ask what it is?" Nan Yi is a little confused of not seeing her being surprised at all.

"What is it?" Pang Wan takes a deep breath, forcefully squeezing out a hopeful smile.

"Three days ago, I cut off Nun Miao Zhen's head and sent it back under your name." Nan Yi looks at her, showing a proud face, "Now all men in Jiang Hu knows that Bai Yue Sheng Gu has killed the leader of E Mei, whose head is now hanging on the gate to be viewed by the public. You say this is a good gift or not?"

Blood-red sunset glows on the youth's cheeks; don't know if it is an illusion or not that his eyes surprising has a sense of "*Compliment me*" in them.

Pang Wan's facial features suddenly all twist together.

After a while, she helplessly calms her face back to normal again.

"I...you...she..." She is kind of out of her mind for a second, unable to know what she really wants to express.

Nan Yi sees her not behaving joyful as he thought she would be, he furrows his eyebrows, his voice hardens, "Don't even think I would kill another leader for you! I have said, your achievements cannot exceed mine!"

Awoken by his sharp manner, Pang Wan quickly swallows a gulp and organizes her language, "...I really did not mean that."

"Then what did you mean?" Nan Yi viciously glares at her like a monster, "With your three-legs-cat skill, do you think you can kill Gu.....""

"Ai-Yaaaaa!!" Pang Wan leaps forward and quickly covers Nan Yi's mouth.

"Don't say this, don't say this!" Both of her hands tightly cover Nan Yi's face, her feet stomping and jumping, "Please, I beg you."

Nan Yi's expression freezes, no more words said, he only glares at her with eyes as bright as torches.

Pang Wan confirms that he does not have any intention of opening his mouth, then she releases her hands, deeply takes a big breath — this startling moment made her sweat all over.

"Brother Nan Yi, give me some more time, I will definitely bring the Jade Dragon Token back, okay?" She eagerly looks at Nan Yi, her pale face is full of begging expressions, "Didn't Sect Leader Uncle agree to give me two years' time?"

Nan Yi gives her a glance, speaks with a denouncing tone, "You? Even two hundred years would not enough."

Pang Wan is really unhappy of being looked down by him, so she angrily declares, "Bringing it back or not is my own business! If I cannot complete my task, I will obey whatever punishment sect leader will give me. "

Nan Yi sees her "going all in" look, coldly snorts, and does not say more.

Gazing at this cold-heart-cold-personality youth, Pang Wan thinks no matter what, he helped her a lot (even though the consequence might be really bad). Her heart softens and she becomes the first one to take a move, dragging Nan Yi's sleeve.

"Brother Nan Yi, is sister-in-law doing well? Is the life of newlyweds really sweet?" She grins, trying to flatter him.

Just as she finishes her sentence, the temperature around them suddenly drops, air freezes to cold ice, Nan Yi's body turns hard as lead in that one moment, his eyes also becomes ferocious with extensive redness.

"You have no sister-in-law."

He heavily breathes, and with difficulty, says these few words from his dry throat.

"What happened?" Pang Wan looks at him in shock, her heart filled with a bad feeling.

"The wedding.....did not manage to take place as planned."

Sweat drops of the size of beans drop down from his temples, the veins on Nan Yi's forehead starts to jump.

"Because.....Mei Wu died."

He murmurs as he closes his eyes, appearing so painful as if he is on the edge of falling into insanity.

Translator's Note: Nan Yi is back!

I believe his last line in this chapter would stir up lots of comment from you~

(Be honest, how many of you actually expected this? I kind of expected that their wedding would fail, but I did not think she would actually die in a horrible way.) p.s. when I was reading their conversation, I thought: aww, Nan Yi, look at you! Remembering her birthday, completing the virgin kill for her and wanting her to compliment you for it. You are actually even more immature than your little sister Pang Wan.



CHAPTER TWENTY-EIGHT

Should Mock My Own Over-Sentimentality

By the sounds of it, Mei Wu died extremely tragically.

She was killed in the morning when getting ready, her entire body of primary meridians cut off, as well as chopping off both her feet, blood practically all drained out.

Of the personal maids who were appointed to protect her, none were spared, every single one murdered, their bodies suffering numerous knife wounds, body and head separated. Rong Gu-Gu who held the responsibility of guarding the periphery was also seriously injured, and remains unconscious to this day as she quietly lies in bed.

By the time everybody rushed to the scene, fresh blood was splattered everywhere, the crimson wedding gown was like toxic fire as it mercilessly devours the beautiful white lotus flower.

Everything happened far too suddenly, completely catching everyone off guard. Sect Leader was angered to the point of coughing up a few mouthfuls of blood.

Of course, this all happened after Pang Wan had descended the mountain, half a year ago.

Nan Yi uses a type of voice that can practically be said to be peaceful, as he describes the situation that day to Pang Wan. Just that when he got to describing Mei Wu's death condition, that very slight tremble of his back betrayed him.

".....back then you said, you wish us lovers never ever end up together, didn't think it actually came true."

Having said all this, he sourly glances at Pang Wan, that pair of eyes originally like obsidian, now appears like tainted clear pearls, bleak with no light.

Pang Wan's body also starts to tremble, because this news had shaken her into practically making it impossible for her to think properly.

——could this be my unintentional curse taking effect? Or can it be said, this world and the land of Mary Sue are different? Even if one is to become a white lotus flower beauty, adored by all, it may not necessarily mean it will have an all-round good ending?

Thinking back and forth, she could only place Mei Wu into the "city-toppling beauty but is ill-fated" category for now, and barely manages to calm her heart and mind.

"I'm sorry....." She has always had a glib tongue, but right now, she is unable to say half a sentence of comforting words. In her subconscious mind, she does not like Mei Wu, but now hearing that she has fallen to such an end, her heart also feels very bleak.

"I know it has nothing to do with you." Nan Yi indifferently casts her a glance, and turns his head away.

The night wind gently blows the hair by his temple back, Pang Wan is stunned, impressively hidden behind those locks of hair, is a glaring strand of silver!

Should mock my own over-sentimentality, white hair prematurely grown.^[1]

—Brother Nan Yi is the passionate lover type ah, afraid that Mei Wu dying just like this, from hereon, no one can ever takeover her spot in his heart!

As Pang Wan thinks about all this, her heart feels sour, also pained.

“Brother Nan Yi, I want to go back and see Rong Gu-Gu.” After snapping out of her daze, Pang Wan reaches out to grab Nan Yi’s arm, “Has Rong Gu-Gu not woken up yet?”

Nan Yi pushes her away, face restoring its calm and biting-cold look: “Before you complete your mission, you cannot go back.”

“Rong Gu-Gu is lying in the sick bed! I’m worried about her ah!” Pang Wan grows desperate, both hands reaching out to shake Nan Yi’s shoulders, “After such a huge matter happened, the sect must be lacking people right now, can I not postpone my mission for now?”

Nan Yi glances at her restless hands, and presses his lips together displeased: “Who do you think you are? What can you help with once you return?”

Right after, his face falls serious, voice sounding more cold and stern: “Our Bai Yue Sect does not accept those who give up halfway! Should you come back with no achievement, then you are simply a worthless wretch! Father shall remove you from your duty upon return!”

Pang Wan was just about to speak up and say that it means nothing to her if she loses that Sheng Gu title, but hears Nan Yi once again speak: “The consequences a worthless wretch must face is disembowelment as well as chopping off the hands and feet, before being thrown amongst the parasites and fed to the poisonous snakes and poisonous insects!”

And so she instead shudders, swallowing back all the grand and righteous “indifferent to fame and fortune” words with one clean sweep.

“You need not bother about matters within the sect, I naturally have my own plans.” Seeing her shrink back with a look of difficulty, Nan Yi frowns.

“Then you descending the mountain this time, is it perhaps to seek revenge?” Pang Wan appears to have matters weighing down her heart, “From those who

killed Lady Mei Wu, do you perhaps have a slightest clue?”

“Clue? Naturally, I have some.” A trace of darkness rapidly flashes past Nan Yi’s eyes.

“Just that there still isn’t enough right now, once I have everything made clear, I’ll definitely have them pay back this blood debt with blood.”

His complexion a bluish black, entire body dripping with an air of hostility, just like a wild beast restlessly wanting tear the enemy into shreds.

“Could.....I be of any help?” Pang Wan gazes at him.

Turning to meet with that pair of almond eyes filled with concern, Nan Yi gradually eases his intense look.

“My problems, I can handle myself.” His voice a little dull, “You should worry about yourself first!”

“Then.....what do I need to do right now?” Pang Wan was somewhat uncertain on her course of action, and helplessly looks at Nan Yi, hoping this young master who is the most outstanding figure within a hundred year of the unorthodox sect’s history, to point her down a broad road.

“Asking me what to do?” Nan Yi raises his brows high and coldly smiles, “Aren’t you very capable? Winning Gu Xi Ju’s grand recognition, and even blended in, becoming his confidant, even with such matter like helping Bai Xiao Sheng to recover, he needs to request for your help!”

Pang Wan thinks about how Gu Xi Ju had been giving her special treatment all this time, and scratches her head with a hei-hei laugh — it seems like it really has been this way.

“If I had to say, you shouldn’t spend too long here.” Nan Yi glares at her, “Quickly take the Jade Dragon Token and report back, that way you can take care of your Rong Gu-Gu.”

Remembering Rong Gu-Gu’s injury, Pang Wan energetically nods.

All of a sudden, she thinks of another question, curiously looking up: “Brother Nan Yi, what is a Blood Tyrant? I heard it’s a monster cultivated by Bai Yue Sect, how come I have never even heard of it before ah?”

Nan Yi's expression freezes for a moment.

"En, there is such a thing." Both his eyelashes falling down, answering in a very plain manner, "Father only just released it down the mountain a month ago."

"What kind of a monster is so formidable?" Pang Wan couldn't even her close her mouth, "I heard that Blood Tyrant not only uses poison, but also suck people's inner energy, gouge out human flesh and blood! Exceedingly bold and powerful!"

Nan Yi tightly knits his brows together.

"It is nothing more than a zombie^{2}." After a while, he understatedly says.

—

Nan Yi stays in Gu Xi Ju's mountain estate as the Divine Physician.

Although Bai Xiao Sheng's condition had been steadied, he still remains in a comatose state. Gu Xi Ju was busy with investigating into the Blood Tyrant, and taking into account he has less and less time, he basically handed everything over to Nan Yi. And so Pang Wan's role became the Divine Physician's assistant, helping him during treatment times every day.

Of course, due to the unspeakable relationship between her and Nan Yi, Nan Yi allows her to take leaves for personal affairs, and so for three out of seven days, Pang Wan is still able to enter and leave the He Estate.

As to why Nan Yi would disguise himself as someone from the Medicine King Valley, and why he would spend his efforts on treating Bai Xiao Sheng, Pang Wan has gotten no answers.

Zuo Nan Yi is an extremely stubborn person, regarding matters in which he is unwilling to speak of, no matter how much effort one puts in, they still wouldn't get it out of him.

——ai.

Pang Wan overlooks the distant lotus pond, and faintly sighs.

——tut tut, here it comes again.

He Qing Lu looks at the young girl by the window with her cheek resting in

hand as she dazes out, brows knitted together.

This little bratty girl has consecutively sighed twenty-three times within a short time span of half an hour, and has already severely affected his usual research. The him who has always loved being quiet, truly cannot possibly bear with such disruptive behaviour called “observing in name, but distracting in reality” — — he is about to explode soon.

“Jin Bu Yao said, you have constantly been distracted during lessons these past few days, did something happen back home?”

As a well-educated gentleman of noble descent, he clears his throat, and tries his best to speak in calm manner.

Truth be told, from the very bottom of his heart, it was Jin Bu Yao who made him ask such thing, although he completely does not want to know the answer at all, right now, he truly does not know what he could say to her.

“Ah?” Pang Wan returns from her own little world, eyes looking sluggish.

“I was asking just now, you have been distracted during lessons these past few days, did something happen back home?” He Qing Lu simply wanted to give his own good temper a great applaud — — he actually set down his noble status to repeat the question again!

“No, no.” Pang Wan uses a type of look that cannot even deceive herself to answer him, thoroughly flustered.

The between of He Qing Lu’s brows squeezes into a nice looking “川” character.

“Should it be a problem regarding your payment, I allow you to put this on hold for another three months.”

He uses a type of prideful, compassionate tone to speak in an charitable manner — — to be capable of troubling this stupid and foolish lady, it’s probably only money that can do that! Five thousand taels of silver truly does not mean much to him, just that with another three months, the recipe for making the Blazing Needles should be ready to test out.

The young girl by the window chokes on her own saliva, sounding a few

coughs.

“Payment? Oh right, still haven’t gave the payment yet.”

She bitterly looks at him, rubbing the tip of her nose: “May you wait a little, I’ll definitely pay you in three months’ time.” The payment from Gu Xi Ju should be in her hands by then.

“Could it be that you are not being troubled by this?” He Qing Lu raises his brows — — could it be that inside this foolish girl’s inadequate brain, there are still things other than that of money and becoming beautiful?

Ai!

Pang Wan looks back at him, deeply sighing for the twenty-fourth time, this one in particularly expressing volumes.

“Don’t know.....if Gentleman still remembers or not, I have once asked you in the past, should you have something extremely valuable, a treasure that the entire world has set their sights on, where would you place it?” Her face reveals a look of distress.

He Qing Lu very quickly envisions the scene from back then — — during the time he was disguising as Wang Gang, the location being an inn.

“There was indeed such matter.” He nods, “I remember the answer I gave back then was, if the treasure cannot be taken with me, then create a maze, find the most ferocious beasts and the most elite men to guard it; if the treasure can be taken with me, then I must keep it by my side at all times.”

The look of distress on Pang Wan’s face further deepens: “Should you have already observed many times, and even made a move to search around, yet still not found a single trace on the person’s clothing and items of everyday use, say, where else can this treasure be placed?”

He Qing Lu’s eyes flashes, and calmly answers: “You sure the object is not on he body?”

Pang Wan nods without the slightest of hesitance: “The entire world knows this thing is in his hands.” The Jade Dragon Token is the Supreme Chief of Wu Lin’s emblem, Gu Xi Ju cannot possibly not carry it on him at all times.

“Then, there are two other possibilities.”

He Qing Lu lowers his long long eyelashes, the corners of his lips starting to slowly spread into a barely detectable curve.

“The first being, act in a manner opposite to what is expected. Since the entire world knows the object is in his hands, for the sake of assurance, he could have entrusted the treasure in the hands of another person — a person who he is able to completely trust and rely on.” He speaks in a neither hurried nor slow manner.

Would Gu Xi Ju have such a person whom he entrust both his life and possessions with? Pang Wan doubtfully blinks.

“The second possibility is, the object is indeed hidden on his body, but nobody can possibly find it.”

The smile on He Qing Lu’s face becomes strange.

“Should the treasure be small enough, he could dig out a piece of his own flesh, and insert the treasure inside, then apply a special drug. Once the wound has healed with time, his own body thus becomes the ultimate vessel to hide the treasure in — as long as the person exists, the treasure shall never be lost.”

He leisurely speaks of such chilling words, face revealing a look of pleasant appreciation.

“Is this not too horrifying?!” Pang Wan uncontrollably screams out, “Who is it that came up with such caustic trick?!” Is this not self-torturing?

The smile slips down from He Qing Lu’s face, he seriously casts her a glance: “It is precisely gentleman, I.”

“Didn’t think you are so gruesome!” Pang Wan eyes him up and down as though she’s looking at a demonic monster — this person could very well be inclined to suffer abuse!

However, He Qing Lu was not actually angered, only coldly saying: “The idea may be mine, but I will definitely not use it.” He is but the world’s most self-loving person, “Those who would use such a method, must meet two conditions: number one, he holds extremely high capability, if not, even if the treasure is

kept within his body, it is still possible to have it easily stolen away; number two, this person must be extremely distrustful of people, if not, he too would not be forced into using such method — it can be said that, he does not trust anyone in the world except for himself.”

Speaking up to here, he casts a deeply meaningful smile at Pang Wan: “How’s that? Don’t know if the one who has caused you to endlessly sigh over and over again these past few days, meets these conditions?”

Pang Wan was just deeply immersed in her own thinking, when she was abruptly pricked by his question, and immediately the hairs on her body stands: “Me sighing is not because of finding some sort of treasure!”

“Why try so hard to conceal?” He Qing Lu clearly does not believe her answer.

Blood rushing up to her cheeks, Pang Wan’s chest rises as she glares at him, baring her teeth as she fiercely speaks: “I was sighing because my first love didn’t get married successfully, his bride-to-be suddenly died! I was faintly sharing his sorrow with him!!!”

“What do you understand?!” Her shame turns into anger as she shoots He Qing Lu a sharp glare, before turning around and jumps out the window in escape.

The smile at the corners of He Qing Lu’s lips and his entire person stiffens on the spot.

“First love?”

He subconsciously mutters as he repeats after her, a trace of rarely seen confusion glimmers in his eyes.

[1] Line from the poem – [Nian Nu Jiao · Reminiscence of Red Cliffs by Su Shi](#)

[2] **Chinese zombies** or **jiāng shī / 僵尸** are also like vampires in that they have sharp canines used to suck blood, and may also be known in English as **hopping vampires** as they are known to move around by jumping forward with both arms stretched out.

Don’t worry guys! Just because both Nan Yi and Gu Xi Ju is back, that doesn’t mean He Qing Lu disappears haha

Full

(translated by anniaxx)

(edited by xia0xiao1mei)



CHAPTER TWENTY-NINE

Bu Yao of the Jin Family

Just like what He Qing Lu said, Pang Wan has really been distracted in the recent couple of days.

Majority of the reasons that have caused her to be distracted is Mei Wu's sudden death.

——she has always stubbornly thought before: if a girl is as beautiful as a white lotus, her future will always be smooth and easy. Now she sees Mei Wu's ending, this original firm belief of hers is severely shaken.

In the land of Mary Sue, there is a country of great power, named "Torturing Love and Deep Affection", often abbreviated to "Torturing Country". The female nobilities who live there are all really weird, always enjoying to play some "You Strike Me With A Blade, I Stab You With A Sword", "Gets Dumped Today, Loses Memory Tomorrow" and "Fake Death, Jump Off Cliffs, Rebirth and Reincarnate", or other similar kinds of difficult storylines with the male leads. Pang Wan was not from the Torturing Country in her previous life, but she does know about their special tastes. She thinks in her heart, could it be that Lady Mei is from the Torturing Country? Loving Nan Yi is fake, but exacting revenge on him is real? Mei Wu intentionally chose to die at Nan Yi's happiest moment, to revenge for some so called "family vendettas". Of course, her death is fake; of course, she will meet Nan Yi again; of course, they will overcome all and have a HAPPY ENDING.

But no matter how she tries to ask Nan Yi, she only receives one answer —— Mei Wu really died, her body has been burned by sect leader (cremation is an excellent tradition of the Bai Yue Sect), Nan Yi even made sure of her funeral himself.

——That beautiful face, even if it has become ashes, I can still recognize it.

Nan Yi said painfully.

Pang Wan does not dare to touch this deep sorrow of his, so she swallows all her doubts back to her stomach.

——Could it be, this story will be converted to a rebirth storyline? Mei Wu's spirit will reborn in another woman's body, and continues her romance with Nan Yi? According to the land of Mary Sue's "either no torture at all or torture to death" rule, Mei Wu has a high possibility of reborn in the body of the woman

who Nan Yi hates the most; without a single question, this woman is definitely Pang Wan herself!!!

——Despicable! She doesn't want Mei Wu to use her body to teach the male lead a "hate turns love" transformation. Since her female lead journey is not yet successful, comrade Sheng Gu must continue to persevere! She definitely needs to protect her life, must never let anyone rob her body away!

With this absurd idea in mind, Pang Wan's biggest task has recently transformed from studying the art of seduction to "I'm gonna see who is after me", being skeptical about everyone and everything.

"You are showing that kind of nervous emotion again." Jin Bu Yao sighs once again.

Pang Wan touches her slightly stiff face, and embarrassedly responds with a wretched smile.

"The art of seduction is performed naturally, showing it as your habits. If you are busy guarding against everything, who will be willing to open his heart to you?" Jin Bu Yao waves her white jade arms, appearing a little bit out of the mood.

"Sorry, nanny, I was zoning out for a minute." Pang Wan is afraid that this beautiful woman would wave her sleeve and leaves, so she immediately apologizes.

Fortunately, Jin Bu Yao returns a carefree smile.

"You are still young; everything is always written on your face." Her eyes like water, focused on Pang Wan, as if she is seeing something through her.

"Does nanny have anyone you like?" Pang Wan suddenly recalls what He Qing Lu said before, and could not resist her curiosity.

"Of course." Jin Bu Yao smiles calmly. She has at least lived a small half of her life, how can she never liked anyone?

"Then nanny definitely already has him right; are you two doing well together?" Pang Wan asks without any doubts; she really can't think of any no-eyes-man[1] who can reject Jin Bu Yao.

“No. I sacrificed all I have, yet never have I gained him.” Jin Bu Yao still keeps smiling, calm and relaxed.

Pang Wan’s expression on her face freezes.

“How is it possible?” She asks.

“How is it possible!” She murmurs again, “Nanny, you are so beautiful and you know the art of sed.....”

Jin Bu Yao giggles, with one hand supporting her chin, her beautiful eyes look straight at Pang Wan.

“Seduction only works when that person has a heart.” She pinches Pang Wan’s smooth cheek, her voice is a little husky as if she is slightly tipsy, “Silly girl, don’t be like me, falling for a man who will never ever have a heart, causing you to be lonely for all your life.”

Looking at this enraptured beauty in front of her, Pang Wan’s heart shrinks a little, “But nanny, there are still so many people falling for you.....” As long as Jin Bu Yao is willing to hook up a finger, countless men are willing to fight to death for an opportunity to kneel in front of her dress, if they queue up, the line will run hundreds of miles. Should one not work out, then find another one, why hang herself on a single tree?[2]

“No use, no use.” Jin Bu Yao’s smile becomes even brighter, just like a gorgeously blooming roseleaf raspberry flower, “Even if the whole world loves you, you would still not be satisfied, you would be lonely, you would be longing.”

“Because you will never walk into his heart.”

She gently speaks, revealing ineffable sorrow in the bottom of her eyes.

Pang Wan dumbfoundedly stares at Jin Bu Yao, her brain is all tangled up.

“Little fool, you don’t understood love yet!” Jin Bu Yao pats her chubby cheeks, “On the day when you sense heartache, you will understand.”

“Actually I have already experienced heartache several times.....” Pang Wan lowers her head and defends herself with whispering voice, not forgetting those peerless male leads who have betrayed her: Nan Yi, Gu Xi Ju, Solitary Palace Master, Ninth Prince — — are her previous drawbacks not enough!

“Really?” Jin Bu Yao grins, extraordinarily alluring and captivating, “But according to my perspective, you have not liked anyone for real yet!”

She picks out a strand of Pang Wan’s beautiful hair, twisting and tangling it with her fingers, “Something can only be understood after you have encountered them. Growing up sometimes happens within a second, and it takes a high price.”

—

After sending Pang Wan away, Jin Bu Yao walks to the study room in graceful steps.

“Young Master.” She greets the noble gentleman in the room, and takes out some pink and white water lilies, arranging them one by one in a white jade porcelain vase.

He Qing Lu is using a pair of tweezers to untie a bundle of silver fishnet on the desk; he doesn’t even bother to lift up his head.

Jin Bu Yao does not mind at all. When she finishes putting all the flowers in the vase and has created the best arrangement possible for them, she gracefully turns to face him.

“Mister has sent in a letter.” She takes out an envelope from her chest, “Here”.

He Qing Lu’s move somewhat pauses.

“If it is for me, then why is it in your hands?”

He quickly engages into the world of the fishnet again.

“Because Mister gave me this letter before I came here; he ordered me to wait for a month, then give it to you.”

Jin Bu Yao smiles sweetly, also very earnestly.

He Qing Lu does not take the envelope, only indifferently asks, “What does the letter say?”

“Ay, this I don’t dare to look at it.” Jin Bu Yao continues to maintain her smile, “Mister wrote this letter just to you, Young Master.”

“Don’t say this kind of lies to me!” He Qing Lu looks a little impatient, “as long as it’s something from his hands, God knows how many times you have touched it and stared at it?” probably you also secretly hid it, smelled and kissed it countless times.

A tint of blush appears on Jin Bu Yao’s cheeks; her lips immediately curves to a glamorous smile, “Ai-yo, my Young Master, how could you say a woman’s secret out loud? You will not get any girl’s affection like this.” Be careful of not getting a wife in the future as well.

“I don’t need that kind of thing.” He Qing Lu responds extremely indifferently, “What does the letter really say?”

Seeing him acting impatiently, Jin Bu Yao angrily rolls her eyes in her heart, then moves with light lotus steps and uses both hands to place that envelope on the desk — in the end, it is written by that person’s own hands, she could not make herself to throw it.

“Mister said, after you see this letter, please go back within ten days.” She gently says.

He Qing Lu freezes.

“Okay.” After a long time, he emotionlessly answers, continuing to untie the fishnet in his hands.

Jin Bu Yao sees no reaction of him, so she could not stop her own curiosity, “You just agreed to it this easily?”

He Qing Lu lifts up his eyes surprisingly, “Why should I hesitate?”

Jin Bu Yao’s brows furrows, “You don’t have a single sense of unwillingness to leave.....”

Gazing at his eyes that are as clear as chilly springs, she swallows the latter half of that sentence back to her stomach.

“Bu Yao apologizes for arrogating the right of being interested in Young Master’s personal life.” She slightly smiles, then gracefully turns to take her leave, with movements as beautiful as a lotus flower.

——The family of He, indeed only produces men with no hearts. She has

overestimated them.

After Jin Bu Yao has left for a while, He Qing Lu finally fulfills his wish of fully untying that fishnet. He carefully spreads it out on the desk.

His elbow unintentionally hits a little porcelain bottle — the one that he has used to keep the coating from the needle bag of the Blazing Needles. At that time, he picked only a very little spot of it with lightning speed, but the owner of the Needles almost wailed, kept making troubles and showing her anger to him for a long time.

——I will say farewell to this annoying, dumb girl, I should really be happy.

As he thinks of this, the corners of his lips slightly lift up again.

——Humph, what is Jin Bu Yao thinking? That dumb girl is just a floating cloud that won't leave even a single trace in his masterly planned brain. Then why would he, why would he have any sense of unwillingness to leave her?

[1] No-eyes-man/不长眼睛的男人: often used to describe stupid men who do not appreciate the beauty and charm of an excellent woman.

[2]"Why hang herself on a single tree?" 在一棵树上吊死 Zài yī kē shù shàng diào sǐ : is a classical Chinese saying that convinces people to stop being stubborn and start choosing some other way. Its origin is based on a short tale about a stubborn man who wants to hang himself, yet he only tries on a single tree. No matter how he tries, that tree is too short, so he cannot die.

Translator's Note: Now, we know who has Jin Bu Yao's heart. But, He Qing Lu! When are you going to wake up and realize where your heart truly belongs?! If you don't take a move, Wan Wan is going to be with someone else!

(translated by xia0xiao1mei)

(edited by anniaxx)



CHAPTER THIRTY

Beauty Trap

Recently, the look in Pang Wan's eyes as she gazes at Gu Xi Ju is a little strange, just like a big bad wolf seeing a pig belly, like a ferocious tiger seeing a fat wild rabbit, revealing a terrifying shine within the faint green — she really wants to, really wants to pounce forward and claw through Lord Supreme Chief's clothing!

"You should more or less restrain yourself a little." Nan Yi truly could not bear to watch on, and speaks out in reminder.

With a sound of "ci-liu" the drool that was close to dripping was wiped away, Pang Wan withdraws her line of sight resentfully.

"Say, would he really bury the Jade Dragon Token inside a certain part of his body?"

As she pulls back her line of sight from beyond the windows, Pang Wan keeps an eye on the medicine concoction fire, feeling unwilling to resign herself as she lowly mutters this.

“How am I supposed to know? Not like I’m him!” Nan Yi is busy categorising the huge pile of valuable medicinal herbs in hand, his face not looking too good, “You’re fanning so slowly! Have you not eaten anything this afternoon?”

“Right right right, only know how to bully me!” Pang Wan pouts, feeling wronged, increasing her strength to wave the broken cattail-leaf fan in hand.

“I’ve decided!”

She suddenly raises her head, putting on a firm attitude that is determined to stand against all odds: “I shall go peek on him bathing!”

With a sound of “ka-cha”, the hundred-year snow ginseng in Nan Yi’s hand breaks into several pieces.

“Do you have a brain? To actually be this stupid!” He uses a type of look of immense disbelief to inspect her, “By only peeking at a man bathing, are you confident you can see every little part of his body? Should you really wish to get a full picture of his body without any reservation whatsoever, there is only one way.....” He suddenly speaks no more.

“What way?” Pang Wan turns to look at him, that rosy little face filled with excitement.

Seeing her look of naïve expectations, Nan Yi gulps, swallowing down a mouthful of saliva.

“Perform the matter between man and woman with that person.”

After a long time, he picks up a cup of hot tea to cover up his own awkwardness.

“Pa!” The little broken cattail-leaf fan drops in response to those words.

“That’s right ah! How could I have not thought there is still this one tactic?!” Pang Wan eyes sparkles as she stands from the bench, hands on hips as she valiantly laughs out loud: “Wa-ha-ha!”

A sound of “pu”, and the hot tea spurts out from Nan Yi’s mouth.

“You, do you even know what the matter between man and woman is?!” His entire face is distorted into a dislocated state, the hand holding the teacup had also started trembling a little.

Pang Wan uses a belittling look to glare at him: “I know quite a lot actually! Is it not just mating? What’s the big deal about it ah?!” Not only the matter between man and woman, there’s also man and man, and even matters between woman and woman, she practically has it all in grasp — who told the land of Mary Sue to also have people liking such heavy taste?

Nan Yi’s expression stiffens, hand reaching out like an eagle gripping onto a little chick as he lifts Pang Wan and places her before him.

“You fool! Must you annoy me to death for your heart to be at peace?!” He viciously glares at her, the vein on his forehead sharply protruding, his knuckles also sounding ka-ka, “Idiot! Pig brain!”

Pang Wan was roasted by his violent angry flames into trembling all over, yet her lips remain resolute: “The beauty trap is in fact very common ah.....”

“You are also considered a beauty?” Nan Yi coldly laughs, releasing his hand with a “pa”.

Pang Wan falls to the ground like a kite cut off from its string, an extremely sorry state.

“What kind of a beauty do you think you are?!” He kicks her with the tip of his toes, it can’t be considered a heavy hit, but still very painful.

Pang Wan had long gotten used to Nan Yi’s sudden kicks and punches, silently climbing back up without a sound, carelessly wiping the dust on her face.

“I don’t need for you to care!” She roars at him, eyes a little red, before she turns and runs off.

—

An esteemed customer has come to Qi Xiang Tower this night, is a veiled pretty gentleman, with a petite figure — since the person insists on referring to self as gentleman, Madam shall simply play along like a boat following the water currents, since whoever has money is the great lord anyway.

The pretty gentleman very boldly requests the head flower Bai Shuang (head flower or huā kuí / 花魁 means most favoured courtesan), and considerately leads her into the horse carriage personally.

“Most likely a wealthy family’s maid came out foraging on the master’s behalf!” Madam watches the carriage in the distant as she giggles, such matters she has seen far too often, and has long grown placid towards it.

Also on that same night, after Gu Xi Ju had finished taking care of his daily affairs, he goes to check on Bai Xiao Sheng’s condition, and after finding that everything is stable, he finally returns for his meal.

Although he is the Supreme Chief of Wu Lin, his personality is relatively withdrawn, should he return late, he would always eat his meal alone, unwilling to disturb others.

Once he had returned to his room, the dishes were already prepared, quietly sitting on the table were fish, meat, fresh vegetables, and rice, also prepared was a flask of warm wine. He picks up his chopsticks to have a little taste, the corners of his lips revealing a trace of a satisfied smile — very good, a light taste just as always.

This meal is very suited to his tastes, before he knew it, he slowly proceeds on eating, demolishing the dishes of food, not even leaving behind a drop of wine.

Calling over the maids with a wave of a hand to take care of the dishes, he lights the oil lamp on the desk, and slowly reads through some letters under this warm yellow lighting.

Amongst the serene night, one light shines in the size of a bean.

Page after page, his eyelids gradually grows heavy, he struggles to keep himself awake, his brain helplessly scattered like chaos, giving rise to dizziness.

The door suddenly creaks open.

A veiled young girl in white enters, clothing carrying the cool breeze as she leisurely makes her way over to him.

“Why did you get so drunk?” The young girl’s jade arm gently moves to hold onto the man who is close to falling, her brows slightly furrowed.

—she had already calculated this would be when the drug plays into effect, but cannot help thinking, since this person has drunk so much wine, don't know if it will affect the plan?

Gu Xi Ju turns a deaf ear to her question, he raises his head, gazing at her with a look of infatuation, and even reaches out to touch her face.

"You're angry?" He lowly asks her, his husky voice like the most beautiful wine brewed for a hundred years, dull and sweet, "Why are you angry?" He caresses the between of her brows, as though wanting to smooth out the little wrinkles.

"And why did you drink so much wine?" The young girl nags in a seeming angry yet not actually angry manner, walking forward to hold onto his shoulder, "Come, follow me to get some rest."

Gu Xi Ju smiles but does not speak as he leaves her to move him, just that from an angle the young girl cannot detect, a pair of eyes finely traces over her hair, brows, eyes and lips.

"You're too heavy....." The young girl has never carried someone before, and right now, could only use the original method of dragging a heavy sack, straining to pull the male towards the bed, "Should remind you to eat less rice....." She quietly mutters.

Only hearing a sound of "pu-tong", the man suddenly makes a drunken stagger, and the two entangled people falls into the bed. The curtains rip free with a sound of "ci-la", a snow white veil instantly obscuring the entire bed, and the world is thus separated into two.

Beyond the curtains is cold loneliness, inside the curtains is the most intimate embrace like a sweet spring dream.

"You're concerned about me? You would actually be concerned about me?"

Two bodies as though securely sewn together, leaving not the slightest space in between, Gu Xi Ju tightly rings his arm around the young girl's waist, pasting his cheek on hers as he whispers.

The young girl's entire body grows numb due to the man's hot breath, she reflexively tries to push him away, but in the end could only drop her arms, lightly resting them on his waist.

“What silly talk is this? Of course I am concerned about you ah.” Her voice gentle and soothing like a yellow oriole, all whilst not forgetting to pat the man’s shoulder.

Her wrists are suddenly seized by him tightly.

“You liar!” Gu Xi Ju fiercely props up half of his body, those eyes looking at her filled with an angry haze.

“You are not concerned about me at all! You have always been afraid of me, blaming me, scheming against me, and even cannot wait to escape from me, is that not right?” He gnashes his teeth as he accuses, yet within his expression, there actually reveals a few points of dreariness.

The young girl was slightly stunned, cheeks dyed a layer of heart moving blush.

“I didn’t.....” She submissively answers, thick lashes gently fanning, rosy clouds gracefully dances on her white porcelain face, “You’re misunderstanding.....”

“Misunderstanding? What misunderstanding?” Gu Xi Ju’s voice sharply raises, then once again slumps into depression, “Do you know, that day when you repeatedly said it’s got nothing to do with me, such words out of anger, how much it pained my heart?”

Separated by the veil, he uses his thumb to slowly caress the young girl’s delicate face.

“I’m so pained.” He narrows his eyes, dejected, “You saying that, really pains me so much.”

Only hearing a sound of “ci-la”, pretty features exposed to the open air without reservation.

A trace of panic flashes past the young girl’s eyes.

Her breathing halts, not even daring to slip out one breathe, entire body stiff like a block of ice.

Gu Xi Ju tosses the veil aside, attentively examining for a moment, before releasing the arms confining her, smiling in a half-dreamy half-awake state.

“You’re afraid of me?” He mutters in discontent, “Why are you afraid of me? You think I eat people?” As he says this he leans down, as if he is about to kiss his

beloved.

The young girl closes her eyes and grits her teeth, reaching up to hook onto his neck, turning over to press down on the aggressor — As a city invader, he who strikes first gains the advantage.

“As if I’m afraid, I like you very much!” Against his ear, her aspirated breathe like an orchid, then with the mindset of warrior cutting his wrist^[1], she quickly places a kiss on his face.

Gu Xi Ju’s entire person freezes.

A look of great disbelief rises to his face, as he raises his hand to touch the spot the young girl kissed, fingertips slightly trembling.

“.....this is a dream.” He gazes at his own finger, the corners of his lips raises into a trace of an empty and bitter smile, “This is indeed a dream, how could you possibly kiss me?”

Seeing him surprised one moment, happy the next, and eventually settling into a look of loss, the young girl cannot help but to sigh.

——this one is also the passionate lover type ah.

“That’s right ah, this is a dream.” She extends her hands to embrace him a little tighter, that small delicate nose practically pasted to his cheek.

“Do you despise this dream?” She is a little nervous, and cannot help licking her own lip.

“Despise?” Gu Xi Ju’s heart is severely thumping as he repeats after her.

“I only hate, hate why you did not let me have this dream earlier?” He shakes his head and bitterly smiles, eyes filled with dreariness.

With a huge burden lifted from her heart, the young girl brightly smiles as her ten fingers are outstretched, gently shoving the man inside the bed.

“Since you do not despise this dream, shall we make the dream look more real?”

She tenderly coaxes, a pair of hands silently wraps around his lapel.

“.....as long as you are willing.” Gu Xi Ju’s face is flushed red, looking

bedazzled, eyes like a scene of sparkling waves.

“Be good, listen to me, you mustn’t move.”

The young girl is overjoyed, deftly acting and unfastens the man’s silk clothing, skin like bronzeware exposed in big chunks after big chunks. Neck, shoulders, arms, abdomen.....she carefully, seriously, inspects him, not even passing over the belly button, yet in the end all was for nothing.

Could it be its hidden in the lower body? The young girl is both angered and anxious, unable to refrain from crying out deep down in her heart — — you beast!

Just as she was prepared to unfasten his waistband, a slender and muscular arm wraps around her shoulder, pulling her petite body into his warm embrace.

“Hot, so hot.” Perhaps the drug is in full effect now, Gu Xi Ju’s breathing starts to significantly grow heavy, his strong chest rising and falling, a drop of glistening sweat also dripping from his forehead. In this very moment, he already isn’t the Supreme Chief of Wu Lin who is sat so high up, but is only a paddy field that is soon to be burned down by the drought, longing for the sweet fragrance of rain.

The young girl was startled by his sudden action, and leans into his ear as she appeases: “Be good ah, wait for me to take a bath first.” Having said that she deftly drills away in escape.

——it sure is scary when men are heated up, fortunately this great-aunt is wise, preparing a courtesan in advance.

Didn’t think that once both feet had just reached the ground, a sudden blast of wind hits her, and the young girl is abruptly pull back onto the bed by an enormous force, bumping into the solid chest of the person behind.

“What are you doing?!” From that collision, she could practically see stars as she grits her teeth, about to lose her temper, “I am only going to take a bath, not like I’m not coming back!” Since he has already consumed the drug, once the courtesan climbs into the bed, he would still see the person as his beloved.

The person embracing her instead laughs all of a sudden.

“No, I don’t believe you.” The man who has fallen into the love obstacle, rests

his chin on the crook of the young girl's neck, using the tip of his nose to caress her, "You are always leaving whenever you please, towards me, you have never left the slightest bit of reluctance to part — — is that not right, Wan Wan?"

Catching her completely off-guard, he bites down on her.

Along with the last syllable of his final words sounding, the young girl, as though having been struck by thunder, immediately turns lifeless.

[1] **Warrior cutting his wrist** or **zhuàng shì duàn wàn / 壮士断腕** is a Chinese idiom that comes from the story of a warrior making the quick decision to cut off his wrist after being bitten by a poisonous snake, thus preventing the poison from spreading through his entire body. The idiom has the meaning that one cannot be hesitant and must **make a prompt decision**.

Here's another chap to leave you all jumping back and forth between these ships

Oh and just in case it isn't made clear, thanks to the drug, whoever Gu Xi Ju sees, will look like the one he loves in his eyes, which means that all along Wan Wan thought he was seeing her as Fairy Sang Chan haha.....oh how wrong she was



CHAPTER THIRTY-ONE

Senior Brother

“Who-, whose name did you just call out?”

The young girl deeply breathes in, turning to grab onto the collar of the person behind, vicious like a demon.

“Wan Wan-ah, my Wan Wan.” Gu Xi Ju’s eyes has long turned dazed to the point it lost focus, he raises her chin, and affectionately kisses her cheek, “Why are you angry? Do you not like me?”

All the blood rushes to her head, and then quickly retreats back, the young girl’s face suddenly pales and suddenly reddens, her mind clear one moment and muddled the next, troubling to the point her brain is practically about to explode.

“You like me?” She stares at the man in front, utterly stunned, voice showing she cannot believe this even in her wildest of dreams, “The person you like.....is

Wan Wan?”

“Is you.” Gu Xi Ju’s kiss had already made its way to her earlobe, biting, lick, nibbling, “Only you.”

“Then.....what about Fairy Sang Chan?” The young girl’s voice carries a tremble, light and floaty.

“Jealous?” Gu Xi Ju stops his action to look at her, mischief flashing past his dark eyes, “We are only senior brother and junior sister, she is a shield I use to turn down all kinds of marriage alliances, without her, I would be pushed to the edge of cliff by all the major sects trying to marry off their daughters.” He seriously explains, both arms tightening his hold on the young girl, as though afraid she would melt away the very next moment.

“Don’t be angry at me, back then.....I had not yet met you.” Rubbing his head against hers, he softly mutters, an expression of pleading.

The young girl freezes.

“.....not angry.” She raises her pale little face, eyes gradually reddening, “I am not angry at you.....”

Gu Xi Ju is overjoyed, turning her chin over, wanting to deeply kiss her again, but didn’t think that a flash of red would pierce through the air, his movement stiffens in mid-air, body also slowly slides down the wall.

He has fallen unconscious.

Pang Wan sighs, withdrawing the Blazing Needle in hand.

——Gu Xi Ju is a man who is second to none in martial arts, usually it is impossible for anyone to successfully land a sneak attack on him, had his feelings not gotten the best of him just now, she would never have gotten the chance. If not, even if she borrows ten thousand guts, she would still not dare to hit Lord Supreme Chief’s numbing acupuncture point.

Climbing off the bed, she settles Gu Xi Ju down, and covers him with a thick quilt.

Everything that had happened tonight is beyond her expectation, causing her to practically forget the original reason why she planned this operation.

Or should we say, even if she does remember, she wouldn't have the heart to continue.

Calm down, calm down, must definitely calm down — touching her burning cheeks that are hot enough to melt, she constantly tells herself this.

Looking into this empty room with a lonesome candle flickering, she shifts her line of sight to the desk filled with books and documents.

The desk is filled with books and stationary Gu Xi Ju often uses, perhaps she could find some clues regarding the Jade Dragon Token there.

She comes up to the desk, carefully searching through the papers.

Then sees that under the papers there are a few rolls of well-cherished paintings.

Body moving on its own, she picks up a painting and spreads it out to take a look.

Her breathing instantly stops in that moment.

The night winds blow, the clear stars sparse, a bright moon exceptionally luminous and round.

Taking out a Jade-Dew Pure-Heart Pellet and feeding it the person on the bed, Pang Wan creeps out of the room.

Back when Tang Fei Feng discussed "Nan Ke", that Sect Leader had once said, Nan Ke may be a colourless and odourless, but is a mysterious drug that can have the one affected to mistaken the person they see as their beloved, however it is just another love drug, and is not difficult to dispel. This Jade-Dew Pure-Heart Pellet that can slow down the effect of hundreds of poison, is more than enough to dispel the effect of Nan Ke, really is using a sledgehammer to crack a nut — Supreme Chief ah, I need not be sorry towards you.

Remembering the courtesan she hid away, Pang Wan strides into the courtyard, but there is still another problem to deal with!

Having just taken two steps, her movements suddenly pauses.

Under the luminous moon, a figure that she would never have expected, suddenly appears.

That slender and handsome person stood under the tree, with eyes like a frozen star, is it not precisely Young Master Nan Yi?

Pang Wan blinks, subconsciously turning to run away, but how is she even considered Nan Yi's opponent? With one gust of wind, her entire being is already standing obediently in front of Nan Yi.

"How promising you have become ey, to know how to use the beauty trap now?"

Only hearing a sound of cold laughter, Nan Yi's single hand keeps her hands tied behind her back, his other hand grabbing her chin, raising it and pulls her towards him.

Pang Wan instantly wails, even her internal organs were in pain.

"I, it's not like that, I....." She was in both shock and panic, unable to speak coherently.

Nan Yi's eyes like ice daggers, coldly swipes across her loose hair, messy clothing, but once he sees that on that fine white neck, there is a faint trace of red teeth mark, his sharp eyes darken.

"Despicable wench!" He raises his hand and lands a slap on Pang Wan, an extremely clear sound of "pa".

Pang Wan was beaten senseless by this slap to the face, she widens her eyes at him, almond eyes gradually tearing up.

"You still have the face to cry? What you crying about? So ugly!" Seeing her look so wronged, Nan Yi's monstrous anger rises, overturning his hand to give her another slap, "pa"!

With real use of power, blood streams out from the corner of Pang Wan's lip.

"Who allowed you to go seducing people? What have the two of you been doing tonight? Speak!"

Nan Yi tightly grabs onto her chin, face ferociously distorted, eyes emitting a wolf-like light, so red that it's almost dripping blood.

Yet Pang Wan quietens down in this moment.

Deep down she is thinking, *this Nan Yi, will always hate me this much, looking down on me. His tenderness is only shown to Mei Wu, his care is also only reserved for Mei Wu. To him, I am but a toy he uses to pass time, a junior sister that he could do with or without. No matter how we were brought up together, no matter how we spent our childhood together, so what? He would never like me, nevermind treating me nicely, it will never ever happen.*

Her heart grows even more icily clear and bright than that of the moonlight.

“Nothing at all.”

Pang Wan withdraws herself from her thoughts, raising her head to look directly at Nan Yi.

The tears in that pair of almond eyes also disappears without a trace, once again restoring its brightness.

“You liar!” Nan Yi condescendingly stares at her, yet the strength in his hand had unconsciously reduced a few points, Pang Wan thus takes the opportunity to release herself.

“I fed him a love drug, but only managed to check the top half of his body, before I was scared away.”

She rubs her wrists as she answers, speaking half truthfully.

When Nan Yi hears the two words of “love drug”, his brows instantly knit together, big hand rapidly locking onto Pang Wan’s throat.

“You cheap wench!” He grits his teeth, angrily denouncing her, “Who gave you such huge guts? How dare you? How dare you?!” That final sentence wanting to swallow her up whole as he goes into hysterics.

Pang Wan was almost out of breath under his clutch, and stealthily slips out three Blazing Needles from her sleeve, but did not think Nan Yi acted even quicker, with one toss of his sleeve, those three Blazing Needles were all in the palm of his hand.

“.....father gave this to you?” He looks at the red needles in hand, five fingers opening up, the corner of his lip lightly hooking, “You’ve been carrying this the whole time? Never let it leave your side?”

Pang Wan's heart numbs at his sudden change of expression, snappily sending him a glare: "Had I not had this for backup, you think I would dare use the beauty trap?"

Nan Yi thinks about it, his big hand eventually letting go of her neck, just that his brows were still deeply furrowed: "You are far too careless! With Gu Xi Ju's skills, you think he's one for you to land a sneak attack on? Should the drug have acted up, how could you possibly....."

"Hence why I prepared him a courtesan ah!" Pang Wan rubs her nose and leaps over to bottom of the rockery, huffing as she drags out a sleeping beauty from a hollow spot.

Pang Wan feels that her own plan is completely flawless.

First have Gu Xi Ju consume Nan Ke, then allow herself to take charge in stripping Lord Supreme Chief from his clothing, whilst courtesan lady remains on standby as the spare wheel, should the situation makes a turn for the worse, she can immediately step up — everything is perfectly planned, until an accident occurred midway, thus bringing the operation to an abrupt end.

Nan Yi sees the courtesan, and finally comes to understand that Pang Wan's beauty trap is actually substituting oneself with another, the ice cold anger in his eyes thus melts, expression also easing down.

"You, our Bai Yue Sect's Sheng Gu, must most definitely not be involved in a relationship with the Supreme Chief of Wu Lin." He walks up, taking out a pill and stuffs it into the courtesan's mouth, "Junior Sister, you must keep in mind, good and evil can never stand side by side since the ancient times, no matter what feelings are shared, it cannot step across the deep sea of blood feud, should you have been struck by any feelings you should not have, I'm afraid that all that will come in the end, is but only a lose-lose outcome."

Nan Yi very rarely calls Pang Wan junior sister, but when he does, it shows that he is being extremely serious and stern.

Both cheeks incredibly burning in pain, Pang Wan does not wish to waste any more words on him, only asking: "What did you feed her?"

"A drug." Nan Yi turns to look at her, under the moonlight, such face that has

shed its air of hostility appears surprisingly handsome, “Having consumed this drug, she shall not remember anything that has happened today.” He smiles with extreme pride.

“She would never have remembered anyway!” Pang Wan glares at him, this courtesan had already gotten her sleep acupoint hit by her since the very moment she stepped into the horse carriage, she simply does not know a single thing to begin with.

“To be on the safe side.” Nan Yi lightly sounds a harrumph.

Pang Wan inwardly curses at him for arguing over the most trifling matters, her hands reaching out to hold that courtesan: “I have to send her back before sunrise.”

A pair of slender and long hands blocks her view, Nan Yi snatches the opportunity first.

“Just leave me to send her back.” He sends her a smile.

Pang Wan glances at the courtesan’s delicately beautiful face, and impatiently rubs her nose: “Over to you then Senior Brother.”

Having said that she marches away.

—

The skies showing the first glimmer of dawn, a huntsman passes by the mountain ditch, and from afar, he sees a woman of graceful figure lying down on the pile of hay ahead.

“Lady, why are you sleeping here?” Originally thinking whose family daughter is resting on the ground out here, he subconsciously reaches out to give her a little push.

“Ah!” Once he catches a clear view of the woman’s face, he screams and falls to the ground, entire body trembling.

What he had overturned on the ground, is shockingly, a corpse that had long turned ice cold, her face a bloody mess, as though someone had deliberately shed her face off, extremely horrific.

Hi xiaoxiaomei here, hehe...sorry I had to torture you with the wait after last week's cliffhanger! I see that a few of you were counting on Nan Yi to help Wan Wan out of the sticky situation, well our Wan Wan is a lady who knows how to count on herself! Whereas Nan Yi is... *sigh*...but despite the violence he shows, which is in no way acceptable, there is still concern contained within the anger shown in this chapter. I mean, who would enjoy the idea of a close one taking to the means of seducing someone to get what they want? Just that Nan Yi's method of showing this is just very wrong.



CHAPTER THIRTY-TWO

Rupture

Today, Pang Wan does not stay at the mountain estate, and instead directly goes to the He Estate, going to “observe” the He family’s gentleman study the divine needles as they have agreed on.

Moreover, after last night’s events, she still does not know how to face Gu Xi Ju.

“Ai-yo! How did your face become swollen to this state?” Jin Bu Yao kicks up a fuss the moment she sees her, “My pitiful little jade child!”

“Who cruelly hit you?” She moans and groans, taking out a box of ointment and delicately applies it on Pang Wan’s face, “Do you need Nanny to go teach him a lesson? Which rascal lacks the understanding of how to treat women properly?”

Pang Wan knows her current appearance looks like a pig head, and awkwardly

smiles, shrinking back a little: “It doesn’t matter.”

——lesson? Should it have been anyone else, she would definitely use the whip to send him to the pits of hell and back, but since the other person is Nan Yi, for now, she can only swallow down her grievances.

The means he takes to, is better left unspoken —— not only can she not afford to offend, but she also might not be able to completely avoid it.

“Why do I feel you are still in very high spirits?” As Jin Bu Yao continues to apply the ointment, her movements suddenly slows, showing a fairly surprised expression, “Did something good happen?” This lady doesn’t look like the type who enjoys getting hit ah.

Pang Wan is unaware her sparkling eyes have already betrayed her, as she presses her lips together to cover up: “What good could happen?”

Jin Bu Yao being a veteran in love, sees her face of blossoming spring, and could not help hooking up the corners of her lip: “Ay, must be mutual attraction with a young gentleman of another household huh? With you taking bashful steps into this little puppy love, looking like a baby chick, you still think you can hide it from Nanny, I?!”

“N-no!” Blood rushing up to her cheeks, Pang Wan’s entire face is burning up in abashment, as she waves her arms and shakes her head, such actions coupled with those prominently swollen cheeks, makes her look just like a fully ripe pomegranate, its skin about to break open.

Jun Bu Yao heartily laughs out loud.

“How could you be so endearing ah?!” She laughs as she taps the tip of Pang Wan’s nose, her tone tender, “Come, tell Nanny, which family’s lucky gentleman has enlightened you? How did he say it to you? When and where? What words did you use?” The flames of a middle-aged woman’s gossiping nature is burning up.

Pang Wan thinks about it, and faintly sighs.

“I saw a portrait of me in his room.” After a long while, she softly says this.

If to say, counting on the effect of the Nan Ke drug alone is not enough to

confirm Gu Xi Ju's feelings, then the following discovery on the desk, has finally convinced her to believe, Gu Xi Ju really does have her in his heart.

——he has collected a good few portraits of her, almond eyes, peachy cheeks, sweet dimples, all forming a beautiful smile.

Painting skills upright and detailed, cannot possibly be a work that was merely done in a rush, the paper has also been carefully mounted very well, showing how cherished it is by the owner.

The most crucial point being, she can tell this painting is not at all a recent piece, the ink had already dried for a period of time.

She planned to use the beauty trap to seduce Gu Xi Ju, a matter that was executed the day it was thought of, all was done without any suspicion, Gu Xi Ju cannot have possibly prepared a few portraits of her in advance, nor can they all be nicely mounted and placed on the desk. No matter how crafty of a schemer he may be, it cannot possibly be up to the level of actually being able to predict one's thoughts.

There is only one explanation, being that Gu Xi Ju truly admires her.

"Secretly collecting portraits of you?" Jin Bu Yao is stunned, then covers her mouth to laugh, "Turns out to be a fool for love type."

"The so-called see the object and think of the person, presuming that he is in love with you but is unable to confess, thus doing this." She squints her eyes, feeling quite delighted, a few traces of envy contained within her expression, "Let Nanny ask, how long have you two known for? Does he treat you well? Does he usually treat those around him with good responsibility?"

"We've known one another for almost half a year now, he is very responsible, has also been doting on me all along."

Pang Wan blinks, she feels that what she said are all truthful words —— hand on heart, other than the kneeling incident, Gu Xi Ju has always been treating her very well.

Jin Bu Yao bursts out laughing: "Look at this, indeed love blossoming, already knowing to speak good words of your beloved!"

Pang Wan shyly presses her lips together, a flash of unrest passing her eyes.

“What’s wrong? Are you afraid?” Jin Bu Yao sharply detects her change of expression.

“.....Nanny, you don’t know.” Pang Wan lowers her head, voice containing a slight tremble, “I had originally thought, he would never ever like me.....before, everyone always says he likes another person.....”

It’s just like being told that some things you will never be able to get, you experience all kinds of obstacles and all kinds of hardships, only to eventually give up helplessly, yet fate suddenly comes like the screeching halt of a car, turning around to tell you — look, the thing you longed for the entire time, has it not been by your side all along?

This is how Pang Wan feels like right now, longing, yet afraid; joyful, yet hesitant; excited, yet cannot help being doubtful. Like being in a dream that feels far too good, with not the slightest sense of feet-on-ground reality.

Seeing her act like a little girl worrying about the outcome, Jin Bu Yao’s heart gives rise to a surge of tenderness.

“What’s there to be afraid of?” She pats Pang Wan’s head, “Should he sincerely likes you, then he must extremely dote on you, if you cannot rest assured, then find ways to test him, see if he can bear to be mean to you.”

Pang Wan tilts her head in thought, revealing two little white canines, as she sweetly smiles.

After treating the injury on her face, noon is spent observing the research in the study room, Pang Wan’s whole heart was practically about to fly back to the mountain estate, she recalls the deeply affectionate actions from Gu Xi Ju the night before, and cannot help blushing, then thinking of Gu Xi Ju’s position as the supreme chief, she cannot help sighing.

He Qing Lu’s level of tolerance is already about to reach its ultimate limit, he halts all action, eyes like a torch as they directly observe Pang Wan.

——originally planning to use the silent method of condemning eyes to warn her, but did not think Pang Wan simply did not spare him a glance from start to finish, her eyes containing stars, face a rosy glow, sometimes smiling, sometimes

sad, completely immersed in her own little world.

“What are you thinking about?”

After a good while, he deeply speaks up.

Pang Wan is pulled back to reality by his question, sounding two sounds of a “hei-hei” laugh, as she holds both her rosy red cheeks.

“Gentleman He, should there be a day the person you like does something you really despise, what would you do?”

She looks at him, dark eyes glowing.

This question puts He Qing Lu in a difficult spot, there has always been many things that he despises, yet there just happens to be not one person he likes.

“I don’t answer questions that cannot possibly have an answer.” He disdainfully harrumphs.

Pang Wan is greatly aware of his no-nonsense nature, and so changes the question: “What does gentleman despise the most?”

“You!” He Qing Lu answers promptly and accurately this time around, the words leaving his lips without the slightest hesitance.

Pang Wan clutches her chest as she feigns pain and beats at her chest a few times, grinningly raising her chin: “Ai-ya, gentleman mustn’t be so direct, I would be hurt!” Having spent so much time with Jin Bu Yao, she too has been infected by a few points of coquettish yet rogue-like behaviour.

He Qing Lu seeing that she clearly isn’t being sincere, feels an inexplicable knot in his heart.

Once the annoyance grows, his hand trembles a little, a sesame seed size of coating on the needle pouch is scraped off.

“Ai-ya!” All that can be heard is Pang Wan’s shrill yell followed by her body pouncing over, hand reaching out to snatch the needle pouch from He Qing Lu’s hand, “You scraped it again, you scraped it again! Curse you!” She grabs the needle pouch and guards it in her arms, in the situation of wanting to cry but shedding no tear, she gives He Qing Lu a little punch.

He Qing Lu's face distorts, was just about to explode in anger, but sees the young girl bury her head in panic as she inspects the needle pouch, small and round shoulders slightly twitching, seeming to be extremely upset.

She is in very close proximity to him, so close that he can smell the faint fruity fragrance coming from her body.

Jin Bu Yao had once said, *women are a type of fragrant, soft and sweet living creature, like a flower requiring someone to delicately hold in the palm of their hand*, he has never bothered to acknowledge these words, but seeing the young girl's current state, deep down in his heart, he suddenly feels a slight sense of acknowledgement towards the first half of the sentence — not sure about soft and sweet but the fragrance is indeed there.

Just when he had fallen into a daze, his foot suddenly gives rise to a stinging pain, turns out the young girl had eaten the guts of leopard for whatever reason, fiercely stamping on his foot.

"Are you crazy?" He extends his hand to push Pang Wan away, face revealing a look of great disbelief, "You actually dare to stamp on me?!"

Naturally, he isn't aware, the Blazing Needles are Pang Wan's weapon of self-defence, should the scraping have ruined it, from hereon, even if she escapes death she will only be half-alive.

Pang Wan is annoyed and angry, raising her reddened eyes, she bares her teeth in an act of intimidation like a small mammal: "Who told you to lack credibility?"

He Qing Lu is unwilling to admit he committed a mistake, snapping back: "Who do you think you are? Stupid idiot, think you are worth talking credibility with gentleman, I?"

He is used to acting so condescending, and has always spoke ruthlessly with Pang Wan, not at all sensing how his own words are wrong in anyway.

But it just so happens that Pang Wan is different from usual today.

Back then, for the sake of the fake face, for the sake of having people love her, she would always remain humble and insincerely deal with this prideful gentleman for days, right now, she finally cannot tolerate it anymore, the

accumulated knots and resentment throughout the many days are ready to burst out from her chest.

“That’s right ah, I’m not worthy, but nor do I wish to be worthy!” Her anger reaches an extreme and instead a laugh is sounded, droplets of tears blurring her eyes, “Because I also hate you! I hate you hate you! I hate you the most in this entire world!”

Four consecutive words of hate, contains all her past grievances as it erupts.

He Qing Lu is of noble status, when would he ever have received such a blatant attack? Flying into rage, he pushes aside the tools on the table, roaring out: “Get out of here!”

Pang Wan emits steam as she too yells out: “And so I shall!”

Having said that, she grabs the needle pouch and leaps away.

This hellish place, in future, even if it means to go around begging everyone, I will never come back here again! Rascal, you just go be a monk with your machinery in embrace!

Inside the study room.

He Qing Lu’s eyes had turned red as he supports himself on the table, chest rising and falling, breathing heavily as he huffs and puffs.

He hates her, really hates her.

Hates her to the extreme.

Full

(translated by anniaxx)

(edited by xia0xiao1mei)



CHAPTER THIRTY-THREE

A Young Lady's Crumbly Numb Heart

Pang Wan ran out of the He estate and wanders around on the street by herself.

She doesn't want to go back to see Nan Yi, also doesn't know where else she should go, so at this moment, she could only walk around like this without any destination in mind.

Nan Yi bullies her, He Qing Lu also resents her, one treats her with punches and kicks, the other throws at her verbal abuse, the further she walks, the colder she feels, the further she walks, the more desolate she senses.

But she is not going to cry, even if she bites off her tongue, swallows her teeth, she does not allow herself to drop a single tear for these two people.

Because they are not worth it.

When she is zoning out, a carriage rushes in fast speed behind her. Only hearing one scream from the coachman, Pang Wan already had no chance to escape and was brutally hit.

Because of her light body skill, she managed to barely avoid the danger. Just that when she landed, there was a sound of “ka-cha”, unexpectedly, she twisted her ankle.

Uncontrollable pain diffuses along her leg bone, she falls to the ground and could not get up.

The coachman is a good man, immediately reaching out his hands to help her up, saying that he will take her to the clinic together. Pang Wan focuses her eyes and sees a pale pregnant lady lying in the carriage, wailing in pain. An old lady besides her anxiously urges, “Hurry! Hurry and get in! My daughter in law is about to give birth!”

Pang Wan suddenly realized where the coachman’s impetuosity came from, so she shakes her hand at him, “It’s okay! You go first!” *The doctor you are about to see probably can’t help me anyway.*

The coachman thanked her a thousand times and requested to inform her family before he leaves, Pang Wan could not change his mind, so she untied the waist tag on her and said, “Please send it to Misty Wave Manor.”

Hearing the name of Misty Wave Manor, how could the coachman dare to be careless, he quickly got on the carriage and left.

Pang Wan sat by the roadside in coldness and hunger; she waited for a long time, so long that she almost felt that no one will appear.

The sun slowly falls in the west, suddenly a figure steps before the afterglow as he approaches from the horizon, the golden light shines bright on his clearly outlined face, making that person seem as unreal as a god from heaven.

“Wan Wan!” That person reaches out his hands toward her and tightly embraces her in his arms, as if he has found his lost treasure.

“Are you okay?” He embraces her shoulders, his voice is hoarse and trembling

due to previous fears that have not yet faded away, “Someone said you were hit by a carriage, I came directly after I got the message.....”

Pang Wan senses his familiar and comforting masculine scent, her nose starts to feel tingly.

——as expected, as expected in the end, it is this person who treats her well.

“Are you still in shock?” Gu Xi Ju sees the person in his arms has not spoken for a long time, he anxiously pulls back and carefully checks her from the top to the bottom, “Tell me where is your wound?”

Seeing him being nervous for her like this, her heart feels really sweet, and she naturally purses her lips and smiles, “Only twisted my ankle.”

Gu Xi Ju obviously released a breath, then frowns again.

“Is it bad?” He squats down and checks her ankle, lips pressing hard together, “Looks like you can’t walk anymore, good thing I told a carriage to come along.”

Then he stands up and looks behind, should be waiting for the carriage to come.

From the beginning to the end, his warm big hands have not left Pang Wan for half a second, Pang Wan suddenly got an idea, she tries to say without fear, “Supreme Chief, can you give me a piggyback ride home?”

——Nanny Jin said, if a man truly loves a woman, he would spoil her like a little treasure. Don’t know if Gu Xi Ju, this kind of man with an extremely high position, will be willing to agree to her pampered request?

Gu Xi Ju turns his head and meets her cunning and charming eyes, then slightly freezes.

“I’m hungry, I want to go home earlier to eat.” Pang Wan tugs at his sleeves, murmuring in a pitiful manner.

In perfect collaboration, her tummy also sounds two “gu-gu” sounds at the moment.

Gu Xi Ju slightly lifts the corners of his lips.

“Okay.” He responds neatly with one word, then really bending down his waist

toward her.

The setting sun has not completely merged below the horizon, Gu Xi Ju's hands hold the back of her knees, walking a step after a step.

His back is broad, his muscles are very firm too, Pang Wan's whole body is tightly sticking to him, there is only layers of thin cloth between the two.

She can sense his warm breath, she can even hear his calm heartbeat.

A kind of crumbly and numb, unexplainable and ineffable feeling, quietly diffuses in her chest.

"Walk faster, I'm so hungry." She sticks her face to Gu Xi Ju's back, there are crimson sun-glow burning on her cheeks.

Gu Xi Ju's body pauses for a second; the next second, he unexpectedly uses one hundred percent of the strength on his feet, leaping with light body skill in the forest.

"Ya! I'm flying! Flying!" Pang Wan has never experienced this kind of speed, she screams with excitement and amazement. It seems like Gu Xi Ju is encouraged by her reaction, his steps become faster and faster, the scenery on two sides start to retreat backwards as an ebbing tide, the fresh wind besides her ears also strongly rises.

Her waterfall-like hair could not hold be held back by Pang Wan's ribbon, the high winds have taking it away.

"Slower! Slower!" Pang Wan anxiously shouts, using her fists to hit Gu Xi Ju's chest.

Gu Xi Ju immediately slows down his feet and stably lands on the ground with her.

"Tired?" He asks concernedly; his breathing has a sense of chaos that is difficult to notice.

Pang Wan's cheeks blush again; she thinks, this fool, running everywhere with her on his back, but asks if she is tired, how can he be this dumb!

"You can walk slower! I want to tie my hair." She speaks awkwardly, having some commanding tone in her voice.

Gu Xi Ju sounds an “en”, not saying anything else, he continues piggyback her calmly.

Pang Wan combs her hair with finger, then suddenly laughs.

“Look at yourself, aren’t you like a bull, being ridden by me?” She points at the shadow on the ground of them sticking together, one big, one small, looking from afar, it really somewhat looks like a bull with a shepherd on its back.

Based on these two’s positions and age, no matter who hears this statement, he or she will definitely condemns Pang Wan for being outrageous and disrespectful, yet when Gu Xi Ju follows her finger and looks at the shadow, he only gently smiles.

“Not really like a bull, more like a horse.” answers Gu Xi Ju seriously.

Even if she does not look at his face, Pang Wan can still guess he is currently carrying a doting expression right now, so with a twitch of her lips and a tread of her legs, she tries to be even more mischievous and shouts just as a rider does, “Ya!”

Gu Xi Ju does not say a word more and dashes forward, running as fast as flying, his cloth loudly flapping along the wind.

“Run faster! Run faster!” Pang Wan joyfully giggles, as she screams, she hugs Gu Xi Ju even tighter, “Ya! Ya!”

Gu Xi Ju moves faster and faster; Pang Wan’s hair has already all untied, freely flying in the warm breeze, her laughs that sound like silver bells ringing through the valley, bringing a summery fresh coolness around.

——*I have found him! I have found him!* Her whole heart is too happy that it is almost flying.

——*Nanny Jin, this person is willing to be a bull and a horse for me!* She secretly screams in her heart, filled with overflowing joy.

—

After returning to the manor, Gu Xi Ju applies medicine to Pang Wan himself, then also carries her to the room to rest. Suddenly many handkerchiefs are ripped into noodle strips under angry eyes again.

“Be good and rest well, don’t be running around.”

Gu Xi Ju wrings a hot towel, gently wiping away the sweat and dust on her forehead.

“Big, dumb, horse!” Pang Wan weakly lies on the bed, mouthing these words to Gu Xi Ju, appearing enraptured and elated, as if she is laughing at his previous ridiculousness.

Gu Xi Ju glances at her and pinches the tip of her nose, pretending to scare her, “If you dare to tell others what happened today, be careful of me pulling off your little fox tail.”

Pang Wan does not dare to answer, just bites her lips and lovingly gazes at him, cheeks blushing and eyes shining, occasionally giggles once or twice too.

Gu Xi Ju finishes cleaning her face, then goes to clean his hands; only after he repeatedly told her to not get out of bed to move around, did he finally stands up and prepares to leave.

Did not think right after he turns away, with a sound of “pia”, a reckless slap lands on his buttock.

“Wan Wan!” He turns back angrily, only to see that person lying in bed with two eyes tightly closed and four limbs comfortably spread, showing him a “don’t know anything, I am deeply asleep” appearance.

However, her eyelashes that are gently shaking as the wings of a butterfly have betrayed her.

“Such a misbehaving girl!” Gu Xi Ju tries his best to control his desire to laugh, pulling out his hand to pretend like he is going to punish her.

Right before the big hand is going to touch the pink cheek, the person in bed suddenly leaps up, clings onto his shoulders and yells near his ears, “Horse ya! Ya!”

Before Gu Xi Ju realized what was going on, Pang Wan has already fallen back to the bed, covering her head with the quilt and giggling underneath; the cotton quilt shakes as a silkworm pupa; no need to open it up, he knows the little bad girl in there is definitely laughing crazily.

Being angry is pointless, scolding her is also useless, Gu Xi Ju stares at her and helplessly presses his lips.

Pang Wan laughed for a long time yet did not hear any sound from him, couldn't resist pulling down the quilt and carefully glances outside.

This one glance directly meets a pair of ambiguously smiling dark eyes.

"Willing to come out now? Did not suffocate in there?" Gu Xi Ju deliberately reprimands her with a straight face.

And only then did Pang Wan feel how great the air is, quickly taking in a few deep breathes: "It really is suffocating!"

"It's already midnight yet you're still messing around?" Gu Xi Ju is about to laugh out loud, so he had no other choice than using great strength to tense his face, "Hurry up and sleep for me!"

He scolds her seriously.

Pang Wan twists back and wiggles forward, struggling for a long while, finally unwillingly closes her eyes.

Gu Xi Ju sits by her bed and gazes at her, occasionally tucking the quilt in for her.

The breathing of the person in bed gradually calms, seeming like she really is in dreamland now.

He waits for a little longer, bents down to give a little kiss on her cheek, then leaves.

Moonlight shines as water glows, this young lady's pristine jade-like cheeks quietly reveal two small dimples.

No one knows, exactly did she have a good dream, or was she simply not asleep this whole time?

Translator's Note: I have to say that when I read this book for the first time, this chapter was where I officially got onto Pang Wan x Gu Xi Ju's ship. —Annie

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CHAPTER THIRTY-FOUR

Don't Need Face

Pang Wan's has pretty much recovered after resting for two days.

Rong Gu-Gu had once said, Sheng Gu is born with a set of exquisitely fine bones, such that makes good shatterproof material.

But on the outside, she continues to claim it is inconvenient for her to move around, on one hand it is in hope for Gu Xi Ju to come see her often, on the other hand, she does not wish to face Nan Yi for now, because Nan Yi's existence acts as a constant reminder to her, between her and Gu Xi Ju, they are separated by worlds apart, making it very difficult for them to have a good outcome.

One being the supreme chief of Wu Lin, one being the Sheng Gu of the unorthodox sect, no matter what kind of a context these two identities are placed in, it will still result in a ground-breaking star-crossed romance, whenever she thinks of Nan Yi's knife-like eyes, Pang Wan's heart cannot help feeling terrified.

Should Nan Yi know both her and Gu Xi Ju share mutual feelings, he would definitely draw out his blade and shed her skin first, then bury a parasite into her internal organs, because to the Bai Yue Sect, Pang Wan's current behaviour is called betrayal, and she must be deep fried in hell for this.

——in any case, the road ahead is a long one ah!

But no matter how gruelling this romance is, Pang Wan is set on persevering.

What a joke! As if she would still want to continue spending days with no male lead doting on her, no second male lead loving her, such a hard life? The people in the land of Mary Sue were born to love, and live for romances. One can do with less firewood, rice, oil, salt, sauce, vinegar, tea (daily necessities), but most certainly cannot do without being ro~man~ti~c!

Her Mary Sue spirit burning, Pang Wan is now fully engaged in battle mode, she is determined to do whatever it takes to pave the path into the future for herself and Gu Xi Ju —— fake death, memory loss, change of identity, such plots are considered nothing for any noblewoman who has gone through thick and thin on the battlefield! Dear Gu-ah, you rest assured! Thy wife will certainly not become your burden! Let us strive for brilliance together!!

Happy at the thought, she moves a little stool to the doorway and sits under the sun. As a Mary Sue character who lacks ambition and only wishes to fall in love with handsome men, she believes the past days really were too bitter, if not resented by this person then detested by that person, it really is as if all that's left of her days are blackened coptis root residue. How great it is right now, the supreme leader of this land —— the supreme chief of Wu Lin has already given her his heart (although not explicitly said), she can practically foresee her brilliant future of hundreds and thousands worth of doting love concentrated on her alone.

To hell with Sang Chan-ah, Mei Wu-ah and whatnot, dear Gu is mine now, will also be mine in future, and thus be mine forever, wa-ha-ha!

As she was getting carried away by the thoughts, a maid suddenly comes reporting, saying a guest has come looking for her.

She lays on the bamboo chair and lazily sounds a response, at the time, she

couldn't come to a clear idea of what kind of a person would come looking for her, she does not seem to have made many friends within the Capital ah?

“Say, why have you not been attending to your lessons? Have your feelings been hurt?”

A voice like that of a yellow oriole sounds, a great beauty with graceful posture saunters over, glancing at that fake bandaging on her ankle as she walks.

Pang Wan is finally hit with realisation — — the arriving guest is Jin Bu Yao.

“What wind has brought you over here?”

She hurriedly sits up, pouring a cup of tea for this beauty of peerless elegance, and orders the maids to prepare some fruits and snacks.

“You're sure spending your days here very well ah.” Seeing her acting as though she has command over the land, Jin Bu Yao smiles.

At the mention of her practicing in advance to act like the head mistress of the house, Pang Wan is thoroughly snuffed out by Jin Bu Yao's bright and charming smile.

“Nanny, you're making fun of me!” She purses her lips, feeling a little shy, and speaks up to ask, “What made Nanny think of coming to see me?”

In fact, what she really wanted to ask is “how does Nanny know I live here?”, but she also feels that this question has little significance, because at one glance, one can see that He Qing Lu is someone with power, influence and noble background, looking into her home address should be a piece of cake to him.

Jin Bu Yao spreads an unfathomable smile, glancing towards the doorway.

Pang Wan also follows her gaze and casts a glance outside, only seeing a bodyguard Jin Bu Yao had brought along with her, a big and tall figure with ordinary looks, currently stood with his back straight, a broadsword at his waist side, inspecting around the courtyard with a “ready to calmly face death” look.

Could it be something has happened? Pang Wan seriously couldn't work this out, and could only mysteriously move her head closer to Jin Bu Yao: “Nanny, do you have some sort of secret to tell me?”

Jin Bu Yao smiles, raising the cup and gracefully takes a sip of tea.

“It’s actually nothing, just that I saw you leave the estate in such a hurry a few days ago, when I followed after you to take a look, I found that Young Master had accidentally flipped over all his tools.” Speaking up to here, she pauses, “Did something happen between you two?”

Deep down, Pang Wan is thinking, *so it’s to act as mediator between a civil dispute*, instantly relaxing, she shakes her head: “It’s nothing.”

Is it not just a fallout with He Qing Lu? It’s not worth reporting.

The corners of Jin Bu Yao’s lips stiffen, fan-like lashes suddenly flashes as she blinks twice.

“Nanny dislikes a lying little girl the most.”

She smiles a deeply sweet and charming, an extremely coquettish smile. Such smile makes Pang Wan feel as though her entire being had fallen into an icehouse.

“It’s really nothing.....just had a fight with Gentleman He, he said he hates me, thinks I’m too much of a stupid idiot, and even told me get out the estate, and so I did.” Pang Wan glumly says.

Jin Bu Yao looks at her, not without pity, and reaches out to softly hold her hands in hers, softly speaking as she gently pats them: “Ai-ya, our family’s young master’s temper, you are also aware of it, he has been spoilt since young, with no one refusing to go along with him, always cradling him, you absolutely mustn’t keep his words at heart.”

Pang Wan already does not want to mention He Qing Lu, this person, and half-heartedly nods: “Nanny is right, I have never bothered with people that lacks common sense.”

Jin Bu Yao is stunned, the shoulders of the guard at the doorway also tremble.

“Our family’s young master.....” Jin Bu Yao hesitates for a moment, seemingly wanting to circle her way back around the conversation, “It’s not that he lacks common sense, just that he is sometimes a little.....frank and outspoken.....”

Pang Wan seeing her struggle with her choice of words, is seriously fuming at heart: *that’s still considered frank and outspoken? Such a poisonous tongue*

that argues about the littlest of details.

“I have watched young master grow up, he is very kind-hearted, just that his mouth is ruthless, don’t be mad at him.” Jin Bu Yao continues to speak good words for He Qing Lu.

Pang Wan vaguely hums a reply, heart growing suspicious: “Nanny, you didn’t specifically come here to tell me all this right?”

No matter what, she doesn’t think He Qing Lu would care about her feelings, that rascal cannot wait for her to leave, the farther away the better.

Jin Bu Yao chuckles: “In fact, Nanny has come to bid farewell to you, after another few days, we will be leaving the Capital, with this leave, don’t know when will be next time we will meet again, no matter what, we cannot part ways on bad terms now can we?”

Pang Wan is greatly shocked: “Where are you all going? For how long? Will you be returning?”

Jin Bu Yao pats her hand, smilingly saying: “The estate in the Capital is but only another property owned by young master’s family, according to the rules, he must go back home once a year, as to when he will come back after this.....” She seemingly glances towards the doorway, “It completely depends on what our young master thinks.”

Pang Wan did not think she will have to bid farewell with Jin Bu Yao so fast, feeling very sad, she clings onto Jin Bu Yao’s arm as she shakes it: “Nanny, don’t leave, it’s your young master who’s going back, you don’t need to follow him back too, you need to stay behind and continue teaching me the art of seduction ah!”

Jin Bu Yao bursts out laughing: “Why not say you can’t bear to let go of the face that young master is personally making?”

It is unlike Pang Wan to have actually firmly shook her head without any hesitation: “I already don’t need that face.”

Jin Bu Yao’s willow brows raises, body gradually leaning backwards: “Tell Nanny, what made you suddenly change your mind?”

Pang Wan is embarrassed to say Gu Xi Ju is the reason, and only laughs: “Actually, I feel that the me right now is very good.” Having said that, she bows her head and fiddles with the hem of her clothes, just like a young maiden being shy.

All traces of the smile on Jin Bu Yao’s face vanish, once again restoring a look of cold desolation.

“Have you thought over this clearly?” Her expression solemn as she looks at Pang Wan, “You really wish to give up this golden opportunity?” *Young master’s works are difficult to request for even with millions of gold.*

Pang Wan very seriously nods her head: “I thought over it clearly, beauty is a floating cloud, this deal is thus written off, from now on, I no longer need to bother your family’s young master anymore.”

The guard by the doorway is thunderstruck.

Jun Bu Yao looks at Pang Wan whose face is filled with a spring glow, her mouth opens, wanting to say something, but in the end, only sighs.

“Forget it, forget it, it was I who insisted.” She barely squeezes out a smile at Pang Wan, taking out a silk pouch and places it in Pang Wan’s hand.

“Between nanny and you, it can also be considered a fated meeting, should you ever need anything in future, take this to Qi Xiang Tower, and someone will kindly take care of you.” Her eyes were slightly reddening.

Pang Wan hastily expresses her gratitude, then once again pesters Jin Bu Yao, speaking for a good while, consulting a lot about the art of husband taming, before the two people very reluctantly bid farewell.

Having left Misty Wave Manor, Jin Bu Yao had one foot on the horse carriage, when a black shadow barges in.

It is precisely the guard carrying a sword.

He enters the carriage, and with not a word, he extends his legs as he sits on the soft seating and closes his eyes, all that was missing is a note saying “cannot enter” stuck on his face.

Yet Jin Bu Yao just has to go and stroke the fur on the tiger’s head — —

“Angry?” She looks at him with a deeply meaningful smile.

The guard does not even bother with her.

“No matter what, she has finally gotten what she wanted, we should be wishing her the best.” She softly says this, gazing out the window with a look of melancholy, sinking deep into her own thoughts.

The guard impatiently turns his head away, continuing to play deaf and act mute.

The horse carriage very quickly runs along, the street view outside the window like tides howling as they pass by.

The guard’s lashes gently fans.

——it’s all this Jin Bu Yao’s fault, insisting on dragging him along to bid farewell.

——as if he would wish that foolish girl the best, because he simply does not care.

——even though she says all has been written off, such damned words of never seeing him again, he does not feel the slightest bit upset.

——he cannot be any happier, never having to see her again.

(translated by *anniaxx*)

(edited by *xia0xiao1mei*)



CHAPTER THIRTY-FIVE

Fairy From Heaven

Pang Wan has been a little bit bored these two days.

Gu Xi Ju has been really busy recently, busy for preparing Wu Lin's Thirty-Sixth Representative Assembly, he used to have Bai Xiao Sheng helping him, but since that fellow is now lying on bed like a corpse every day, many miscellaneous things had fallen onto his shoulders.

Nan Yi has also been weird, ever since the day when he clutched her neck, he has not come finding her again, other than treating Bai Xiao Sheng with acupuncture at set time each day, he disappears in all other times. Even though he says that he is collecting medicine, Pang Wan feels he definitely cannot be trusted, this person has always been scheming and vicious, he is probably doing

some bad things.

Her sixteenth birthday is in seven days, Pang Wan has planned for a long time and has decided to celebrate it with Gu Xi Ju, it would be the best if they can declare their love with one kiss or secretly promise to be together all their lives on that day, thus eliminating any possibilities of undesired outcomes.

She thinks up of an excuse, and excitedly runs to Gu Xi Ju's courtyard, yet unexpectedly sees Maid B dressed in thin garment, rushing out from the door, her face vaguely reveals an expression of embarrassed anger.

—What?! Could it be that the scene of head mistress fighting guileful concubine is about the start? But I am not the head mistress yet, nor is that Maid B Gu Xi Ju's concubine?^[1]

Pang Wan just feels a strong premonition, as her brain boils up, she leaps into the room.

Then she is immediately shocked.

In the enormous main hall, there fully stands more than ten beautiful girls, some in glamorous makeup and outfits, some are as elegant as fairies, every one is peerless beauty of national and heavenly quality.

Several adult men sit trapped in Ba Xian chairs^[2], appearing to be judging the girls, Gu Xi Ju sits on the highest master seat, face tensed and eyebrows frowning. Everyone seems to be struggling with some trouble, suddenly hearing a sound, and looks toward the door all at once.

"How come you came?" Gu Xi Ju is clearly surprised when he sees Pang Wan.

"This, this is a pageant for selecting imperial princesses?"

Pang Wan's little face is all paled, her voice slightly shaking, "So, so many beauties....." Could it be that Gu Xi Ju wants concubines?

Gu Xi Ju observes her clearly being nervous to the extreme yet still striving to appear calm, he naturally lifts up the corners of his lips.

"No, we are selecting dancers for the Grand Wu Lin Assembly."

His voice is very gentle, comforting her within a second, "Do you want to look

as well?” He asks.

Pang Wan is just about to smile and say yes, but suddenly hears an unfamiliar voice in a corner sound, “Supreme Chief, I think she can!”

Gu Xi Ju’s eyebrows quickly frowns.

Pang Wan is still dumbfounded when that person says again, “Supreme Chief, many people have high dance skill, but I’m afraid that right now only Lady Wan Wan can qualify for the ‘Fairy from Heaven’ dance!”

Pang Wan is a person who really cannot handle compliments, she obediently runs to Gu Xi Ju and stands straightly right beside him, could not close her mouth because of her irresistible smile, “What is the ‘Fairy from Heaven’ dance?” She tilts up her face and eagerly stares at him full of hope.

Gu Xi Ju sees her enraptured look, sighs, and vividly explains it to her.

Formally every Grand Wu Lin Assembly in recent years all had a special opening performance, the “Fairy from Heaven” dance, this dance is not that much of a big deal, it’s just having a young lady coming down from the sky, creating a celestial fairy sense with Dun Huang goddess postures. The dance is not difficult itself, but the performance location is on an extremely steep cliff of a barren mountain, a single mistake can makes the dancer falling off the precipice. Furthermore, the dancer not only needs to finish the whole dance at the cliff, but also needs to straightly leap off from the cliff in the last moment, pulling open a banner of “*Wu Lin Assembly Grandly Begins*”, attempting to create a peaceful atmosphere showing that heaven blesses the Supreme Chief.

“Who thought up of this twisted dance?” After hearing Gu Xi Ju’s description, Pang Wan opens her eyes super wide.

Behind, there are people protesting, “This kind of dance with beauty and danger coexisting, its inventor is of course the peerless Fairy Sang Chan!”

Pang Wan unhappily twitches her lips, turns to Gu Xi Ju, “Then why is she not dancing it herself?”

Gu Xi Ju is speechless for a second, then somewhat difficultly replies, “Ever since the farewell in the Black Bamboo Forest, junior sister is angry at me for not honoring my promise, so.....” It can be easily seen that he is trying his best to

painstakingly select the words to say.

Only then did Pang Wan recall the trouble that she has caused, suddenly her whole heart turns cold.

Sang Chan is angry and does not reveal her location, therefore, the problem comes, most girls who can dance do not have that kind of high light body skill; the girls who have high light body skills, are not necessarily beautiful young ladies.

“Which of the two kinds is the one who just ran out?” Pang Wan has not forgotten the angry and embarrassed Maid B.

“.....the latter.” Gu Xi Ju initially wanted to reply “the former kind”, but he sees her angry look, then he uncontrollably changed what he was about to say.

Pang Wan’s dimples immediately show up with her smile, appearing very content and satisfied.

——*Little Three (third party in a relationship) will not have a future, because there will be Little Four and Little Five settling you for me. [3]*

“To not proceed with this opening dance, would it have that big of an impact?” She carefully observes Gu Xi Ju’s expression.

“.....the dance itself is not important, but.....” Gu Xi Ju sighs, as if he does not want to say more.

“The ‘Fairy from Heaven’ dance was made by Fairy Sang Chan that year to congratulate Supreme Chief for ascending the treasured seat, dancing it once every year, it has been continuously performed for three times till now, if no one performs it this year, I’m afraid.....” The unfamiliar man behind continues to murmurs, sounding really worried.

Now Pang Wan understands: That year, Gu Xi Ju grasped hold of the treasured seat as a young man; to strengthen the power of her senior brother, Sang Chang thought of this “Heaven blesses the Supreme Chief” gimmick to help him win others’ obedience. If no one performs this dance this year, then Gu Xi Ju’s actually unstable Supreme Chief position will definitely be discussed by other people, such as is the Supreme Chief and Fairy Sang Chan against each other now, is the God in Heaven starting to abandon Supreme Chief, then these

rumors will probably be used by some “ambitious people”.

So everyone is not worried about the dance itself, but the power of public opinion behind the dance, such public clamour that can confound right and wrong.

“Okay! This dance will be performed by me!” Pang Wan slaps the desk with determination.

Gu Xi Ju is shocked by her sudden verve.

“You rest assured, I will successfully fulfill this task.” Pang Wan turns to smile brightly at her beloved, secretly clenching her fists, warning herself that she must dance better than Sang Chan.

Pang Wan with her battle mode completely unlocked dives into intensive training.

The Grand Wu Lin Assembly’s opening date, just happens to be her sixteenth birthday, she dreams of herself using a fairy’s posture to perform this dance for Gu Xi Ju, then cuddling with him like a baby bird in front of everyone’s sight——that moment the color of the entire Jiang Hu’s beauties will all fade, Pang Wan has three thousand worth of doting love all focused on her alone! How Mary Sue is that! It’s Mary Sue to the extreme!

Pang Wan senses the happiness and hope that she has never had before.

During the practices, Gu Xi Ju is very busy, yet he still takes out time to see her.

“Are you tired?”

“Is it difficult?”

“Can you still endure?”

He doesn’t say sweet words that much, only these several caring questions over and over again, Pang Wan’s body is very tired, but she holds her rule of “telling the happy things not the sad things”, every time she returns a comforting sweet smile, occasionally acts pampered to ask him wipe off her sweat or making her tea.

Whenever Gu Xi Ju is wiping off sweat for her, she would seize the opportunities to bury herself in his arms, then lifting her blushing cheeks, staring

at him with eyes as gentle as water.

“As long as you are happy, are these difficulties even important?” She very obediently says.

Gu Xi Ju pauses, then lifts his lips.

“You are so understanding, don’t know how can I pay you back in the future?” He intentionally teases her.

—— *Marry me as your wife! Swear that you will only love me all your life! Dote on me your entire life!*

Countless ways to pay her back emerges in her heart like a raising tide, but Pang Wan knows, now is not the time she should open up her mouth, she wants to leave these requests to say on her sixteenth’s birthday, to achieve the most beautiful moment in her life.

So she just shyly smiles, stomps her feet and runs away.

[1] This is referring to a classic scene in 宅斗/**house fight** genre of C-Novels, which is about women in the same household fighting each other (a smaller scale of the imperial harem genre)

[2]八仙椅／**Bā xiān yǐ**: a traditional Chinese chair

[3]**Little Three**/小三／**xiǎo sān**: the third party in a romantic relationship. Pang Wan made up Little Four and Little Five to mean other people who are also trying to destroy the relationship. She thinks that Maid B will not be a threat to her relationship with Gu Xi Ju, because there are also so many other girls fighting to win his attention.

Full

(translated by xia0xiao1mei)

(edited by anniaxx)



CHAPTER THIRTY-SIX

Disillusioned

The tenth of the sixth month, is the official opening of the Grand Wu Lin Assembly.

A sea of people arrives in the Capital one after another, the amount of horses and carriages in the streets were also several times the usual amount.

“Abbot of Shaolin has arrived.”

“Kun Lun Sect Leader has arrived.”

“Wu Dang Sect Leader has arrived.”

.....

Reports from outside sounding one after another, an endless list of outstanding figures, Pang Wan grips onto the collar of her clothing, seeming a little nervous.

“Lady needs not panic, we have all seen the amount of effort lady has put in these past few days, it can certainly exceed everyone else’s talents.” The dancer in charge of dress and makeup gently smiles, “Since lady is the one Supreme Chief has chosen, you must be confident in yourself.”

Pang Wan shyly smiles, not answering.

In fact, she is quite confident in her own dancing skills, only afraid that she is not as good of a dancer as Sang Chan.

In the moment of muddled thinking, the room doors are suddenly pushed open with a sound of “zhi-ya”, the rustling sound of footsteps gently comes up behind her.

Pang Wan sees the one who have arrived through the mirror, and unconsciously presses her lips together.

Without uttering a single sound, the dancer extremely tactfully withdraws herself.

Gu Xi Ju looks at the person in the mirror, and cannot help but to sigh in admiration.

The young girl quietly sits in front of the table, her neck slender and fair, her light pink cheeks shiny and smooth, a pair of almond eyes sparkling clear like water, eyelashes like butterfly wings as it gently fans, complemented with the red plum blossom printed between her brows, her entire being looking just like the first bloom of a delicate flower, an indescribable type of sweet charm.

As though waiting for someone to sympathetically caress it.

As he thinks this, one arm could not hold back from reaching out and pulling her into his embrace.

Pang Wan did not expect today’s Gu Xi Ju would be so impulsive, and was a little startled in that moment, yet she still obediently leans back against his chest.

With this one movement, she thus feels Gu Xi Ju's heart beating faster than usual.

"What's wrong?" She raises her head, doubtfully looking at him.

A soft and delicate body in his arms, warm fragrance seeping into his heart, Gu Xi Ju looks into the young girl's misty water-like orbs, and only feels his throat gradually tighten.

"Finished with the dressing and makeup?" He embraces her, his voice a little hoarse.

Pang Wan blinks, puckering up her pink petal-like lips: "Still haven't applied rouge on here." Having said that, she felt a little embarrassed, turning to take the rouge case.

But did not think someone would beat her to it.

"Allow me." Gu Xi Ju twists open that little rouge case, and turns her body to him.

Without waiting for Pang Wan to voice out her refusal, that slightly rough fingertip had already been coated with delicate rouge, and slowly, gently, strokes an outline across her lip.

Pang Wan is both startled and flustered, lowering her eyes as she dares not to look at him, her little cheeks a drunken red.

Seeing her look so adorable, Gu Xi Ju's eyes sharply darkens, he lowers his head and latches onto her lips.

How could Pang Wan had thought he would suddenly kiss her? She could not help but to gently cry out in shock, this one sound thus gave Gu Xi Ju the opportunity, his tongue instantly strives forward and captures her wet cavern.

This one kiss lasted very long, the initial gentleness later turns wild, throughout all this, Pang Wan powerlessly endures it, until her lips were swollen, her tongue numb, even her breathing was growing heavy.

Sensing her discomfort, Gu Xi Ju finally brings himself to a halt, but his big hands still kept her tightly locked in place.

"Take a breath." He brings in his focus, gentle reminding her.

And only then did Pang Wan take a deep breath, her filled up chest rising and falling, the glistening waves in her eyes practically about to drip.

Gu Xi Ju inwardly sighs, lowering his head to peck her face.

“Supreme Chief, young lady’s outfit has been brought here.” Maid A’s voice makes an untimely sound from beyond the doors.

The two entangled people instantly separate, Pang Wan rapidly lowers her head and tidies her hair, Gu Xi Ju also wipes away the rouge on his lips with his hand.

“Come in.” He commands the person outside, voice restoring its usual clear and bright tone.

Maid A emotionlessly carries a tray as she enters the room.

“May young lady Wan Wan change into the dancing costume.” She bows towards Pang Wan.

Pang Wan picks up the dancing costume that is as thin as a cicada’s wings, and instantly freezes.

“Must I really wear this?” She hesitantly looks at Gu Xi Ju.

“In previous Grand Wu Lin Assemblies, junior sister has always worn this costume to dance.” Gu Xi Ju is a little surprised, “Could there be anything wrong with it?”

Pang Wan pouts, appearing very troubled.

“Should you really not like it, I’ll immediately order to have it made all over again.”

Seeing her unhappy, Gu Xi Ju also follows suit in frowning.

“.....forget it forget it, this will do.”

Pang Wan cannot bear to trouble her beloved, bringing the costume into her embrace, she sweetly smiles: “It’s too late to make another one anyway.”

Gu Xi Ju slightly nods, admiring her for being able to look at the big picture, then casts an eye signal at Maid A, Maid A quietly withdraws, closing the room doors.

“Don’t be nervous.”

He wraps his arm around Pang Wan’s round shoulders, and kisses her cheek: “No matter what happens, I will take care of everything for you.”

Pang Wan mind was occupied, feeling a little restless, and could only casually sound a reply.

“You must believe in me.” Gu Xi Ju is dissatisfied with her neglect, and turns her face to meet eyes with him.

Pang Wan sees his face carry a look of irritation, and cannot help burst out laughing, holding his face to give him a peck: “I believe in you the most.”

Gu Xi Ju’s eyes increasingly darkens, leaning down as he holds her, wanting to kiss her again, but the young girl charmingly breaks away again and again.

“Actually.....today is my birthday.” Pang Wan’s face is completely flushed red. Gu Xi Ju freezes.

“After the dance, come accompany me to the night markets tonight, alright?” She looks at him expectantly, eyes overflowing with tenderness.

Gu Xi Ju falls silent for a moment, then smiles: “Alright, what gift would you like?” He extends his finger to play with her lashes.

“I want to see fireworks.” Pang Wan shyly smiles, saying the answer she had wanted to say for a long time, “I also want you to go to the clock tower and hit the bell sixteen times for me.”

Bell sound bell sound (zhōng shēng / 钟声), is a homonym with lifelong (zhōng shēng / 终生).

When the bell sound rings, she shall make a promise of a hundred years with Gu Xi Ju.

“Alright, whatever you say.” Gu Xi Ju softly replies. Soft and light kisses travelling down from her cheek, finally stopping at Pang Wan’s lips.

The two people remained entangled like this for a long while before parting with great reluctance, Gu Xi Ju returns and continues receiving the guests, leaving Pang Wan in the room to change into the costume by herself.

She stares at that flying costume that can only barely cover up her chest, leaving her waist and shoulders fully revealed, and sinks deep into her own thoughts.

Just dazedly sitting there, thinking for a very long time.

And even forgot to eat dinner.

**

The Grand Wu Lin Assembly venue is located on the plains of a mountain valley, completely surrounded by rows of mountains, gurgling stream flowing by, very much like a land of idyllic beauty.

Within such a harmonious and beautiful environment, a group of not very harmonious team of men and horses shows up, they suspiciously hide in a corner of the mountain valley, keeping a distance from the venue.

“My lord, we have received clear information, today’s procedure is to go as planned.” A man in black kneels before a middle-aged man sat on the master seat, as he respectfully reports back.

“Oh? This indeed raises expectations.” The middle-aged man’s face is hidden in the shadow, revealing half of a rigidly lined chin.

“Don’t know what that Gu Xi Ju is playing at, insisting on inviting.....my lord to attend some sort of grand assembly.” Another person in green leans their head in to mutter.

“There is no harm, since he sent the invitation, and also arranged such nice private seating, what harm is there in me coming to enjoy the show?” The middle-aged man raises the tea cup, a small silver orchid flower brought out from his hand, and quietly placed in.

Only after seeing that the silver orchid flower shows no change at all, does he raises the tea cup, and leisurely drinks from it.

“Also don’t know how young master is doing with his tasks?” That person in green starts talking by himself.

“Ai-ya, descendants have their own blessings ah.” The middle-aged man heartily laughs, brows and eyes kind looking, “Don’t worry about him, don’t

worry about him.”

Dong!

A deafening sound of drums suddenly pierces through the air.

“It’s started, it’s started!” A whole gathering of people excitedly calls out, every single person’s line of sight is instantly attracted to the mountaintop.

Only seeing where the rosy clouds are slowly rising, a giant red drum has sprung up, above the drum, one can vaguely see a veiled young girl standing, amongst the mistiness, one cannot clearly see her appearance.

Dong!

Yet another majestic drum sound, all that can be seen is the young girl’s hand rise, and behind her, a ten zhang long snow white silk ribbon flies out, the ribbon dances along the wind, further lining the young girl’s slender figure to make her look like a fairy walking on clouds. (zhàng / 丈 = approximately 3 meters)

Dong dong dong!

With three quick consecutive hits of the drum, only a clear and long whistle is heard, and the young girl leaps into the sea of clouds.

Everyone was not even given the chance to be surprised, when between the mountains, a long flute melody had already sounded, like the luminous moon shining between the pine tree, tranquil, bright and clean. Amongst this pure melody of returning to nature, the young girl’s feet treads along the white clouds, nimbly, gracefully appearing above the cliff.

She sometimes lightly tosses her sleeves, sometimes making a lively spin, not one gesture is not beautiful, not one gesture is not captivating, looking from afar, she is just like Chang’e playing in the sky, the ten zhang silk ribbon is nothing but a beautiful toy in her hands. (Chang’e is the Chinese goddess of the moon)

The flute melody gradually grows cheerful, the drumming interlaces with the flute melody in response, like the sound of nature. Just as everyone was watching on obsessively and drunkenly, the young girl suddenly tosses her hand, and that flowing ribbon thus flies directly into the clouds, hooking onto the drum

above the mountain. Everyone was about to praise her internal energy, but sees the girl's hand hold onto the flowing ribbon, the tip of toe lightly tapping, and just like that, she quickly ascends to the mountaintop again.

"Great internal energy indeed." The person in green cannot help but to praise out loud.

Only hearing a sound of "ka-cha", the middle-aged man honoured as "my lord", smashes the tea cup in hand.

"How could it be her?" He stands up in utter panic, the Ba Xian chair under him crumbles from the shock.

The person in green was just about to open their mouth, then catches a closer look at the young girl, instantly paling.

"She isn't wearing the Silk Soft Armour! She actually isn't wearing the Silk Soft Armour!" The middle-aged man roars aloud, his expression looking painful and ferocious.

"Fairy! Fairy!"

The cheers below the mountain rings through the sky, Pang Wan looks at the densely packed dots of black heads below her feet, and stands still, breathless.

Today is her most glorious also her must craziest day, fortunately, there is only one action left before the dance is completed.

Dong dong dong!

The intense drumming sounds, she begins to take big and deep breaths.

Dong!

Following that final strong drum that hit into the hearts of people, she pulls out the long prepared hanging calligraphy scroll, amongst complete silence, she makes a flying leap from the cliff, pen straight, without the slightest of hesitation.

All the prelude was for this very moment, as long as she leaps down, the burden in Gu Xi Ju's heart shall all be lifted.

A sharp blast of cold wind whistles as it pierces past her ear, she is able to

sense the hanging scroll in hand spread out, freely unrolling in the sky.

Rest assured, she inwardly says, starting to look down in search for a good landing ahead of time.

A strange sound of “zheng” suddenly rings in her ear.

Her chest feeling as though it is being torn apart by something, she looks down, a black feathered arrow has struck her left chest with peerless accuracy.

Ferocious flames bursts out from snow white skin, eating into the delicate clothing covering her chest, swallowing up all her joy. She was not able to even issue a cry, and rolls down from the clouds like a wounded young swallow.

The whole world spinning, heart torn and lungs cracked.

Don't know for how long she rolled, when she finally stops at a barrier made of rocks, the burning pain causing her vision to turn crimson red, amongst the haziness, someone seems to have come to her side to check her injury.

It hurts, it hurts so much.....

“.....hit perfect centre of the heart.” She hears someone reporting.

Save me, save me.....

She longs to reach out towards that person, however, her entire body seems to burn in furious flames, preventing her from initiating any movements, preventing her from issuing any sounds.

Right then, she hears a familiar voice.

“This girl is of cunning nature, stab into the wound again, lest the troubles in future.”

Within a moment, she has not even the strength to think.

Why? She really wants to ask this.

A frosty shine passes by, a sharp-edged knife pierces into her chest, issuing a blunt sound of “pu-chi”.

Glistening tears slides down from her long lashes.

Turns out the most terrifying thing to happen in this world, is not when your

beloved does not like you, but is when he says he likes you with one face, and arranges for people to kill you with another face.

Turns out the greatest despair in the world, is not when your beloved arranges for people to kill you, but is when he fears you will not die, and commands the killer to stab into your wound again.

Her heart has finally died, never again does she wishes to breath again, never again does she expect to wake up.

Pang Wan died on the tenth day of the sixth month, that day she was dressed like a fairy in white, dancing the most graceful and captivating dance, gloriously sending herself into a bottomless abyss.

An hour before that, she had once shared an affectionate moment with her beloved, fantasising about spending the rest of her life with him.

Pang Wan has died, died in the most Mary Sue moment of her life.

———— **Book of the White Lotus Flower** ————

————— **END** —————

The moment of truth has come. Everyone had their doubts and now you’ve finally gotten the answer – GXJ is indeed one hell of a rotten asshole. Ugh the way this chapter played out is so so aggravating!! GXJ, if you’re gonna try and kill off the girl, then you try and do that, how could play for her poor little heart and share such a sweet moment with her before all this??!! AND ON HER BIRTHDAY!!!

Needless to say, this definitely isn’t the end of Wan Wan. And with the first book having now come to an end, next week, we’ll be jumping straight into the Book of the Fire Phoenix – quite a satisfying title I must say.

Now go ahead and rant away!!

Full

(translated by *anniaxx*)

(edited by *xia0xiao1mei*)

○ Book of the Fire Phoenix (Part One) ○



CHAPTER THIRTY-SEVEN

Sang Shang Sheng In Red

Desert sand shining as snow, crooked river curving like a crescent.

Just like how no one has thought that a flower can bloom from the fissure of a rock, no one knows, within the vast desert exists such a beautiful stream.

Pristine and quiet, an emerald river like a jade strip.

Sang Shang Sheng is as usual, lying under the roofing of the boat and basking in the sun.

Now is already late autumn, after a few days it will be winter, there will not be a lot of leisurely days like this anymore.

The leisure did not last long, approaching footsteps suddenly sounds by his ears, seems like two people in total, one of them is also a master of light body skill.

——I, who have been lonely for so long, am finally going to come in handy?

As he thinks this, he couldn't help but raising his corners of lips, carelessly pushing up the straw hat onto his head.

“Boatman, we want to cross the river.”

A youth in black with a cold and static expression appears in front of him.

Not far behind him, a young lady with hair combed into double maid buns is running with great effort; probably because she is rushing so hurriedly, she is covered with sweat and running short of breath.

“Now is not the time I work.”

Sang Shang Sheng slovenly throws the youth a glance, not planning to pay attention to him —— *this kind of obviously spoiled young master is the most annoying.*

“No one is asking for your opinion.”

A strip of blinding white light shines past, a sharp sword rests on his neck, if it moves one centimeter down, it will definitely slice through his throat.

“I only need your boat.”

The youth emotionlessly states this sentence and moves his hands, just about to feed that cold sword into his flesh.

“Senior brother stop!”

A sudden delicate shout prevented Sang Shang Sheng from performing his originally planned moves.

He rolls his eyes, looking with interest at the person who said that.

That young lady is anxiously looking at the youth in black, she is probably still not recovered from the previous scene, her little face is as pale as paper, her chest moving up and down.

“He is really annoying.” The blade freezes in the air, the beautiful face of the youth reveals a trace of displeasure.

The young lady takes a deep breath, slowly coming near the boat.

“Senior brother, could it be that you want me to row the boat?” She lifts her chin toward the youth in black, small shoulders gently shaking, as pitiful as the falling leaves in autumn wind, “I am very tired, you need to let me save some energy.”

The youth in black frowns, but in the end he did take back his sword.

Sang Shang Sheng quietly lies on the original place, as if nothing has happened.

“This boatman, we, senior brother and junior sister, have come a long way, experiencing multiple challenges to get here, may I ask for your grace to take us across this river?”

The young lady squats down, speaking to Sang Shang Sheng politely.

Her appearance is delicate and formal, bright red garment wrapping her exquisite body, like a flower bud embellished with dew, fresh and tender.

——This is more like it! When requesting others, one should at least show the attitude of requesting others.

Sang Shang Sheng turns to her and smiles, lazily saying, “Little lady, where did you come from, where are you going?”

Well, this is a philosophical puzzle that has been a mystery throughout the ages.

“Came from where I came from, going to where I am going.”

The young lady also presses her lips into a sweet smile, two cute dimples appear on her cheeks, she touches her black beautiful hair as she speaks, the silk sleeve slips down her wrist like water, exposing a chunk of jade-white skin.

Sang Shang Sheng’s pupils feel like they are unable to move.

“Continue looking and I shall dig out your eyes.” A chilly voice sounds above his head.

Tch, she is only your junior sister, not your wife, so stingy!

Sang Shang Sheng complains in his heart, his eyesight willfully slips down from the girl’s wrist, suddenly stops at her waist — there hangs a golden silk pouch.

“Boatman, I have already answered your question, may I ask will you take us across or not?” The young lady seeing him not responding for a long time, her voice irresistibly shows some anxiousness.

“Will do, why won’t I?” Sang Shang Sheng peeps at that silk pouch one more time, then meaningfully curves the corners of his lips, **“As long as you give me money.”**

...

The silver boat slowly flows through the water, cool breeze on the river comes into the boat.

“This river is so beautiful.” The young lady in red gazes at the shining emerald-like ripples, her face showing instant amazement.

“Of course.” Sang Shang Sheng diligently rows the paddle at the back of the boat, his voice sounds very joyful, **“Does lady want to go down and play for a while?”**

The young lady has not even replied when that youth in black reaches out his big hands to lift her and places her under the roofing of the boat.

“You dare?” He glares at her, a strong sense of warning exists in his eyes.

The young lady giggles and pats his arm, looking like she is telling him to not to worry.

“Boatman, we do not have any misunderstanding and enmity between us, why would you want to hurt me?” Her crisp voice is as that of a oriole bird, “This river that you guard is clearly a man eating river, if I foolishly jump down, even if I don’t die, I would definitely lose all my bones and skin.”

Upon finishing her words, she picks up half a chunk of rope under her feet and throws it into the river, unevenly emerges it for a little while and takes it out, that initial thick rope of the size of a thumb has already corroded into a thin thin candle string.

Sang Shang Sheng sees this and lightly humphs, not saying a word more.

“A river with no fish, lives thousands of ghosts.” The young lady turns back and beautifully smiles at the youth in black, “Senior brother, isn’t that right?”

The youth does not say anything either, only raising his eyebrows.

No other conversation occurred between the three along the way, they reached the other side of the river very quickly.

“Sorry, the day is already dark, I will need to hurriedly go back, don’t have time to throw the anchor down.”

There is still a distance of several *zhang* (3.33 meters) to the other side, Sang Shang Sheng stands on the back of the boat, fakely cupping his hands at the two under the roofing.

The youth in black does not say anything, holds up the young lady and leaps out, steadily landing on the other side, not even touching half a drop of water.

“Sorry to trouble you senior brother.” The young lady stands from his embrace, bitinh her bottom lip in slight embarassment.

— Yo, *that youth has pretty good skills*, Sang Shang Sheng thinks of this and rubs his chin with interest.

But the one who is more interesting is the young lady in red, no matter how he looks at it, she should be someone with a strong martial art foundation, her light and delicate bone structure is also hard to encounter, how can she not

know a single bit of light body skill? Truly a pity.

Shaking his head, he turns the paddle and returns.

When he is in the center of the river, Sang Shang Sheng's line of sight is attracted to a sudden piece of green at a corner of the roofing.

Who knows when the bottom of his beloved silver boat had a small opening cut through by a sword, the corrosive water is quietly coming into his boat. The opening is not big, but it can guarantee that he cannot return to the other side, only dying in the center of this man eating emerald river.

A shining light sparks in his eyes.

"Youth! You are so cruel hearted!" He throws away the paddle and laughs; his laughter like frightened birds, flying directly into the clouds.

—

After crossing the emerald river, the youth and the young lady slowly walk on the endless gobi. In this vast and boundless scenery, the heaven's favoured few are merely two tiny ants.

"Cough cough!" The young lady suddenly stops her steps and covers her mouth.

"Is it hurting again?" The youth turns to her, his eyebrows furrowed.

The young lady does not say anything, only takes out a pellet from the silk pouch to eat, then takes down her hand that covered her mouth.

Between her five fingers, streams of bright red liquid vaguely seep out.

".....sooner or later I will kill that brute!" The youth gazes at her pale cheeks, pure darkness settling in his eyes.

The young lady stays silent and avoids eye contact with him.

"Pang Wan! Don't let yourself down!"

When the youth sees her disheartened look, the knuckles of his tightly-held fists turn white, his anger is on the brink of exploding.

He still remembers when he saw her three months ago——weak and broken, wounds all over her body, a poisonous arrow and a cold knife pierce

through her chest, the blade goes in from her front chest and comes out from her backbone, as cold and cruel as a bamboo stick piercing through a piece of



meat fragment.

The person who killed her had strong determination, all attacks striking her vital body parts, not leaving any possibilities for her to live on.

She was supposed to have died right there, yet the person who killed her did not expect, her heart is on the opposite side as opposed to other people.

Her gifted body saved her.

“Yes yes, senior brother, don’t worry, I will definitely stab him myself.” The young lady smiles superficially, not showing a sense of ease in her eyes.

“.....Father was right, you are too soft-hearted, it is better for you to no longer be the Sheng Gu.” The youth gives her a cold glance, then turns to walk deeper into the gobi.

The young lady bitterly smiles, lifts up her dress and follows him with shaking steps.

He is right, now she already has no rights to be the Sheng Gu of the unorthodox sect, that age of arrogance and fame has already passed in the end.

“Are you sure that the base of the Solitary Palace is here?”

Staring at the far boundless desert, the young lady couldn't resist asking.

“My information is never wrong.” The youth calmly walks toward the front, seeming to hold great confidence.

“This palace master is so weird, why would he build a palace in this humanless place?” The young lady appears confused.

“You think this is just a normal desert?” Youth sneers, leisurely telling her, “Along the way, that carp's back mountain, black wind valley, man eating river, which of these places allows for people to safely cross? The palace master truly is highly capable, choosing this heaven-granted mysterious place to live in seclusion, no wonder why no one in Jiang Hu knows of that old monster's track.”

The young lady did not respond, and only silently follows him in walking forward.

——Old monster? Wasn't it said that the Solitary Palace Master is a charming man in love with Fairy Sang Chan?

She recalls that long long ago, the time when she listened to Wang Gang's storytelling in that little town.

At that time, she held so many fantasies for her future, firmly believing that all beautiful men will unconditionally fall in love with her; even after the unbelievable existence of Sang Chan appeared later, she still foolishly thought she is an all-able female lead who can win over all other characters, so there was nothing to worried about.

Yes, nothing to worried about, except for her own life.

The blood-like sun sets below the horizon, half a big and gorgeous fireball, reflecting red on her cheeks.

“Do you detest?”

The quiet youth walking in the front suddenly asks.

The young lady is surprised by his question.

“I do detest.” After a while, she lightly responds.

“So even though you know the great dangers there are here, you still want to follow me?” The youth sounds a laugh, like he is ridiculing her.

“It’s not fun to stay in the mountain anyways.” The young lady gently replies, being very well-behaved.

“If you are willing to listen to me, after I finish this matter, I will help you get revenge.” The voice of the youth is very firm, his steps not faltering.

The young lady sounds an “en”.

Following the last trace of sunlight that buried into the ground, in the dark orchid sky on the east, there hangs a crescent moon.

A majestic high mountain appears in front of their eyes; on the dark black, steep mountain walls, some traces of grandiose palaces are vaguely revealed. Amongst the dense fog, distant lights and bright stars above echo back and forth, almost impossible to tell which light ignited from the horizon. Looking from afar, it is like a famous ink-pouring painting, ornamented with sparkling gold speckles.

That is but the viewable yet unreachable, fantasy-like fairyland.

Translator’s Note: A new book of this novel begins and our Pang Wan is back! Fight! Wan Wan! Do not ever let yourself down! Happiness is ahead waiting for you! –Annie^_^*

p.s. So now, who do you think is the male lead? Hahaha~



CHAPTER THIRTY-EIGHT

Between Six And Twelve

On the twelfth level of this fantasy-like fairyland landscape, there sits a man in luxury clothing, his facial features cold, in this very moment he is leaning on the desk, leisurely using bamboo sticks and canvas fabric to build a model.

Those mundane materials, having been placed in his hands, seem to have been endowed with magical power, after some crimping and sticking them together, it becomes an exquisite miniature windmill.

All that can be seen is the gentleman picking up a folding fan and fans at the windmill a few times, the windmill sounds “yi-ya” as it spins, setting in motion the black connecting link beside the foot of the seat, when the link slides forward approximately one inch, a round little ball rolls down along the link, accurately landing into the pit of a sand tray, and with only a sound of “ka-cha”, another opening in the sand tray is broken through, a flow of clear water gurgling out, starting to impact the miniature waterwheel stood at the side: the miniature waterwheel slowly starts spinning due to the rush of water currents, setting in motion another mechanism elsewhere, following the rise of a rumbling noise, the weaving machine in the room actually automatically starts running on its

own, spinning out a piece of finely made fabric.

To achieve something big with something small, a sheer creation out of nothing, this is the profoundness behind mechanics.

Despite this fact, the gentleman still isn't satisfied with his creation, that pair of amber eyes quietly stares at the leisurely spinning waterwheel, deeply pondering about what exactly is wrong.

That's right, it's the weight, the weight of the waterwheel has exceeded expectations. Should the waterwheel be able to spin three turns more than it can, the woven fabric produced by the weaving machine would also be a little more wider, in the end, it comes down to falling short on time.

Having thought it through, he reaches out to take the waterwheel, preparing to make it lighter.

"Young Palace Master, guests have arrived." A guard in grey appears at the doorway.

The gentleman in luxury clothing does not halt his actions, only raising his brows as he says: "What level have they reached this time?" His expression unchanging.

Within several decades, those that were able to make it to the foot of this cliff were only very few. But even if those people succeeded in making it there, they cannot possibly climb their way up to the top of the palace, at most, they'd make it to the third level before getting beaten into shattered pieces, it truly is pointless to the extreme.

The guard seriously says: "They are moving at a swift pace, already reaching level six."

The gentleman in luxury clothing freezes, and only then does he turns to look directly at the guard.

"What kind of people are they?" He grows slightly curious.

"A pair of man and woman, both are very young, the man is approximately eighteen years old, the woman is even younger, looking only fifteen or sixteen." The guard respectfully reports.

“Is that so? Truly are heroes at a young age.” The gentleman reveals a smile that has never been seen before, the beauty of the entire building instantly loses its colour.

“Reporting to Young Palace Master, the youth who had been breaking through the checkpoints had already been stopped by Hall Master Mei, falling into the Prison of Chaos.” The guard solemnly adds this, not daring to even let out a deep breath, “Only leaving behind the lady to continue to fight stubbornly with one’s back to the wall.”

“Oh? Why keep her? Has Hall Master Mei not met a training partner for too long, wanting to play a little more?”

The gentleman carelessly dismantles the waterwheel model, expression as dull as usual.

“Because Hall Master Mei has found the Gold-Jade Silk Pouch on her.” The guard grits his teeth as he speaks the truth, heart pounding “peng-peng” like thunder.

The gentleman’s hand movement pauses.

“That young lady, how is she now?”

After a long moment, does his voice indifferently sound.

“Due to being in the youth’s care along the way, no harm has been inflicted at all, right now she is facing Hall Master Mei, clamouring for us to release the youth.” The guard answers truthfully.

The gentleman’s forehead slightly creases.

“Since she has Gold-Jade Silk Pouch, do we first bring her up to have a look? Lest Guardian Jin.....” The guard sees the gentleman’s face looking strange, and has pretty much gotten the idea — the young lady breaking past the checkpoints is indeed acquainted with gentleman, it is best to go along with the mind of the master.

Gentleman hums in reply, not saying a word.

The guard believed he had figured out his master’s intentions, quickly rising to withdraw.

“Hold it.”

Before he managed to step out two steps, the gentleman suddenly speaks up from behind.

“Don’t get involved, just leave her to fight Hall Master Mei, I shall see, just what is she capable of?”

Gentleman’s voice seems to have floated over from afar, perhaps before he spoke up, he was plagued with unclear emotions, yet all of it has vanished as it floats over from such far distance, leaving only the endless coldness and indifference.

Once the guard receives this unexpected answer, he inwardly sighs for the fate of this young lady, bowing as he leaves.

—

Mei Ya Xiang gazes at this pretty little girl in red before the hall, somewhat surprised.

Originally thought the one who had broke through to the sixth palace hall would be an unworldly master, didn’t think it would only be two youngsters. What’s even more unexpected is, one of them had been going along without a fight.

Her one glance is able to see through this young girl, with not an ounce of internal energy, an empty body of fancy movements with no real skills. The youth in black fell into the Prison of Chaos in order to save her just now, right now the young girl stands alone before the hall with the Gold-Jade Silk Pouch hanging at her side, expressing no signs of panic, looking calm and composed as ever.

Mei Ya Xiang suddenly feels slightly uneasy at heart.

——to have that highly skilled youth in black protecting her with his life, and also owns Guardian Jin’s unique silk pouch, could it be this person is an extraordinary honoured figure?

In the end, she cannot say for sure, thus quietly ordering a guard to ascend to the twelfth level to report back.

As for Pang Wan, having personally seen Nan Yi’s misstep causing him to get

captured because of her, it is not that she is not nervous or afraid.

Instead it's the exact opposite, she even has a hunch that a great disaster is coming, but her personality has always been 'to adopt measures appropriate to the actual situation'^[1] — — since the situation has already gotten so bad, being afraid will be of no help, so she does not stumble.

"May Hall Master return him." Standing back-straight in front of the hall, she does not reveal any signs of fear.

Following the sounding of her voice, all that can be heard is a sound of "pa", the golden whip in hand smacks onto the floor, raising the entire floor of leaves and sand dust — — this is an act of courage, also a display of strength.

"The two of you have rashly broken into our Solitary Palace, exactly what do you want?" Mei Ya Xiang cannot help but frown, that golden whip is a rare good.

"We senior brother and junior sister do not have any ill intentions, only wishing to see Palace Master, and request an explanation from him." Pang Wan's face remains unfazed.

Mei Ya Xiang scoffs at this: "Explanation? Our Palace Master has always only ever acted in accordance with his own heart, what need is there to give someone an explanation, should you have any dissatisfaction, simply come forth to seek advice!" Tone sounding extremely prideful.

Pang Wan touches her head, don't know why, Mei Ya Xiang's attitude actually gives her a sense of familiarity.

"We have travelled a very long way here, only wishing to see Palace Master, why must you deliberately make things difficult?" She sighs, tightening her grip on the golden whip.

Mei Ya Xiang was just about to answer, but sees the guard in grey's figure flash by in the distance, shaking his head at her.

The huge burden lifted from the heart, turns out this young girl is simply an insignificant minor character.

And so Mei Ya Xiang brightly smiles as she pulls out the frosty sword from her waist side, one move of "Rainbow Circling the Sun" aiming straight at the young

girl's vital spot.

Seeing her directly start the battle without a word, Pang Wan was struck by surprised, swinging out with one overturn of the hand, the golden whip thus knocks down the blade.

It's helpless that her posture is still there yet her internal energy is non-existent, although she barely avoided the blade, the force of the blade had torn a big opening in the clothing over her chest, revealing the snow white undershirt inside.

"Should you be willing to kneel down for mercy, loudly calling out long live Palace Master three times, I shall no long trouble you." Mei Ya Xiang seeing her practically defenceless, cannot help but lose her interest — — *ai*, being a skilled master is lonely, had she known this earlier, she should have left the youth in black behind to play with a little longer.

The corners of Pang Wan's lips gently rises: "You're that confident in winning me for certain?"

Mei Ya Xiang heartily laughs out loud: "I can take your life with under five moves!"

Pang Wan feels very scornful towards her answer, contemptuously saying: "If within five moves you cannot kill me, what shall we do?"

"I shall then let you go back!" Mei Ya Xiang angrily blurts out.

A line of sparkle flashes past Pang Wan's eyes, she retracts her thoughts, still looking indifferent: "Such big words, looking at you right now, you may not necessarily be able to come close to my body within ten moves."

Mei Ya Xiang is angered to the extreme, she instead laughs, how can she possibly not understand this young girl is using a prodding tactic? But she is ten out of ten confident in her own abilities, therefore, she does not fear her little tricks in the slightest.

"If I still haven't killed you in ten moves, I shall personally escort you and your senior brother out, how's that?" She smiles grimly.

Having gotten the promise she wanted, Pang Wan raises her hand, and the

golden whip draws a brilliant curve in the air.

“Please enlighten me.” She takes a step back, slightly bending her waist.

Using the words ‘gifted body’ on Pang Wan, also has another explanation, being that she has great endurance.

Even though Mei Ya Xiang’s every move was going for a definite kill, she did not think, this young girl with no internal energy would actually be this good at withstanding the fight, on one hand she is amazingly quick, a good few times did she narrowly escape the fatal attacks, on the other hand, even if the force of the blade cuts into her skin, she would still show no panic at all, only setting all attention on observing her movements, preparing to take on the next move at any given time.

Within a flash, four moves have past. The fresh blood on the young girl’s clothing blooming out in forms of dark purple camellia flowers, her entire body is shaking, requiring every little bit of effort to barely stand still.

Truly a strength of character, Mei Ya Xiang cannot help but to give rise to a point of admiration deep down in her heart.

“My apologies.” Admiration aside, she still does not hesitate at all to raise the sword in striking straight towards her — once this fifth move of “Crane Soaring Zi Gai Mountain Peak” strikes, the young girl will face certain death, she cannot possibly let her back down the mountain.

The highly raised wrist suddenly freezes in mid-air.

“You!” Mei Ya Xiang looks at the young girl in disbelief, then looks down at her own arm — don’t know when her *waiguan* acupoint had a red needle on it, currently infiltrating her body with rapid speed.

“I also apologise.” The young girl bares her teeth, that face shed from its lively colour revealing two shallow dimples.

Her smile right now seeming just like a flower bud sprouting amongst despair, unyielding and lively.

Arm already starting turn numb, Mei Ya Xiang widens her eyes, seeming to find it hard to believe there would come a day someone would successfully plot

against her. Flying into rage, she raises the sword and strikes forward, unfortunately she is still a step too late, only hearing a sound of “dang”, and the treasured sword slides from her hand and onto the floor.

Pang Wan’s body sways, and only then does she gently sighs.

This Mei Ya Xiang is indeed formidable, she had practically gambled with her life on the line in exchange for an opportunity to get close to her, and prick the Blazing Needle into her right arm’s numbing acupoint without anybody knowing — fortunately, fortunately as soon as the Blazing Needle comes in touch with blood, then one cannot even think of pulling it back out.

“I have underestimated you.”

Mei Ya Xiang looks at the young girl’s pale little face, and smiles.

“May Hall Master enlighten me with your sixth move.”

Pang Wan respectfully wraps her fist towards her, whilst reminding her at the same time — the fifth move is already nullified.

“Forget it, you are quite the smart one, killing you would be unfortunate.” Mei Ya Xiang sighs, seeming to mutter to herself.

“Just that, you too have underestimated me.” Not waiting for Pang Wan to respond, she suddenly steps forward and picks up the sword with her left hand.

“Ten years ago Palace Master had once said, ‘Mei Ya Xiang, your swordsmanship may be good, but your moves are far too swift and fierce, cannot be used often.’”

She tosses the sword in her left hand a few times, the corners of her lips curling into a strange curve.

“Palace Master ordered me, should I have sincere intentions to practice swordsmanship then I must switch hands, subtracting half the fierceness — therefore with so many years passing by, I had practically forgotten I am left-handed.” She brightly smiles, raising the sword above her head.

“How pitiful, I originally did not wish to use this hand against you.” A dull, coldblooded female voice sounds, as though it came from hell.

Chilly wind rises as though dancing, the air becomes so piercingly chilly that

the water vapours turn into ice crystals, Mei Ya Xiang's move is executed like floating clouds and running water, already in an extremely high realm of man and sword becoming one, deep down, Pang Wan knows that she is already rendered completely powerless, mustering all her strength in retreating back.

However, although she is fast on her feet, no matter what, she could not win against the speed of the whistling sword force behind her, a blast of whirlwind comes screeching past in an earth shattering manner, bringing to her a piercingly unbearable pain. Pang Wan cannot help but to close her eyes.

[1] To adopt measures appropriate to the actual situation is actually bīng lái jiāng dǎng, shuǐ lái tǔ yǎn / 兵来将挡, 水来土掩 in Chinese which literally translates to counter soldiers with arms, counter water with an earth weir.

Guess who's back?! Also bringing to us the long awaited revelation of his actual identity, which has pretty much been revealed in this chapter, but more will come on that And of course he has to be his usual tsundere self, but Wan Wan is not in any condition to be taking this treatment right now you dimwit!

(translated by anniaxx)

(edited by xia0xiao1mei)



CHAPTER THIRTY-NINE

On the Icy Mountain Court

Pang Wan opens up her eyes, shining into her sight were purple gauze curtains hanging down from the sky, gorgeous and luxurious.

She looks down and sees that on the silk quilt, a pattern of verdantly lush pine trees and vividly pristine spring, a pair of embroidered red-crowned cranes comes to life, this truly is the cloud-silk that holds the reputation of “*ice silkworm spins out phoenix-thin brocade*” (This is the famous Nanjing Yun Jin silk).

She lifts up her eyes again to look at the bed’s roof, the wooden frame is carved into meticulous and intricate designs, the calm dark colour also maintains

some gentle warm light, this is definitely the thousand-year-old golden-silk sandalwood.

No matter where her vision lands, not a single thing is not glamorous, not a single thing is not extravagant.

—could it be that I have returned to the land of Mary Sue?

She is really confused, don't know which family she reincarnated into? Will she encounter a heartless jerk again this time?

Just when she is thinking by herself, the drapery curtain is suddenly opened, a pair of amber eyes quietly revealed.

"It's you!" She screams and tries to sit up, yet finds almost no feeling in her lower limbs.

"Your leg joints were broken, they just got set, right now they are being treated with medicine, don't move around." That person frowns.

"Where is this?" Pang Wan recalls what has happened before she lost consciousness, couldn't resist the emerging anxiousness in her heart, "How come you saved me?"

"This is the summit of the Solitary Palace, on the Icy Mountain Court."

That person sees her shaking like a bird frightened by the sound of bow and arrow, his initial look of concern quietly fades.

—why would she take on such guarded behaviour against me? Why is her tone not showing gratitude, but more like doubting?

These questions are like fish bones stuck in his throat, causing his heart to gradually feel displeased.

"He Qing Lu! You deceiver! You are clearly one of the Solitary Palace's people!"

Pang Wan finally realises she is still in the enemy's territory; with her cheeks turning red, she immediately yells out.

Looking at her losing control of her emotions, He Qing Lu feels better at heart, he lifts his brows and argues back, "How did I deceive you? I really am not the Solitary Palace's palace master, but this doesn't mean I don't have any relation

to the Solitary Palace.”

“.....who exactly are you?” Pang Wan widens her frightened eyes — — *if he is not an important figure of the Solitary Palace, how can he live in this carefully-guarded and unreachable Icy Mountain Court?*

He Qing Lu is not quick to respond, he just sounds a humph, and brings a bowl of decoction medicine^[1] to her.

“I will tell you after you drink this.” He lowers his long and thick eyelashes.

My readers, I’m very sorry, Mary Sue scenes like feeding her with his own hands or using lip-to-lip technique to get her to drink the medicine, will not happen here right now. We can only see Gentleman He seriously put a pillow under Pang Wan’s neck, then taking out a wheat straw and inserting it in the bowl, placing the other opened end near Pang Wan’s mouth.

“Suck.” A simple and clear order.

Pang Wan obediently sucks a mouthful, just feels a heavy bitter taste suddenly fills up her entire mouth, unable to hold it in, she wanted spit it out. Fortunately, He Qing Lu promptly gets a hold of her chin, with one lift and one block, that mouthful of medicine is directly forced down her throat.

“.....so bitter, I would rather die.” Pang Wan is almost going to cry.

She is not afraid of wounds, not afraid of death, but just happens to be scared of bitterness to the extreme, Mary Sue’s female nobilities all grow up in honey jars, normally, they would not even touch bitter-melon, nevermind drinking Chinese medicine?

Seeing her miserable state, He Qing Lu’s initial mocking attitude somewhat fades.

“You don’t care about the person in prison anymore?” He emotionlessly scolds her.

Only then did Pang Wan realize Nan Yi is still in their hands, she hurriedly drags his sleeve, “Where is my senior brother? I don’t allow you all to hurt him!”

He Qing Lu gives her a glance, his voice is indifferent and disdainful, “A useless person paralyzed in bed, has what right to say ‘I don’t allow’?”

Pang Wan is made speechless, her big eyes quickly raise up foggy vapour.

Then she blinks her lashes twice, the next moment she lifts up the bowl and drinks it all.

He Qing Lu sees her face clearly twist from the bitterness yet she still clenches her teeth and does not say a word; not even half of the happiness he thought he would get taking revenge on her had been achieved, with a loss of interest he takes out an already prepared candy, and silently hands it over to her.

Pang Wan stares at the white candy near her mouth for a moment, then suddenly opens her mouth and fiercely bites down, also biting down on that finger.

“Is your zodiac sign a dog?!(describing someone who likes to bite)” He Qing Lu is furious, rapidly takes back his hand as if he has touched electricity.

Pang Wan doesn't say anything, only biting down on that candy hard, her cheeks highly protruding.

“You sure got some guts, daring to act against me several times!” He Qing Lu sneers and clutches her chin, planning to get that life-saving candy out of her mouth.

A burning bead of water drops onto his finger.

He Qing Lu freezes, he lifts his eyes and sees Pang Wan staring at him bitterly, the vapour-filled almond eyes does not even blink, two crystal tear rivers flow down on her jade-white cheeks.

She is this stubborn, like a wounded cub, the white of her eyes are bloodshot and her hair is in a mess, her tightly pressed lips are slightly shaking.

His anger suddenly all disappeared, in his heart, an ineffable and unexplainable complex feeling rises up.

“.....too lazy to care about you!”

He Qing Lu fretfully throws his hand, pushing open the drapery and walks away in big and fast steps.

He left too fast, not at all noticing that the decoction bowl was overthrew to the ground by his sleeve, broken into several pieces.

Pang Wan stares at him leaving without looking back, then she lifts up her hands and wipes away her tears.

——*don't be mad, don't be angry, definitely should not be angry at this late-stage Prince Disease^[2] patient.*

She murmurs in her heart, at the same time trying hard to break the candy in her mouth, swallowing all of them down into her stomach.

When she opens up her eyes again, it is already the all-silent deep night; looking through the bed curtains, she sees a huge, round full moon hanging by the window side, revealing a kind of quiet and strange beauty.

Pang Wan stares at it for a long time, then finally realizes something is not right —— when she first came here, it was a new moon that appeared in the sky!

“Anyone here! Anyone!” She shouts out anxiously, don't know exactly how many days she had laid unconscious for?

“Everyone's asleep, why are you shouting?” A slightly hoarse rebuke sounds up, showing a strong sense of impatience.

Pang Wan looks in the direction of the voice, and sees a tall shadow sitting by the desk; someone is gazing at the moon outside of the window, pondering; his ink-like long hair naturally falls on his shoulders, covering a big half of his face, making it hard to see his facial expression.

“Didn't you say you are too lazy to care about me.....” Pang Wan mutters in a low voice.

He Qing Lu raises his brows and presses his lips, refutes with a poker face, “Didn't you also say you will never ever trouble me again?”

Pang Wan rolls her eyes in her heart, snappishly humphs, “Your room is this ostentatious, I won't come next time even if you beg me.”

He Qing Lu does not respond to her verbal attack, only suddenly stands up, coming quickly toward her.

His slender figure blocks the cold light coming from the west; seeing this

“Mountain Tai” will soon be towering over her^[3], Pang Wan gulps, “What do you want to do?” She snarls at him, attempting to make a show of her strength.

He Qing Lu stands by her bed and stares at her for a moment; a tiny flame is faintly burning in his eyes.

“The wound on your chest, how exactly did it happen?”

He quietly speaks, voice even colder than the moonlight, his face is close to being transparent.

When he went out this afternoon and ran into the physician, he suddenly had the interest to ask why is the patient being unconscious for this long. Only to hear that physician respectfully answer, “Lady’s wound are supposed to not be a big deal, but three months ago, her heart artery was severely hurt by someone, losing all her internal energy, now that many of her major joints are hurt as well, this is like freezing frost on top of snow, as long as she gives up martial arts in future, she will naturally recover.”

Bang!

In this sunny day, a thunderbolt suddenly explodes (unexpected things suddenly happened)·

——heart artery severely hurt? Losing all internal energy? Freezing frost on top of snow? Give up martial arts?

——so she actually got hurt before she came here? So she was actually confronting Mei Ya Xiang with only her blood and flesh?

——how could she have this much courage? Why is she not treating her own life as something important?

——how can she? How dare she? How could she?

He grits his teeth as he stares at her, the flame in his pupils gradually burning to the very edge of his eyes.

“.....it was, It was done by an evildoer.”

Shocked by He Qing Lu, whose body is seeping out air of danger everywhere, Pang Wan suddenly stammers.

She has never seen Gentleman He like this, his eyes are like ice beads dyed with black ink, emitting a coldness that can absorb people into them. *Strange, isn't this person always upholding the attitude of a gentle breeze and unclouded moon, such behaviours befitting of his nobility?*

“Because of this wound, you have lost your internal energy?” He Qing Lu’s forehead deeply furrows, “Exactly what kind of wound is it? Let me see!” Without even finishing his sentence, he already reaches out his hands to pull her clothes, exhibiting a kind of determination like “won’t be satisfied till I see the yellow river”^[4].

“What are you doing?!” Pang Wan is startled and paled, desperately slapping on He Qing Lu’s hands, but she only has half the energy she had before, how can she win over a man who has never thought of what actions should be avoided between men and women? Only hearing two tearing sounds of fabric, her bright white chest is exposed, as well as the hideous wound.

Pang Wan feels hopeless to the extreme, she closes her eyes and resigns to her fate.

Before his eyes is a wave of blinding scarlet, He Qing Lu’s slender fingers start to shake, he pauses for a second, then covers her again with the quilt.

“I am sorry.”

After a long time, he sits by the bed and says, his voice as light as a feather.

Pang Wan assumes that he is apologizing for his impertinence, she weakly waves her hand, “Forget it, if you’ve seen it then you’ve seen it, I will not make Gentleman take responsibility for me, I know my situation well, I have hemiplegia and am a useless paralyzed person, how can I exist in Gentleman’s picky eyes?”

He Qing Lu gazes at her pale and helpless face, ferocious waves and undercurrent overturning in his heart.

——*she did not need to have end up like this, if only I didn't lay down that command.*

——*I clearly have seen her skills, then why was I standing there, leaving Mei Ya Xiang to attack her?*

An upset emotion that he has never experienced before leaps into his heart; his eyes, ears, mouth and nose all start to feel bitter, his chest also suffers oppression.

“You rest well.”

After hurriedly throwing down these comforting words, he awkwardly left the room in a fluster.

Only after the sound of his footsteps disappear, does Pang Wan bury her face into the pillow.

Unending tears flow out from her eyes, silently wetting a big area of silk.

She has never desired power as much as she does right now, she wants to protect herself, she wants to give a loud slap to those people who have humiliated her.

——*once my body has recovered, I will definitely learn martial arts again.*

Having lived sixteen years in this life, this is her first time being clear and determined in her heart, for something other than love.

[1]Chinese decoction medicine is a liquid medicine condensed by boiling various herbal plants, known for its bitterness. I’m not even kidding, it is so effective but really really bitter.

[2]*Prince Disease/王子病/wáng zǐ bìng*: the behavior of guys acting spoiled, bossy and arrogant, like they are princes or something.

[3]“*Mount Tai towering over*”: Mount Tai is one of the most important mountains in China, famous for its height and size. Having Mount Tai towering over you means great pressure or big figure oppressing you.

[4]“*Won’t be satisfied till I see the yellow river*” is from a folk poem “Won’t shed tears till I see the coffin, won’t be satisfied till I go to the yellow river”/“不见棺材不掉泪，不到黄河不死心”. This saying comes from a folk love tale that takes place in Shan Xi province in the Ming Dynasty. A poor guy named 关财 / *Guān Cái* (which sounds exactly the same as “coffin” in Chinese) fell in love with a rich girl named 黄河 / *Huáng Hé* (which means the yellow river). They stubbornly loved each other despite of the gap between their social status. But

the girl's father, a local governor, does not approve of their love and sent people to beat Guan Cai up, then Guan Cai grew sicker and sicker. Huang He finally managed to escape from her father to go see Guan Cai, but he has already dead. She held his coffin and cried. Suddenly, the coffin split open. They finally got to see each other. Now days, this saying is used to describe stubborn determination that cannot be stopped.

Translator's Note: He Qing Lu, omg, you stupid boy, you'd better learn how to treat a lady, and how to show your love!! So proud of Pang Wan. She *finally* woke up from her Mary Sue dream! — Annie ^_^*

Full

(translated by xia0xiao1mei)

(edited by anniaxx)



CHAPTER FORTY

Young Palace Master

After only one night, Pang Wan suddenly feels her overall treatment has gotten a lot better.

With an additional talented and nimble maid in the room, helping her take care of everything, no matter how big or small the matter is, face washing, mouth rinsing, consuming medicine, feeding dinner, and even an hour of full body massage, just like the arrival of an angel.

“Hey, is your master intending to fatten me up to kill?”

Pang Wan is absolutely nervous about this sudden favouring treatment, she vaguely remembers the well-known fragrance pigs that lives within such

comfortable environment, only eating and drinking every day, listening to music as they receive massages.

It cannot be helped that the maid may be pretty but is a mute, facing Pang Wan's question, she can only apologetically smile, then uses her finger to point at her own mouth.

"Your master truly is a jerk," According to Pang Wan's rich knowledge and experience, this maid has more or less become mute from poison, she cannot help but to take in a deep breath and sigh.

Who knew that maid would instead grow unhappy, energetically waving her arms and shaking her head at Pang Wan.

"You come tell me, what identity does your master hold?" Pang Wan teases her with great interest.

The maid blinks her watery eyes, appearing to be greatly troubled.

"Just reveal a bit ey!" Pang Wan smiles like a blooming flower as she holds the maid's small, soft white hands, gently giving it a pat.

The maid's cheeks instantly redden.

Pang Wan finds this absolutely interesting, then traces over the palm of her hand, the maid is instantly rendered shy to the point her lips quivered.

Pang Wan feels refreshed at the sight, and cannot help giggling in amusement, reaching out, wanting to poke her peachy pink cheeks, unfortunately, before she was able to touch it, her fingertips were hit away by the sudden oncoming attack of a hidden weapon.

Turning to take a look, the old acquaintance stands by the door, his face cold.

"You may leave." He Qing Lu orders the girl, his voice stiff like a rock.

The maid was granted great amnesty, quickly bowing as she makes a hasty retreat.

Pang Wan glances at the ground, at that spinning hidden weapon which is making a "gu-liu-liu" sound, and she finds that it is actually a piece of broken bone fragment, she couldn't resist feeling the chills. With not a word, she puts down the curtains, attempting to isolate the arriving person outside of the bed.

“Are you.....feeling a little better?” He Qing Lu originally wanted to scold her for such unreasonable behaviour, but thinking about his own faults, he inevitably feels indebted to her, the imposing manner of denouncing her also simmers down.

“My legs have regained their senses now.” Pang Wan muffled voice sounds from within the quilt.

He Qing Lu sighs in relief upon hearing this, he approaches the bed and sits on the edge of it, moving gently to open the curtain.

“Who exactly are you? How come you would appear here?” Pang Wan thinks about the way he ordered the maid before, and grows doubtful.

“You first answer, why have you and your senior brother come to Solitary Palace?” He Qing Lu’s voice is steady, unable to hear any fluctuations in his tone.

Thinking about how they are now in someone else’s territory, life and death thus in their control, Pang Wan obediently answers: “We only wish to meet Palace Master.” As to what they would do after meeting him, that’s another story.

“Meet him to do what? To request an explanation from him?” He Qing Lu observes her without looking away, deep inside, he is thinking of the what Mei Ya Xiang had reported before.

Pang Wan turns to look at him, softly saying: “Do you perhaps know of a lady called Mei Wu?”

He Qing Lu is stunned, then nods.

“Is she perhaps someone from the Solitary Palace?” Pang Wan further questions.

He Qing Lu once again nods.

Only then does Pang Wan let out a long sigh, lying with her back on the bed: “Mei Wu was originally my senior brother’s wife-to-be, she was killed on the day of the wedding, my senior brother has been painstakingly tracking this down the whole time, and tracked this down to the Solitary Palace.”

“You are suspecting the Solitary Palace’s people killed her?”

He Qing Lu's voice sharpens, in the next moment, his finger had clasped onto her pulse.

O, is this silencing one with murder? Pang Wan was slightly shocked, but still bites the bullet and continues to explain: "It is said that Lady Mei Wu is Solitary Palace Master's personal maid, since she had died such a brutally violent death, us arriving at the doors to question Palace Master, what is the wrong in that?"

The hand clasped onto her pulse loosens, He Qing Lu's body of malignant air also lightens up a few points.

"Mei Wu was indeed Palace Master's personal maid, but the matter of her being killed, definitely has nothing to do with Solitary Palace." His face expressionless.

"But we have discovered, Mei Wu had left the palace without permission back then, moreover, moreover....." Pang Wan secretly observes He Qing Lu's expression from under her lashes, speculating whether she is to say the following words.

"Moreover what?" He Qing Lu slightly narrows his eyes, remaining placid.

"Moreover Palace Master has once courted Mei Wu before!" Pang Wan grits her teeth as she blurts out the truth.

Solitary Palace Master gained fame at a young age, known for giving into sensual pleasures, even though his heart only cares for Fairy Sang Chan, it cannot be helped that the beauty has been unwilling to share his feelings, under a moment of great sadness, he thus engaged in many acts of soiling the flowers and provoking the grass (playing around with women). Rumours says that he can simply sit there and countless delicate beauties will come into his arms, liking women that are pure, tender and graceful the most, and amongst all these ladies, the one he dotes on most, is his personal maid Mei Wu.

Back then when she heard about all these entanglements, Pang Wan's mind had automatically came up with the scene "love's substitute", a play on torturous romance: Palace Master cannot handle his unrequited love for Sang Chan, thus casting his eyes on the little maid who is similarly the White Lotus Flower type, after various hook ups and various dalliances, the little maid cannot

bear to become someone else's shadow, and finally leaves the palace, touring the four seas. Later, the little maid meets the handsome and dashing n^{th} -generation-rich Nan Yi, the two share mutual feelings and privately promises each other a lifetime together, yet due to Palace Master's strong sense of possession, on the day of the wedding, he kills the little maid, because "if I can't have her then no one else can even think of having her!" How much of a classic bitter love drama this is ah!

Pang Wan quietly murmurs all her speculations, but sees He Qing Lu's tensed face starting to slowly relax, in the end, even the corners of his lips had actually curled up.

"Why don't you go be a storyteller?" His face looking happy, yet his words were full of sarcasm, "The story sure is amazing beyond compare."

Pang Wan can't take him looking down on her, and cannot help resentfully pouting: "Not like you're a character involved, how do you know if what I said is true or not?"

"Of course I know." He Qing Lu's face is exceptionally gentle, smile filled with pleasant warmth like spring, "Speaking of which, I could be considered half an owner to Mei Wu."

Pang Wan raises her head, looking at him panic stricken.

"Do you perhaps know, the Solitary Palace master is surnamed He, called Shao Xin, nicknamed Old Man of the Icy Mountain?"

Seeing her shocked and dumbfounded expression, He Qing Lu's mood grows increasingly pleasant.

"He Shao Xin is your father?" Pang Wan's chin drops to the bed — to actually have such a big son, the Solitary Palace master matured far too early!

He Qing Lu smiles: "He is my uncle."

"Old Man of the Icy Mountain....." Pang Wan recalls the name of the palace hall she is in right now, and cannot help widening her eyes, "Could it be you....."

He Qing Lu quietly looks at her, motionlessly saying: "That makes me the heir to this Solitary Palace."

Ah!

Having worn out the iron shoes in fruitless searching, what she got in return, is not a complete waste of efforts, turns out the person she deeply desired to find has actually already appeared by her side all along, and she herself, had almost paid the price of paralysis of half her body, Pang Wan cannot help but feel sadness well up.

He Qing Lu originally thought the young girl would look at him with sparkling eyes of respect, but only sees her eyes reddening, looking just like a wronged little rabbit, rendering him slightly puzzled.

“Why are you upset?” He found it extremely strange, reaching out his hand to touch her.

On one hand, Pang Wan is angry that he didn’t tell her this earlier, and on the other hand, she is angry at herself for not thinking this through a little more back then, thoughts thrown into chaos, she unconsciously throws her arm out to whack him: “Don’t bother me!”

He Qing Lu’s expression instantly drops.

This little bratty girl truly is ungrateful, he lets go of his own honour and nobility to care for her, and she actually treats him with disgust as though he held ill intent!

The young master’s temper rising, he simply straightens his face and sits on the bedside, not speaking.

The two people just sit there for a long time without a sound. Having had enough of grieving over the passing of spring and autumn, Pang Wan finally starts to think about the serious matter.

“Where is my senior brother? You release him first!” She turns to tug on He Qing Lu’s sleeve, voice hoarse.

He Qing Lu suppresses a whole body of anger, originally wanting to erupt, but raises his head to see the young girl’s pale face and gentle eyes, causing the fire in his heart to somehow diminish by a half.

“He injured five of my hall masters, on what grounds should I release him?” He

turns his body away, a tone of indifference.

“How could you be so unreasonable?” Pang Wan grows desperate, “If one wishes to meet the palace master, they must break through twelve levels, this is the rule you guys made yourselves, blades and swords have no eyes, those willing to bet must admit their defeat, the blame cannot be thrown onto my senior brother!”

He Qing Lu coldly laughs: “Turns out the young master of Bai Yue Sect is also your senior brother? Didn’t think a maid like you has quite the high status.”

Pang Wan is stunned, only now does she recall, to this day, He Qing Lu still doesn’t know of her real identity.

But how is she to explain to him? Bai Yue Sheng Gu is already past tense, right now, she is indeed Nan Yi’s maid.

“I, I and Young Master have grown up together since an early age.....” After some thoughts, she decides to hide this pale period of history.

He Qing Lu finds her explaining voice very harsh on the ears, waving his hand, he impatiently says: “Let’s not speak about this, exactly what is the injury on your chest about? Did you get it because of that Sheng Gu?”

He has never cared about matters in the Jiang Hu, this time round, it is also Pang Wan who came knocking at their doors, hence why he thought of asking about the Bai Yue Sect’s matters.

The subordinates have reported, Bai Yue Sect have not been running peacefully this year, the young master’s wife-to-be was killed, the carefully cultivated Sheng Gu is also nowhere to be seen, Sect Leader Zuo Huai An had even been struck with great ambition as if he had eaten the guts of a leopard, and successfully plotted against the number one beauty during the Great Wu Lin Assembly, arousing the fury of all within the Jiang Hu. Recently, all the righteous sects and cults have combined forces, to collectively send a punitive expedition against the unorthodox sect, it is estimated that Bai Yue Sect is soon to be facing their doom, with no escape.

He Qing Lu does not care for the dispute between the so-called good and evil, but he remembers Pang Wan had once said she is the maid of the unorthodox

sect's Sheng Gu, having seen Pang Wan's wound, he inwardly wonders, did this silly girl get punished due to failing to defend her master?

Pang Wan touches the clothing over her chest, a dull pain surging up.

"It's not because of Sheng Gu." She struggles hard to spread a smile of indifference, "It's because I lost a bet."

"What kind of bet leaves someone injured like this?" He Qing Lu frowns.

".....it is the dealer who wanted me dead, he used a sword to cut open here, digging out my heart." Pang Wan makes a gesture of scooping out the heart.

"One who has no heart cannot possibly sit here speaking."

Who knew He Qing Lu would gaze at her blankly, as though taking it as a joke.

——*I just knew you cannot speak on the same line as this one-way thinker!*

Pang Wan is speechless, huffily glaring at him.

Seeing her in such a lively and well state, He Qing Lu just couldn't decide whether or not to tell her the bad news that she cannot practice martial arts again in future. In this moment of the two people, both eyeing each other with hidden thoughts, Jin Di Luo's voice suddenly sounds as he reports from the doors.

"Young Master, trouble has risen in the Prison of Chaos."

Looks like someone's heart is softening up~ and at least Nan Yi wasn't completely forgotten here hahaha

(translated by anniaxx)

(edited by xia0xiao1mei)

CHAPTER FORTY-ONE

The Prison of Chaos

The full moon on the fifteenth always become rounder on the sixteenth of the month, on this sixteenth day's full moon night, Mei Ya Xiang has enjoyed some wine and is now walking into the Prison of Chaos with lively steps.

"Is Hall Master Mei here to see the prey?" The guard by the gates gives her a flattering smile.

Mei Ya Xiang does not answer, and only arrogantly commands him with a wave of her scallion-white hand.

The guard opens up the prison gates, a wave of freezing air strongly blows out toward their faces.

"The evil air in the prison is too strong, Hall Master has a body of a thousand gold's worth, it is better for you to not come frequently." The guard shows caring concerns to her.

Yet this flattering slap that was meant to land on the horse's behind instead ended up on the thigh^[1], Mei Ya Xiang has been practicing martial arts for more than thirty years, not afraid of heaven or hell, believing that no matter how scary the Prison of Chaos is, it is not scarier than her own sword.

"Thanks." So she only smiles at that guard, then handsomely leaps down.

The Prison of Chaos is called the Prison of Chaos, because it has a unique geographical location — it is built within an enormous burrow that contains thousands of caves inside, diffused with poisonous air, environed by scalding lava running all around, with many rarely seen viscous and exotic beasts, it is the most naturally formed prison, holding unduplicatable and impregnable

barriers.

Those that fall from the sixth level will be imprisoned in the east side of the Prison of Chaos, which is also the darkest and the most dangerous place in the burrow. Mei Ya Xiang stands on the steep rock face and sounds a loud whistle, immediately, the guards hang a ladder down from the opening of the cave.

Reaching the ground along with the ladder, Mei Ya Xiang lights a torch, going forward along the crooked trail that has been made previously.

To be honest, she is not someone who cares about preys, nor has she been coming to the Prison of Chaos often, but the prey this time is indeed special, was able to break through five levels and arrive at her hall without any wounds.

It has already been over ten years, in which she has not seen such a ferocious person from the younger generation.

Recalling the process of that prey falling into the prison, she is very sure in her heart, if it was not for her impromptu decision to change the path of the hidden weapon to that young lady, who was showing weak spots all over her body, that prey definitely wouldn't have been in a panic, trying all he could to save that girl, but fails to notice the secret path that suddenly appeared below his feet.

Even though it can be said that she won in an unfair way, Mei Ya Xiang doesn't think it's a big deal, maybe a little bit unsatisfied at most.

From her personal will, she still wishes to fight with this youth properly once more.

When she is about to approach the cave's opening, her eyesight is suddenly attracted by a gigantic black shadow in front.

Focusing her eyes, she finds it is actually a two-headed green python with a body as thick as a water bucket.

"Ci Gu?" Mei Ya Xiang unconsciously calls out, this is the fierce creature that Palace Master had specifically ordered to be placed at the cave's opening as guard.

Yet she sees that enormous two-headed python quietly lying on the ground, not even moving a little.

Mei Ya Xiang finds it weird, she tightly clutches her sword, approaching the python step by a step.

——this is not right, usually whenever this creature senses the smell of human flesh, its two green eyes the size of two big lanterns would have brightened up already, why does it not react even when she is this near her?

“Ci Gu?” She calls again, planning to poke it with the hilt of her sword.

In this moment, a strange shadow flies out from the cave, and clutches onto Mei Ya Xiang’s neck.

All that can be heard is a “ka-cha” sound of sharp object cutting into skin and flesh, crimson red blood gushing out, and Mei Ya Xiang, who has always thought of her sword skill as the best in the world, did not even have a chance to sound a scream before she passes out due to extreme pain.

Not long after that, yet another cold and lifeless corpse lies at the cave’s opening.

Finding two corpses of a human and a snake in the Prison of Chaos, is certainly a shocking event that has never happened before, the prison guards reported this in the night, alarming the hall masters of the Seventh Hall and Eighth Hall. Seventh Hall’s Hall Master Tu Su always acts carefully in daily life; Eighth Hall’s Hall Master Guan Zhong is also an intelligent person; these two set out a plan during the night and decided to go to the prison to probe the situation themselves, so when the Palace Master asks of this in the future, they won’t be unable to answer anything.

Everyone watches these two hall masters of extraordinary martial art skills jumping into the burrow, and waited until the east sky started to reveal fish-belly white, then finally saw the blood-covered Guan Zhong crawling out from the burrow.

“Hurry, hurry and report to Young Palace Master, say a monster has come to the prison.....” He could not catch his breath and discontinuously spits out this sentence, then two big areas of the skin on his face started to fall off, hideous and terrifying.

It seemed like everywhere on Guan Zhong's body had been sliced by countless sharp blades, not a single spot of normal skin could be found on him, truly like a bloody zongzi (sticky rice dumpling). Everyone realized that this problem is far more severe than imagined, and immediately rushes to the Twelfth Hall to report this.

As He Qing Lu listens to the subordinates' report, his face turns more serious.

The guard finishes reporting and feels very worried, doesn't know how will Young Palace Master react.

—although Young Palace Master and Palace Master are uncle and nephew under the same sect, their personalities are not very similar, Palace Master has a warm face, Young Palace Master has a cold face. Palace Master indulges in seeking sensual pleasure, but Young Palace Master resents common entertainment. Usually, all the affairs in the palace are mostly taken care of by Palace Master himself, Young Palace Master has always been engaged in mechanic research, with this kind of big problem occurring today, don't know if he will be able to handle it?

Yet He Qing Lu's eyelashes can be seen lowered for a moment, then he lifts up his eyes and looks at the guard, "You said Mei Ya Xiang died from blood loss?"

The guard immediately nods, "That is correct, only one wound could be found on Hall Master Mei's body, which is far from enough to cause her death."

"Other than Ci Gu, were there any other animal's traces around that place?" asks He Qing Lu again.

"No other traces were found." Responds the guard carefully.

He Qing Lu shakes his head, "With so many rare and precious beasts living in the prison, which one of them doesn't jump three zhangs (1 zhang=3.33 meters) when it smells blood? A person and a snake lost so much blood there, yet not even half a beast was attracted, don't you feel something is wrong?"

The guard looks up shocked, his face completely pale, "Could it be that the monster that Hall Master Guan was talking about is?"

He Qing Lu has already stood up from the chair, tossing back his sleeves, "The truth cannot be found just by hearing about it, I will go see that monster."

These words are said too naturally, as if he is talking about going to see the weather.

Indeed, no matter how terrifying or creepy things are, in He Qing Lu's eyes they are all categorized into two groups — interesting, and not interesting. If he is interested, he doesn't mind making an effort to study it; if he is not interested, even if thousands or ten thousands of people have died for it, it still does not matter to him.

This indifferent emotion has already been fused into his bones and blood, so no matter what he encounters, he is always unperturbed.

Pang Wan has been listening for a long time, when she sees He Qing Lu is about to leave, she couldn't resist speaking up, "Gentlemen, please wait!"

He Qing Lu remembers that Pang Wan is still sleeping in bed, so he stops his steps and looks back at her.

"What?" He emotionlessly stands by the door, the sunshine elongates his shadow into a slender shape, very charming and handsome.

".....could you bring me with you to go see?" Affected by He Qing Lu's verve, her voice couldn't resist from being somewhat shaky. But thinking that Nan Yi is also imprisoned in that place, no matter what, her emotions could not be calmed.

He Qing Lu's chilling eyes sweep past her legs.

Pang Wan becomes nervous in her heart, just when she is about to plead, He Qing Lu turns back to order the guard, "Bring the wheelchair that I have made here."

The guard follows the order and hurriedly runs out.

"Wah! Did you do something you should be sorry towards me for?"

Pang Wan thinks that He Qing Lu is just not normal throughout today, so she unconsciously shouts out.

——why is this fellow suddenly so easy to talk to?

The one who said it didn't mean what she said, but the one who heard it took it to his heart; He Qing Lu has been hesitating how he should tell Pang Wan the

fact that she cannot practice martial arts in future. He has always been proud, and has always disdained the act of lying; however, deep down he is even more aware that what 'not being able to practice martial arts' means to people in the Jiang Hu, it means a sudden break-off of life.

When he hesitates, his facial expression becomes somewhat hard to tell.

"Could it be that you did something to my senior brother?" Seeing his brows furrowing, Pang Wan is frightened and her mental process starts to grow wild, "You took him to do human body research? Forced him into organ transplantation? Or you simply made him into a doll for display?"

He Qing Lu hears that all the things that she has said have to do with Nan Yi, and couldn't resist feeling irritated, "Alive or dead, won't you find that out when you go see yourself?"

Pang Wan gives him a glare, purses her lips and does not say anymore.

These two sat there in silence for a moment, then the sweaty guard finally returned with the wheelchair.

Being slow is not his fault, Young Palace Master has invented a lot of things and now suddenly wants the wheelchair, so he had to search in the warehouse for a long time.

".....may I bother you to push it in a little bit further?" The young lady sees the wheelchair and struggles to climb to her bedside.

Her legs just started to gain some senses, but is not yet able to be controlled right now, her every move appear extremely pitiful. The guard sees the situation and goes up to help her, but suddenly sees a pair of slender hands reach out in front of him.

"Useless."

Only seeing Young Palace Master contemptuously scold with a straight face, reaching out to pick up that young lady into his arms and lifts her up, then walks in big steps to place her into the wheelchair.

The hands of the guard freezes in the air, he is struck dumb.

But the young lady does not appreciate this, right now in her heart, she is

planning her first task after recovering her martial art skills, which is to tear the mouth of this young palace master into pieces, then burn him into a skull that can never ever talk again.

[1] “this flattering slap that was meant to land on the horse’s behind instead ended up on the thigh”/拍马屁拍到了大腿上: this means a flattering act is not done properly, so it instead annoyed or angered the other person. “Slap on the horse’s behind/拍马屁” is a very common saying in China that means fawn or flatter. It started a very long time ago in Yuan Dynasty, in which China was ruled by the Mongolian ethnic group. Mongolians often walked with their horses on the streets. So when people meet each other, they would give a slap on the other horse’ behind, and praise “such a good horse!”. Some praise the horse no matter the true quality of it, so it became a representation of flattering.

Translator’s Note: Hmmm, wonder what happened in that prison??

Full

(translated by xia0xiao1mei)

(edited by anniaxx)



CHAPTER FORTY-TWO

Mutation

In front of the Prison of Chaos, the prison guard opens the doors with a pair of trembling hands, very uneasily watching the honoured figures before him.

Young Palace Master he has seen before, but why did he bring along a disabled young lady here, it is well known to all that this Prison of Chaos contains unpredictable dangers, those without excellent skills in martial arts cannot come down here, why would Young Palace Master carry an extra baggage, could it be this lady has some sort of hidden skill?

“You really want to go looking down there?” Young Palace Master turns to the young lady.

“Of course,” The young lady resolutely answers without any hesitation.

And so under everyone’s watchful eyes, Young Palace Master lifts up the disabled young lady, and leaps into the mouth of the cave.

Clothing fluttering, the wind like cutting blades.

“Jin Di Luo, bring along the wheelchair!” A steady command sounds from within the cave.

Bodyguard Jin who had not revealed himself for a long time sounds a reply, picking up that wheelchair and also jumps down.

The remaining number of people at the entrance, were left in a ‘you look at me I look at you’ situation, all exchanging eye contact.

Inside the Prison of Chaos, east side.

Pang Wan feels that she has indeed underestimated He Qing Lu, the wheelchair she is sitting in right now, not only has a manual control to raise and lower the position, but also have a very humanised shock absorption system, greatly easing the pain of moving forward.

——*this person is a genius!* She cannot help feeling speechless at heart.

The two people in front had already discovered Tu Su’s ice cold corpse.

“.....there are no wild beast footprints at all.” He Qing Lu squats on the ground, dipping his hand into the soil and brings it to his nose, “Nor is there any smell of blood.”

“This subordinate has seen the corpse of the two-headed python, its body suffering a loss of over half its blood, even Hall Master Mei has lost two thirds of her blood.” Jin Di Luo stands guarding behind Pang Wan, his voice dull, “The bloodstains are but only a small fraction.”

He Qing Lu observes the speckles of black on the ground, solemnly saying: “Looks like the blood drained very slowly, they died very painfully.”

Pang Wan is at complete loss from their conversation, pushing the wheelchair forward. “How do you know?” She is very curious.

He Qing Lu frowns, he doesn’t really want to explain to this silly lady, but also cannot handle the sparkling look of expectation in her eyes, and could only point at the bloodstains, saying: “The outline of every speck of blood appears round, clearly showing that the blood have slowly dripped to the ground from a height, the bodies of Ci Gu and the two hall masters contains at least several tens of

kilograms of blood in total, unless someone had used an extremely exceptional method, the blood here would definitely have splattered everywhere.”

“The blood left behind at the scene is so little, there can only be one reasonable explanation, being that the blood had long been lead elsewhere, the occasional few drops that spilled have also encountered an obstacle, thus forming a round shape when it falls.” He raises his brows.

“Can it possibly be a bloodsucking ghost?!” Pang Wan exclaims out loud.
(Bloodsucking ghost is the literal term for vampire in Chinese)

He Qing Lu glances at her, placid as usual: “Don’t know about ghosts that sucks blood, but this cave indeed has bloodsucking bats.”

As if to confirm his words, a strange shadow suddenly makes a silent appearance on the cave wall, following the flickering of candlelights, its suddenly big and suddenly small, strange to the extreme.

“Who is it?” Jin Di Lu shouts out, taking out a wooden carrier pigeon from his waist side.

Pang Wan instantly pales upon seeing this, *big brother! Are you here on an outing? In such a dangerous moment, you don’t draw out a sword or raise a knife, why must you pull out a toy bird of all things?*

But seeing Jin Di Luo’s one raise of a hand, that wooden carrier pigeon goes “hu-la-la” flying forward, but does not enter the pitch black depths.

Wind rises and falls, the shadow still remains absolutely motionless.

“It’s probably a rock falling into the candleholder.” Jin Di Luo sighs in relief, that wooden carrier pigeon circles the air and returns to his hand.

Who knew right after his voice sounded, a burst of loud sound like animal claws stroking a mirror rises, at the same time, fire torches instantly extinguishes. In this moment of the entire world entering complete darkness, the strange shadow on the wall lunges towards the people in the cave like a whistling wind.

Pang Wan subconsciously takes out her golden whip and lashes it out into the air.

She does not know what this thing is, but the thoughts in her mind are extremely clear — — *I must protect myself.*

The golden whip sounds “hu-hu” as it flies out, the strange shadow sure enough does not approach her as she had wished, just that for some unknown reason, the whip is intercepted in mid-air. Alarmed, Pang Wan reaches out, wanting to retrieve her golden whip, but did not expect for someone to strongly pull on the other end, thus tumbling forward as she is wrapped into an arm.

“Come with me.”

An icy cold chest, that chilling snake-like voice, all is so familiar.

Her heart which was hung high, instantly relaxes, Pang Wan sticks close to the person behind her, wanting to grab onto the lapel of his clothes to help herself stand.

With that one grab, she senses something’s not right, why are there only bits and pieces of torn fabric on his body? And even his muscles are so stiff?

The person behind obviously didn’t expect Pang Wan’s legs cannot move, he holds Pang Wan under his arm and drags her along without a word, Pang Wan is unable to control her balance in time, and falls to the ground with a sound of “pu-tong”.

“Ah!” She cannot help but to cry out in pain.

With this one cry, the light within the cave once again lights up, she raises her chin to take a closer look, He Qing Lu is currently holding a torch in her direction.

Don’t know whether it is because of the shine from the flame, but right now, his amber eyes are frighteningly bright.

Before she could call out, the big hand above her head rapidly hooks onto her collar, Pang Wan finds her body feeling light, toes off the ground as her entire being hangs in mid-air, turns out the person behind had already leaped onto the cave wall.

She had just wanted to protest, asking to at least change her position, when all that can be heard is a sound of “zheng”, a feather arrow grazes past her cheek as it shoots up.

A dull sound of “pu”, and that big hand hooking onto her trembles, Pang Wan also follows in shaking.

“Don’t harm my senior brother!”

She hastily cries out, all the muscles in her body tense.

“You sure that’s your senior brother?”

He Qing Lu lowers the violet-gold bow in hand, expressionlessly pressing his lips together, this gentleman brother sure doesn’t hold back on revealing his air of hostility.

Pang Wan looks up in wonder, and couldn’t resist being greatly shocked.

The person holding her, should be Nan Yi, yet also isn’t Nan Yi.

Or perhaps you could say, she has never seen this side of Nan Yi before.

The voice is his, features also looks very much like his, but that person is in ragged clothes, whole body of blood vessels excessively bulging, making his skin practically transparent, countless bluish purple vines winding around his body, just like some sort of mutation of an unknown creature, causing people to tremble in fear at one glance.

She suddenly recalls those people’s words: “There’s a monster in the prison.”

Seeing her look utterly stunned, a passing trace of unclear meaning flashes in the eyes of the one above her, followed by the tightening of his hand and the accelerated pace of his steps, carrying her as he steadfastly flees upwards.

“Let go!” Jin Di Luo springs out in ambush halfway there, the frosty sword in hand attacking perfectly straight on.

Nan Yi is greatly angered, he originally wanted to let these two people go, who knew they would recklessly be unwilling to appreciate this. And so with not a word, he overturns his hand and strikes forward, only hearing a sound of “dang”, the frosty sword is thus folded into two halves as it falls into the abyss, only having the time to create two “du-du” bubbles in the molten lava before dying a heroic death.

Despite having experienced hundreds of battles, Jin Di Luo cannot help being struck with great shock right now: this is but a treasured sword forged with the

ancient dark steel, how could it be so easily cut down by a human's hand?

He dares not slack, immediately pulling himself together and begins attacking.

Nan Yi leisurely takes him on.

His left hand clutching onto Pang Wan, only using his injured right hand to fight Jin Di Luo, and actually still be able to quickly gain the upper hand. Pang Wan is dumbfounded at all this, she is truly shocked at heart, when did Senior Brother's martial arts become so invincible?

Only hearing a sound of "ci-la", and a huge piece of flesh on Jin Di Luo's arm had been freshly dug out by Nan Yi, completely stripping the skin, so horrifying that one cannot bear to watch on.

"Senior Brother stop it!" The bloody smell rushing into her face shocks Pang Wan awake.

Yet Nan Yi does not listen, his eyes are already seeing red, entire body of hostile air overflowing, his throat issuing a wild beast-like roar.

Peng! A golden arrow pierces through the air.

Nan Yi grabs it bare handed without a care, a hidden weapon like this truly is a piece of cake to him.

However the arrowhead instantly makes an incredible transformation the moment it comes in contact with his skin — abruptly dividing into five parts, several unbreakable nails punctures his palm like strikes of thunderbolts, and embeds into Nan Yi's chest.

Pu-chi pu-chi!

Too late to avoid, Nan Yi's body trembles, holding Pang Wan as he staggers and falls from the cave wall.

"Let her go."

He Qing Lu dominantly stands in his original spot, a body of moon-white robes spotlessly clean.

His eyes quietly still as they gaze at Nan Yi, as though inspecting a filthy monster.

Nan Yi coldly laughs as he crawls up from the ground, spitting out a mouthful of blood, starting to remove the nails in his body himself. Along with the sound of “pu-pu”, his chest rapidly bloats up just like a sponge absorbing water, and the correct amount of nails are forced out, all that remains on his torso are five shallow white prints, not even shedding a single drop of blood!

“Young Master! He is indeed a monster!” Jin Di Luo slides down from the cave wall, cold sweat lining his entire forehead.

He Qing Lu furrows his brows, he throws aside the bow in hand, taking out a two-edged silver sword from his waist side.

“Gentleman no!”

A cold flash passing her eyes, Pang Wan who had almost dizzily fell, finally awakens, she unconsciously spreads open her arms, blocking Nan Yi’s body like a protective mother hen.

He Qing Lu freezes, then presses his thin lips together.

Jawline tightening, knuckles turning white, right now, his heart is surging with monstrous rage, but manages to suppress it all thanks to the many years of good upbringing.

Pang Wan needs not look to be able to sense his fury — — her own senior brother has wounded his capable assistant, yet she doesn’t let him carry out the punishment, with that petty guy’s nature, always wanting to argue over the smallest matters, how could he not be mad?

“Gentleman, may I ask of you to allow me to speak to my senior brother.”

Helpless that the relationship between Nan Yi and her is not the best, she can only bite the bullet and plead him.

He Qing Lu’s face turns cold and does not answer.

Pang Wan just takes it as silent acceptance, turning to look at Nan Yi.

“You think I will lose against him?” Nan Yi sees her gazing at him with earnest eyes, the corners of his lips raising into a strange smile.

— — *no, I am afraid you cannot control yourself in the moment and kill them all.*

Pang Wan does not dare to say what she is really thinking, and can only persuade him in an extremely gentle and submissive tone: “Senior Brother, right now my legs are injured with limited mobility, Gentleman He had permitted me to recuperate here, they all treat me very well, you need not worry.”

She originally wanted to add a sentence of “they’re not bad people”, but thinking about it, they are indeed not bad people, instead, she and Nan Yi are what the people of the world calls “bad people”, thus dropping the idea.

Nan Yi glances at her, his voice chilly: “I’ll take you back to recuperate.”

Pang Wan thinks for a bit, then says: “Senior Brother, did you not wish to see the Palace Master of Solitary Palace? This Gentleman He is Palace Master’s nephew, if we talk to him properly, we will definitely be able to see Palace Master.....”

“I will not give him this opportunity.”

He Qing Lu’s ice cold voice suddenly sounds.

Pang Wan inwardly wails, instantly sensing a headache.

—this young master! Who are you throwing your temper at? Do you not see me placating this beast on the verge of erupting right now? Why would you be in such a hurry to cut the ground under my feet?

Nan Yi hears this and sure enough grows angrier: “As long as I snap your neck, that Palace Master or whatever will naturally come begging to see me himself, who needs for you to bother about it?”

Eyes seeing an imminent battle, in the moment swords were being drawn, a lively little tune suddenly sounds from the cave’s opening.

“Road to east, road to west, road to south, five li station, seven li station, ten li station, move one step, yearn one step, laze one step. All of a sudden, skies falls into dusk, day falls into dusk, clouds falls into dusk, setting sun spreads across the ground, head looks back to rising fog.....”

Following this lazy hum, a person in messy clothing, looking careless and casual, saunters into the cave.

[1] Lines from the poem [Sai Hong Qiu · The Mountain Walk Alarm](#) by anonymous

(translated by anniaxx)

(edited by xia0xiao1mei)



CHAPTER FORTY-THREE

Old Man of the Icy Mountain

When this unexpected guest enters the cave, everyone's facial expression clearly changes.

He Qing Lu lightly furrows his eyebrows, Jin Di Luo has joy written all over his face, whilst Pang Wan and Nan Yi are somewhat surprised.

Especially Nan Yi, he obviously freezes for a second.

"How's this, little brother^[1] finds out that he wasn't able to kill me and grows pretty regretful at heart," Sang Shang Sheng takes the straw hat off his head, exposing a mouth of clean white teeth, "I'm so sorry, for letting little brother be disappointed, actually, I know the art of rising from the dead."

Nan Yi sounds a humph from his nose, appearing extremely disdainful.

“Ai yo, I say Little Lu Child^[2], isn’t your second uncle back now, why are you still putting on your dead-person’s face,” laughs Sang Shang Sheng, stepping forward to pat He Qing Lu’s shoulder.

Without waiting for a reply, he then turns to Nan Yi, eyes shining as a torch, “This little brother, it is alright that you want to kill me, but how has my nephew offended you? Why you want to snap off his pretty neck?” *Tze tze, his head is indeed really precious!*

“Jin Di Luo failed to protect my master, may Palace Master punish me!” Jin Di Luo endures the pain and kneels to the ground.

Pang Wan’s face immediately changes colour — — isn’t this person the boatman on the emerald river? Why has he suddenly become the Solitary Palace’s Palace Master?

On the other hand, Nan Yi reveals a scornful look, “So you’re that old monster? Hiding in the river and playing tricks in the dark, do you dare to count yourself as something good!”

Sang Shang Sheng, no, right now he should be called Solitary Palace’s Palace Master, He Shao Xin, is not angry; he only lifts his eyebrows and very leisurely says, “Ai ya, little brother, everyone has a hobby or two, right? I like to be a boatman, just like you like to suck people’s blood and flesh, they are just some daily common pastimes, why should you be angry?”

As Pang Wan stays in shock, Nan Yi had already raised his hands to grab He Shao Xin with lightning speed.

He Shao Xin almost jumps up at the same time, calmly swinging his sleeves and eludes him, moving towards the east one moment then going towards the west the other moment.

“One, two, three, four.....” He also counts at the same time.

When he had counted to six, Nan Yi’s body suddenly pauses, his shoulders shakes, then collapses to the ground with a crash, like a tall building that lost its foundation.

“Ai ya oh my mother, that scared me to death, almost thought I was going to be captured by this little monster.”

He Shao Xin pats his chest, making a scared “I survived” look.

“Little brat, I almost thought your soul-consuming nails doesn’t work anymore!” He clasps He Qing Lu’s arm, making a long exhale.

“I have already used five times the normal dose.” He Qing Lu pulls away that fiddling hand, showing an unconcerned look on his face, “Him enduring for such a long time, is really a miracle.”

Then he turns to look at the body lying on the ground.

That person is drugged with a dose of anesthetic that is enough to have ten male lions fall unconscious, he will not be able to wake up within a short time.

Yet he sees the young lady in red closely leaning against that person’s side, panicking, she shakes that person as she cries out, “Senior bother? Senior brother? Wake up!”

There is no one else in her eyes, her whole face is covered with traces of tears, as if the sky is going to collapse any moment now.

Dark clouds from some unknown origin fly into that pair of amber eyes, blotting out all the sunshine, leaving behind only an unbroken shadow which is continuously unrolling.

At the summit of the Solitary Palace, on top of the the Icy Mountain Court.

“Whether you believe or not, I really did not send people to assassinate Mei Wu.”

He Shao Xin gently caresses the glossy purple granulated teapot in his hands, slightly smiling.

“For a woman, it’s not worth it.”

After he finishes this sentence, he aligns his mouth with the teapot opening, sounding a “zi” chirp as he drinks a mouthful.

This is the first time that Pang Wan has seen anyone drinking tea like this, she

couldn't resist being surprised.

No matter how she looks at it, He Shao Xin is just an unhandsome, sluggish man, she finds it difficult to connect this destitute boatman to a noble gentleman like He Qing Lu — *how can these two have the same blood flowing in their bodies?*

“Speaking of which, to see your young master falling into this state for a woman, it is indeed very horrifying.”

He Shao Xin looks over to the bed where Nan Yi lies in coma, muttering this as he shudders.

“May I ask Palace Master, why has my senior bother become.....like this?”

Pang Wan looks at the person lying in bed, her face overflowed with worry.

Over half of the bulging blood vessels on Nan Yi's body have already faded, right now what lies in bed, is still that pale and delicate young man, just that, that originally bright red earring has now grown bleak and dim, as if it is declaring its owner's extreme frail state.

“Have you ever heard of {{Xi Sui Jing}} (bone marrow cleansing scripture)? ” He Shao Xin drinks another mouthful from the teapot opening again, his smile becoming sweeter and sweeter.

“I have heard of it.” Pang Wan nods — not only heard of it, also practiced it, even though she only managed to practice to the fifth level.

“There is an ancient saying, if someone is able to practice {{Xi Sui Jing}} to the legendary ninth level, then he can reverse all the meridians in his body, this person would not only abundantly increase his power, but also can hide his vital spots as he pleases. All the blood vessels on this little brother's body are almost about to explode, I think it looks like he forcefully broke through the ninth level of {{Xi Sui Jing}} in a very short time; however.....” He lowers his eyes, showing slight pity, “However, unfortunately he was consumed by his own power.”

Pang Wan irresistibly lets out an “ah” cry, her face is as pale as a piece of paper.

“The result of being consumed by one's power is really strange, some can be

insane and crazy, some can also be invincible, I think little brother looks like the latter one.” He Shao Xin continues to smile, presenting an indifferent attitude of *‘it has nothing to do with me’*, “But this invincible state has its price. According to my observation, this little brother can only burst out in certain Yin hours^[3], all other times he needs to suffer the severe pain of his organs boiling and burning. But if he bursts out, only fresh blood can quell the evil air within him, so this is why your senior brother will end up as a monster without any logical sense, seeking human blood and flesh everywhere — tze, tze, so scary.”

Pang Wan’s face immediately reveals a look of utter disbelief.

“He’s become like this because he wants to seek revenge for Mei Wu right?” He Shao Xin shrugs his shoulders, showing that it is really regretful, “Maybe in his subconscious, there is an extremely strong enemy, but that enemy is not me.”

Pang Wan’s heart and mind crumbles, in this moment, thousands of past scenes rush into her brain like a roaring ocean, yet she has too much to think about so she could not clear up her mind no matter what.

——during childhood, Nan Yi lined a blade on her neck, yelling that he doesn’t want sect leader to teach {{Xi Sui Jing}} to her.

——in the Misty Wave Manor, Bai Xiao Sheng was injured, everyone was cursing at the newly invented weapon “Blood Tyrant” of Bai Yue Sect, which could dig out people’s blood and flesh.

——also the hesitation and fretful expression that Nan Yi showed when she was curiously asking what kind of earthshaking thing “Blood Tyrant” is.

“May I ask Palace Master, does my senior brother still have any hope of being saved?”

Her eyes are saturated with misty fog, she is trying her hardest to not let them flow out.

He Shao Xin freezes for a second, then immediately laughs out loud, his eyes full of contempt and mischief, “You little lady, sure have an extraordinarily thick face! This little brother is ruthless and cruel, tried to destroy me, also killed my hall masters and hurt my capable subordinates, even threatening to snap off my

precious nephew's neck, say, why would I care if he can be saved or not? Ridiculous to the extreme!"

Pang Wan blinks her almond eyes, her face cannot be any paler.

——Palace Master is right, he doesn't have any obligation to care about Nan Yi's life, he did not cut off Nan Yi's neck when he is unconscious, this is already very merciful of him.

"Then may I ask Palace Master, when will my senior brother wake up?" She puts herself in a humble place again.

"How can I possibly let this monster wake up?!" He Shao Xin scoffs out loud, "Little girl, I advise you to daydream a little less! As long as he is in my territory, he will never have any chance to create any chaos!"

"I will use drugs on him, many many drugs, all kinds of drugs, to prevent him waking up." He reaches out his hand to cover his yawn, appearing tired and annoyed, already showing his will for her to leave.

".....Palace Master needs not worry, when my legs are a little better, I will immediately take my senior brother down the mountain."

Pang Wan bites a shallow white mark on her lower lips.

"Since my senior brother hurt other people because he was consumed by his own power, then I beg Palace Master to not be hurried to ask for his life, it won't be too late to wait till his wounds are recovered, then fight with him properly and fairly."

She begs him earnestly, her eyes grieving.

He Shao Xin is surprised by her; he originally planned to speak again, but now he pretends nothing has happened and closes his eyes.

Pang Wan pushes the wheelchair and goes out of the room.

Until she comes to a place with no one around in the hallway, she finally stops the wheel, covers both eyes with her hands.

Her shoulders are silently shaking, tears continuously drop down from her cheeks, as if turbulent flood has suddenly burst out of its bank.

Why? Why did Nan Yi become like this?

Why? Why did they, senior brother and junior sister, end up like this?

She misses the reckless time when she was Sheng Gu, she had martial arts, four limbs were healthy, didn't need to stay under other people's roof, didn't need to submit to humiliation.

Why didn't I know how to treasure those times? Only wishing to foolishly place hope on other people?

Regaining life after escaping death, she has finally understood that here is not the land of Mary Sue where female nobilities could command the wind and order the rain, here is the completely real wu xia world.

She did everything as she pleased, harmed other people, also harmed herself.

After she finishes crying, she wipes her face with her sleeves, returning back to her previous cold dullness.

With all her strength, she clings onto a column in the hallway, struggling to get up from the wheelchair, and anxiously makes a tentative step forward — must be able to walk as soon as possible, no matter how painful, no matter how difficult, no matter if it will leave her any sequelae or not. As long as Nan Yi stays here for one more day, he is in danger for one more day, she needs to quickly take senior brother away before Palace Master makes a move.

But she didn't expect that only after two steps, she would suddenly lose her balance and fall to the ground, making a "pu-tong" sound, scratching her elbows into a bloody state.

Clenching her teeth, she staggeringly pushes herself up from the ground, and continues to walk as she sticks herself to the wall as she advances forward.

One step, one step, and another step.

Her wounds are burning with pain, small blood drops start to form, a drop by a drop, they embed onto the white wall, like red plum blossoms in early spring quietly blooming in the snow.

She walks forward without even noticing, letting sweat to wet through the cloth on her back.

At the pavilion not far behind her, a person is quietly watching her every move.

However long she cried, however long he watched on.

When he saw her falling to the ground, he was almost going to reach out his arms.

Until he sees her stumbling and crawling to finish walking more than ten steps, finally sitting back into the wheelchair again with her exhausted body covered with sweat, only then did he lower his eyes, turning to walk towards the room.

“Do not make things difficult for her.”

He Shao Xin was pouring wine into the teapot when a chilling voice sounds up beside his ears.

He lifts up his head and sees He Qing Lu emotionlessly standing by the doorway.

“Ai yo I say little Lu child how did you find time to care about other people’s business?” He Shao Xin laughs loudly, putting one leg on the chair, acting just like a careless rogue, “Hurry over and let your second uncle see, did you eat the wrong drug or something?”

He Qing Lu stands at the original place and does not move a bit, stubbornly emphasizing, “I said, do not make things difficult for her.”

He Shao Xin looks at his tensed face, sighs and raise both his hands, “I did not make anything difficult for her, I just forgot to tell her, that little brother cannot be easily hurt by any sort of weapon after being consumed by his own power, plus he has a dangerous air protecting his body, even if he is unconscious, no one can really hurt him at all.”

She didn’t ask me about this anyway, he murmurs and adds in his heart.

“She is in a hurry to leave now.” He Qing Lu knows his own uncle’s temperament well, and couldn’t help frowning.

“Wah, it takes a hundred days when muscle and bone get hurt, she’s not afraid that she would be disabled for real in the latter half of her life?” He Shao Xin is a little astounded, “this lady sure has some stubborn temper!” This is unexpected,

if he knew this, he would have teased her more, so life wouldn't be this boring.

“Do not tease her!” He Qing Lu throws him a glare, fast and sharp.

He Shao Xin freezes, then squints his eyes and smiles.

“Little Lu child give me a reason.” He slowly knocks on the desk top, once, then twice.

“My tolerance for these two people has already exceeded the limitation, although right now I can't touch that little brother, but killing this lady, and using her head as an offering to Mei Ya Xiang and Tu Su's death, cannot be anymore of a natural thing to do. ”

Within a second, all the wanderer vibes from him withdraws into his shell, an acute freezing light slips through He Shao Xin's eyes.

“You want me to not touch her, then you need to give me a convincing reason, this is the rule of the He family — do, you, un-der-stand?”

[1] Little brother/小哥/Xiǎo gē: It literally translates to “little older brother” or “little bro”, which is a friendly term to address young men in Chinese. According to my experience, people don't really use it in daily conversation, but it appears frequently in literature. Many contemporary authors choose to use this term to call their characters; the most well-known “小哥/little brother” in novels is probably the epic main character of *The Chronicles of Grave Robbers* by Uncle Three—Kylin Zhang.

[2] Little Lu Child/小芦子/Xiǎo lú zi: Little(小)+one character in a person's name+child/suffix(子) = a common cute way to mock someone. It used to be the way to address eunuchs of the royal family back in the dynasties. Nowadays, people would use this method to make nicknames to joke around with others.

[3] Yin hours/阴时/Yīn shí: Yin-Yang is an idea in Chinese philosophy that states opposite forces are complementary, interconnected and interdependent([wikipedia](https://en.wikipedia.org/wiki/Yin-Yang)). So Yin is associated with female, gentleness, dark, moon, sinister; Yang is associated with male, light, strength, sun, positivity. Certain hours of the day is also calculated to be Yin hours where darkness and negativity predominates.

Translator's Note: *Hmmm...Little Lu, what reason are you going to give? You'd better give a good one!.....You all should be super excited for it!!*

Full

(translated by *xia0xiao1mei*)

(edited by *anniaxx*)



CHAPTER FORTY-FOUR

The Best Reason

Three days later, still up in the Icy Mountain Court.

The mute maid is giving Pang Wan a massage on the legs as always, recently, under the persistent urging of the patient, she has also started applying acupuncture on Pang Wan.

Seven days, another seven days, and she can take Nan Yi down the mountain with her.

As Pang Wan thinks this, she grows increasingly anxious, hating that that the mute maid cannot be stronger and more ruthless in her massages, in order to further reduce those seven days by a half.

Ears suddenly hearing the movement of crystal beaded curtains, she raises her head to see He Qing Lu walk in from the doorway.

“Gentleman.” Pang Wan greets him somewhat awkwardly.

A pair of fine white legs carelessly exhibited before He Qing Lu, yet he does not avoid the sight at all, hanging his head to seriously take a look at them for a moment.

Pang Wan instantly feels her cheeks burning.

“Feeling any better?” He Qing Lu’s face remains indifferent, turning to look at her.

“A lot better, a lot better!” Pang Wan hastily nods, “Won’t be bothering Gentleman for too long, just seven days will do.”

He Qing Lu’s brows twitches.

“If not.....three days? I can already get out of bed and walk, just that I’m still not particularly stable.....”

Pang Wan misunderstood his expression, and hastily explains.

He Qing Lu hums in reply, declining to comment, that pair of amber eyes silently gazing at her.

“What’s your full name?” He suddenly asks.

“.....Pang Wan.” Pang Wan appears surprised by his sudden question.

“Your surname is Pang?” He Qing Lu nods, and speaks again, “Are your parents back at home healthy and well?”

Is this an investigation of household occupants? Pang Wan is simply put at complete loss.

“Parents have passed away, whereabouts unknown.” She touches the back of her head, appearing greatly confused.

He Qing Lu’s eyes show a trace of sympathy.

“Has your future marriage been arranged? Have you ever been betrothed to another?” Pausing, in the end, he finally managed to let these questions out his mouth, his heart containing a trace of unspeakable anxiety.

“.....never.” Pang Wan widens her eyes, finding that she already cannot figure out this young palace master’s mind at all.

He Qing Lu lightly exhales: “Very good, the matter has been resolved.”

Pang Wan was just about to ask exactly what matter is associated with her family situation, but sees a pair of big hands reach over, He Qing Lu wraps his arm around her waist, lifting her and placing her onto the wheelchair.

“Come see someone with me.” He says just like that.

Pang Wan would never have guessed, the person He Qing Lu wants her see is the Solitary Palace Master He Shao Xin whom she had been avoiding at all costs, she cannot help but to unconsciously shrink back.

He Qing Lu pats her shoulder, and pushes her forward.

“Come, greet Second Uncle.” He casually says.

With a sound of “peng”, the purple granulated teapot in He Shao Xin’s hand slips onto the ground, smashing into pieces.

The mellow aroma of hundred-year-old wine instantly fills the entire room.

“Little, Little Lu Child, are you joking?”

He Shao Xin’s entire face trembles, overwhelming disbelief desperately scrambling to burst out from every pore in his body, he is already in a state of sputtering in great rage: “You must be joking! Isn’t that right? Isn’t that right?”

He Qing Lu pays him no care, placing his hands on Pang Wan’s rounded shoulders, he softly coaxes her: “Why are you not calling him? Don’t be afraid,

there is nothing to fear.”

Pang Wan still does not understand anything, but right now, a strong sense of coercion comes from above her head, and she can only obediently choose to compromise.

“Second...Uncle?” She timidly speaks up, saying these two words with a voice like that of mosquitoes.

“Oh! No! This can’t be real! This can’t be real! This can’t be real!!”

Hearing her voice, He Shao Xin collapses as though he had been struck by lightning, and with one swish, he had jumped on top of the Ba Xian table, starting to throw his arms and legs around as he yells, “I’m hallucinating! This is definitely a hallucination! Big Brother! Sister-in-law! Didn’t think Little Lu Child will also have this day! Ahhhhh!”

Pang Wan thought Sang Shang Sheng had been consumed by his inner demons, frightened into shrinking back, until she leaned right into a warm embrace behind her.

He Qing Lu holds her shoulder and gently gives it a pat, continuing to expressionlessly watch Sang Shang Sheng’s performance.

He Shao Xin prances and jumps, wailing for a good long while, before his mouth finally dries out, and he sits back on the chair.

“Fine, let’s leave this matter at that then!”

He raises the cup of tea to soothe his throat, face revealing an expression of complete satisfaction.

“Since this is Little Lu Child’s decision, I have nothing to say, whatever you young sweethearts wish to do, then you go ahead and do it!”

Having said that, he evasively waves his hand, signalling for them to quickly leave.

Pang Wan’s eyeballs were about to fall out, and she almost bit her own tongue off.

“Thank you Second Uncle.”

He Qing Lu nods his head at him, turning as he leisurely pushes the wheelchair out.

—

He Qing Lu escorts Pang Wan back to her room, not speaking a word along the way.

The mute maid was still obediently waiting at the bedside, quickly reaching out to takeover, and places a blanket over Pang Wan, afraid she would catch a cold.

“Remember to take her out for a walk.” He Qing Lu orders the mute maid, and turns to leave.

“Gentleman, could it be, you don’t feel there’s anything that needs to be explained to me?” Pang Wan really cannot hold back anymore, reaching out to tug at his sleeve.

He Qing Lu pauses.

“You head off first.”

He orders the mute maid, only after the mute maid had withdrawn and closed the room doors, does he leisurely turn around.

“In fact.” He clears his throat as if nothing happened, “The matter is like this.”

“Back in the Capital, did you not try to seduce me time and time again?”

He dominantly looks down at her, a face of arrogance.

Pang Wan recalls the ridiculous things she had done under Jin Bu Yao’s instructions, and cannot help being tongue-tied.

“.....it seems.....there was such a case.”

“Did you once say I am so good looking, you can’t get enough no matter how much you look?”

The corners of his lips slightly curls up.

“.....I did indeed.”

Pang Wan grimaces, don’t know what kind of deceitful remedy is being sold in that gourd of his. (A saying that means, to be unsure of what someone is secretly

planning to do)

“Do you not feel that, my talents are so outstanding, no one can compare to me?”

His eyes emitting a sparkling shine.

“From certain aspects that is correct.....”

Pang Wan puts great effort into finding appropriate words, trying her best to not hurt this gentleman’s prideful heart made of glass.

“You see, since you are so infatuated in me, I shall accept you with great difficulty.”

He Qing Lu states this with the tone of a compassionate saint, at the same time, extending a long and slender white hand towards her.

“I give you permission to become my, He Qing Lu’s wife-to-be, do restrain yourself, there is no need to rejoice to the world.”

A sound of “pu”, and Pang Wan’s whole body of questions turns into saliva as it sprays onto the gentleman’s silk sleeve of embroidered cloud patterns.

“What?” She screams, jumping out of bed and stands in front of him.

“You’re actually that happy that even your legs completely recovered?” He Qing Lu looks at her in wonder, slightly throwing his sleeve back in disgust.

“What?!” Pang Wan looks at her own legs, deciding to shake her head and forget about this little episode, her current priority is to settle this case of a bizarre betrothal.

“How did I become your wife-to-be?” She shakes He Qing Lu, in hysterics, “When did I agree to this? How come I don’t know?” *Could it have been in some sort of unknown nightmare?*

“Why is your agreement needed?” He Qing Lu disdainfully looks at her.

Three days, within three whole days, he had written both Pang Wan’s good and bad points down on paper, racking his brain on his own for three days three nights — *this girl’s bad points are simply too numerous to have them all recorded, and all her good points is no more than two and a half lines in total: young, owner of the Blazing Needles, healthy (still need her legs to recover to be*

applicable).

She is clearly ordinary and common, completely unworthy of his standing-above-the-clouds self since childhood. But upon thinking of her figure hiding in the hallway sobbing, watching her hold onto the walls as she stubbornly paces forward, also the scene of her hugging Nan Yi in panic, his heart is surging with a lingering sour feeling.

He asks Jin Di Luo: “What kind of an existence is a wife?”

Although Jin Di Luo was somewhat surprised, he still respectfully replies: “With her husband being her sky, is the husband’s strong backing, a good wife would also be a tender and talking flower^[1].”

— *with her husband being her sky? This explanation isn’t bad*; he thus thinks to himself.

Should this silly girl become his own wife, then, her world shall only consist of him.

Her eyes will no longer hold another person, she won’t be running away in another person’s arms, also wouldn’t be shedding tears for another, nor will she spend entire days thinking of how to leave him for another.

All the bad points listed over three whole sheets of paper, in face of this powerful reason, instantly pales in comparison.

Jin Bu Yao had once said, as long as he, the great Young Master He, nods his head, he can have as many beauties of the Jiang Hu as he wishes.

But for this silly girl before him, with a face filled with troubles, he has decided to give up all those meaningless bodies wrapped in glamorous skin, only concentrating his attention on watering this one little flower bud.

This is sympathy, this is compensation for sending her life as a martial artist into the ruins — he inwardly says this to himself.

“I give you permission to become my wife-to-be, this is already a gift as grand as the heavens, could it be you still have any dissatisfactions?”

He Qing Lu’s face turns cold as he looks at this young girl practically go crazy, deeply wondering — *is this result of the great surprise?*

Pang Wan is already on the verge of collapsing, she grabs onto He Qing Lu's collar, bloodshot eyes filled with madness: "If you want me to become your wife, how could you not ask for my opinion first?! Where did my human rights go? Huh?!"

He Qing Lu gets a hold of her hands, suppressing his intolerance as he tries his best to gently say: "If you are not my wife-to-be, tomorrow Palace Master will have you beheaded the moment you step out the doors, taking your head to pay homage to his subordinates, could it be, you would rather die and still insist on refusing?"

Pang Wan miraculously quietens down.

She sinks into silence.

"You are right."

After a long while, Pang Wan finally raises her head again, face already restoring its calm.

"Many thanks for Gentleman's bestowment, setting down your nobility and honour to allow this young lady take the title as your wife-to-be." She looks at He Qing Lu with extreme sincerity, she reaches out to grab his hands, wrapping them into her palms, "Gentleman truly is the reincarnation of Guanyin (bodhisattva), such grand kindness and virtue, Pang Wan is unable to repay you."

— *that's right ah, this is the reaction a normal woman should have ah.*

Seeing her be so obedient, He Qing Lu cannot hold back from hooking up the corners of his lips.

"From now on, when you're outside, remember to listen to me." He feigns seriousness as he sets her this order.

"Whatever Gentleman says." Pang Wan obediently nods.

Looking at her graceful arc of a chin, pink and round cheeks, also those deer-like sparkly almond eyes, He Qing Lu feels so comforted at heart.

"Once your legs have completely recovered, we shall descend the mountain then." He takes the opportunity to stroke Pang Wan's cloud-like bun, and just like how he had thought, he catches the scent of a sweet fruity fragrance, "Don't

be in a hurry, ah?”

Pang Wan leaves him to mess with her hair, softly humming in reply.

Seeing her nestle there like a little bunny, He Qing Lu’s heart feels like it’s about to melt.

Second Uncle wants him to give a reason for them not to trouble Pang Wan, in his mind, he had thought of approximately eighty-one different answers.

Right now, he has got to admit — — letting Pang Wan become his wife, is undoubtedly the best answer amongst them.

Without a doubt, he is forever the most intelligent.

Is that not right?

[1] Talking flower/解语花/Jiě yǔ huā: “A flower that can talk” is an intelligent beauty who can serve as an understanding soulmate. 解语花 was originally used to refer to begonia flower. But after Emperor Tang Xuan Zong pointed to his wife, Yang Gui Fei, and said “no flower is more beautiful than my ‘talking flower’”, people started to praise ladies with this term.

So...the best reason ey? Hehe, does this satisfy those of you who asked for this on the last chap??

Full

(translated by anniaxx)

(edited by xia0xiao1mei)



CHAPTER Forty-Five

Two or Three Things About Mei Wu

“Hehhhh!”

Pang Wan sits on the bamboo couch, taking a deep breath and roaring at a strange-looking bamboo container, her whole face has already turned red.

Only hearing a sound of “ka-da”, and that bamboo tube quickly bounces up, from the center of the tube flies out a colorful candy-bean. Pang Wan reacts quickly, lifting her head and catching it with her mouth, that candy-bean is immediately captured by her tongue.

“Gentlemen, the range of sound control is limited, it can only influence a distance around one zhang from the origin.”

She looks back at the person by the desk as she chews the candy-bean with “ge-beng, ge-beng” sounds.

He Qing Lu casts her a glance, then continues lowering his head and studying the skull in his hands, “En, the distance is a little short.” He vaguely humphs, “But this thing is not supposed to be used on human, it is to be used on animals.”

“Animals?” Pang Wan is surprised.

“The sound that animals can detect is much further than what human can hear.” He Qing Lu looks at her with a smile on his face, “The mechanics of sound control fits better when used on them.”

“Could it be that you want to apply craniotomy surgery on them? Installing the reflective mechanic in their brain nerves?” Pang Wan widens her eyes, “This is so cruel, you can’t do this!”

He Qing Lu chokes a little.

“I have never really thought this way.....” he murmurs to himself, luminous light gradually blooming in his eyes, “So there is actually this method too?”

Pang Wan cries out “not good” in her heart, quickly shouts, “Ay I was just saying nonsense, don’t believe that! Hey hey!”

He Qing Lu sees her nervous look, and couldn’t resist laughing out loud, “I never planned to do this, this so called sound-controlled mechanic is just to capture the movement of air currents and magnifies it, it has nothing to do with controlling nerves. I just considered that animals are much more sensitive to sound, so installing this set of mechanic on them after improving it might make it more sensitive.”

Only then did Pang Wan release her breath, inwardly thinking *thank the heavens that this person’s talent have not unreasonably exceed those of thousands years later.*

“Controlling brain nerve.....” Yet she sees He Qing Lu’s eyes start to lose focus, he falls into a stage of serious pondering.

“Gentlemen!” Pang Wan jumps off the bamboo couch, and runs in front of him

like a good puppy wagging its tail, “You said after I finish experimenting ten mechanics for you, you will tell me things about Lady Mei Wu, I have already finished now!”

His wandering mind is pulled back by her, He Qing Lu gently smiles at her, “What do you want to know?”

Now that Pang Wan is already under his wings, his expression and tone have both become so much gentler, can be counted as “would definitely say yes to whatever she’s asking”.

Pang Wan thinks a little more, then lays out her questions one by one.

And so from He Qing Lu’s description, she has learnt that Mei Wu is a gentle, kind, excellent maid, whose inner personality and outer appearance perfectly aligns.

“But don’t know why, she argued with my second uncle before leaving the palace.” He Qing Lu shakes his head, “According to her personality, she originally doesn’t ever even speak loudly.”

“Your second uncle really didn’t crazily court her?” asks Pang Wan, shocked.

“Women who fall for my second uncle are so many, he never even bothered to pay attention to Jin Bu Yao, how could he like a little maid?” He Qing Lu reacts scornfully at her naiveness.

Pang Wan is suddenly astonished by Jin Bu Yao’s standards, she recalls Palace Master’s facial features, and couldn’t help revealing a surprised countenance.

“Don’t judge based on how my uncle looks like right now, he’s wearing a disguise.”

He Qing Lu sees through her with one glance, appearing somewhat arrogant, “When my second uncle was young, he was indeed a beautiful man with great reputation, he just doesn’t want others to overly pay attention to his outer appearance.”

Pang Wan recalls the “gracefully moving gentleman with a jade-like face” told by the storyteller, then gazes at He Qing Lu’s serious delicate face, she nods and shows that she believes him.

“In fact, strictly speaking, Mei Wu can’t really be counted as my second uncle’s maid, she is the maid of my second uncle’s adopted daughter.” He Qing Lu thinks a little longer and adds, “She used to copy my cousin’s every move, and she was consumed by her own inner demon for a while, it was almost impossible to distinguish those two apart.”

Pang Wan just feels the drum in her brain had been struck, chaotically echoing.

“Your second uncle also has an adopted daughter? What is her name? How old is she? Where is she now?”

She hangs on to He Qing Lu’s arm.

He Qing Lu is very satisfied, lifting up the corners of his lips, “My second uncle also has another identity, which is the boatman Sang Shang Sheng on that emerald river as you have seen; now that I count it, his adopted daughter is almost twenty-one this year.” He bats his eyelashes at her, showing a mischievous and teasing look, “Come to think of it, she just happens to be that kind of white lotus flower lady that you always wanted to become. Heard that she does have some reputation in Jiang Hu, people all call her Fairy Sang Chan, have you heard of her?”

Pang Wan lets out an “ahhh” cry, stumbling back a step.

——did not think other than being Gu Xi Ju’s junior sister, Sang Chan is also He Shao Xin’s adopted daughter, He Qing Lu’s cousin! And Mei Wu was actually Sang Chan’s personal maid!

This news is thrown into her heart like a bomb, violently exploding everywhere.

“Then, what about that Ninth Prince in the story?” She thinks of the three peerless beautiful men that Wang Gang used to talk about, carefully looking at He Qing Lu, “Heard that Ninth Prince is still saving the princess consort position for her?”

“Ah, that fellow,” He Qing Lu grins, “There is such a case, his heart longed for my cousin, five years ago he came to propose, yet my cousin rejected him.” He shrugs his shoulders, “Maybe he still hasn’t give up yet.”

Pang Wan sees his mocking tone toward the prince, her heart couldn’t resist the shock, yet she is embarrassed to continue asking.

——didn't expect Sang Chan actually has this kind of prominent family background, truly a heaven-blessed girl with thousands of doting all concentrated on her.

Pang Wan sighs in her heart, she lowers her head and does not say anything.

"You two investigating Mei Wu's death, won't be solved by asking my second uncle." Seeing her disheartened face, He Qing Lu could not resist his urge to comfort her, "She grew up with Sang Chan, no one can be compared to their close relationship since childhood, asking Sang Chan is the right thing to do."

Pang Wan nods, lifting up her little face to him, "Don't know where Fairy Sang Chan is right now?"

"She's at the Ninth Prince's minor manor in Lin Yi."

As this delicate voice sounds, an exceptionally charming man leisurely walks into the room.

"Niece-in-law, how are you?"

That person squints his long peach-blossom eyes and smiles at Pang Wan, eyes containing a sparkling shine, his entire body exhibiting remarkable charm and brilliant spirit.

Although she has seen countless beautiful men in the land of Mary Sue, Pang Wan's first look at this face still shook her heart, shook her to the point of becoming lifeless.

"Wake up, he's already thirty-two years old, old enough to be your father." He Qing Lu leans to her ear and reminds her, his face looking very unhappy.

"Hey! Little brat! What did you say about your second uncle?" He Shao Xin widens his eyes, turning back and continues winsomely smiling at Pang Wan, "How's this, niece-in-law? Isn't your second uncle handsome? Don't you want to consider dumping this icy husband-to-be, and come with your second uncle to wander to the end of the world....."

He did not even get a chance to say the word "world", when a piece of hidden weapon flies right towards his face. He Shao Xin immediately grabs it in hand, when he sees that the hidden weapon is actually a piece of skull, he couldn't help

but to quickly throw it as if he has touched electricity, loudly shouting, “Ai-yo! I say big nephew, why do you always play with such ominous things?”

He Qing Lu embraces Pang Wan from the back, using a kind of protector’s posture to silently warn him.

“Boring.” He Shao Xin twitches his lips, revealing a bored expression, “I originally thought there would be a silly niece-in-law to play with, but being protected by you like this all day, is truly uninteresting to the extreme.”

“If you want to play, go find your own.” He Qing Lu pulls Pang Wan behind him and blocks her, showing an unpleasant face, “If you are truly bored, how about I send a letter to Jin Bu Yao, telling her that you are finally back?”

“Ai-ya big nephew, please have mercy on me!” He Shao Xin suddenly jumps eight zhangs high, “I will not make fun of niece-in-law anymore, please please do not tell Guardian Jin, please don’t!”

Then he quickly bows to Pang Wan with his hands held in front, “Niece-in-law, second uncle has offended you! I beg you to consider how i have betrayed my daughter, and please say some good words to help second uncle!”

Even though Pang Wan knows very well that he is acting, she still pulls He Qing Lu’s sleeve from the back, gently saying, “Let it be.”

Hearing this kitten-like mutter, He Qing Lu turns back and sees the young lady’s peach-red blushing cheeks, right now even if he has a heart molded with black iron, it would have been melted already.

“Humph!” He gives He Shao Xin a glare, and says no more.

Only then did He Shao Xin laugh and come near the two.

“Niece-in-law, don’t say second uncle has not reminded you, that daughter of mine, really isn’t saving me from worries nowadays.”

“Although I brought her back myself, I sent her to learn martial arts when she was only six, only seeing me once a year, what she is thinking now, I’m not even really sure.” He initially extends his hand to pat Pang Wan’s shoulder, but paused under He Qing Lu’s vicious glare; he takes his hand back and pretends to clean it on his sleeve.

“You should keep in mind to be careful of everything.”

After saying this, he giggles and waves his hand, then takes his leave in lively steps.

“Sang Chan is really your second uncle’s adopted daughter?”

Until that gorgeous and charming figure walked away, Pang Wan then comes out behind He Qing Lu.

“I promise.” He Qing Lu turns to her.

“How could he talk about his own daughter in that tone? Just like.....just like he has no feelings for her.” Pang Wan murmurs.

“You think so too?” He Qing Lu smiles, “Jin Bu Yao has also scolded him like this before, saying that he looks like he has a very passionate heart, but is actually heartless.”

Pang Wan suddenly realizes, so the heartless man who Nanny Jin was reminiscing about is Solitary Palace Master, He Shao Xin.

“Oh right, where is Nanny Jin?”

She touches the silk pouch on her waist, now she finally understands why she was able to cross the emerald river peacefully back then.

“After we returned to the palace, second uncle disappeared, Jin Bu Yao is carrying her luggage right now, searching for him everywhere in the Jiang Hu.” He Qing Lu frowns, some helplessness revealed on his face, “Already so old but still playing these kind of hide and seek games, so gross.”

Pang Wan thinks of those two’s style of interaction, and couldn’t resist being speechless.

“Wait, why exactly did your second uncle suddenly come here today?”

After being silent for a moment, Pang Wan suddenly thinks of this important question.

“This, is probably because he has removed his disguise, so wanted to show off in front of you.”

He Qing Lu thinks of his second uncle’s childish character, and carelessly lifts

his brows, “No need to care about him.”

Translator’s Note: Some truth have finally been revealed~~ Did you notice that He Qing Lu has been smiling so often lately? Look at his protective mode!! Sometimes when I think about how he pretended to be Wang Gang and endured the whipping and craziness of Pang Wan, just so he could get a chance to look at the blazing needles, I just can’t resist laughing!

Full

(translated by xia0xiao1mei)

(edited by anniaxx)



CHAPTER FORTY-SIX

Setting Off To Lin Yi

In a blink of an eye, over ten days have passed, Pang Wan is finally able to set foot on the ground, walking, running and jumping, she cannot wait to mention to He Qing Lu about setting off from the mountain.

The unrest within Solitary Palace had already been quelled by He Shao Xin half a month ago, Sixth Hall and Seventh Hall have gotten new hall masters, the hall master of Eighth Hall has been sent to a holy ground to recuperate, Nan Yi is put under control with He Shao Xin's use of special drugs, continuing to lie in coma, it remains unknown that he is the bloodsucking monster in the Prison of Chaos.

Regarding matters about descending the mountain, Pang Wan has already

planned it all out. On one hand, she will take the opportunity to find the unorthodox sect's people to come send Nan Yi back for recuperation, on the other hand, she intends to head to Lin Yi alone in search for Sang Chan, and get to the bottom of the truth behind Mei Wu's death.

All these people and matters appeared to be completely unrelated to one another, yet they are all inextricably linked together behind closed doors, she feels that if she does not thoroughly investigate it all as soon as possible, she will be trapped within a huge cocoon, unable to make another step.

However, He Qing Lu does not seem to be particularly keen on letting her down the mountain. Every time she goes to mention it to him, he would always evade it, in the end, he simply interrupts her request directly with impatience.

She does not know, in fact, He Qing Lu's heart is also troubled.

Having lived twenty years, Gentleman He has allowed for such kind of living creature that defies the way of heaven, a "lover", to appear by his side for the first time ever, to him, this is undoubtedly the start of a new life.

Pang Wan is bright and well-behaved, never expressing dissatisfaction with his research, not only that, she would even be very supportive of his various inventions, helping him experiment with the mechanics every day, seriously making records. The things he speaks of, Pang Wan is able to understand for most parts, sometimes, she would even give him suggestions for improvements (although most of them are lousy)

Just like Jin Di Luo had said, she is like a tender and talking flower.

And this talking flower is not only tender and intelligent, but is also fragrantly sweet and soft, exceptionally suiting his taste, he can hold her little hand, touch her forehead, smell the faint fruity fragrance from her body, under special circumstances (in front of Second Uncle), he can even wrap his arm around her slender yet perfectly round waist, feeling her slightly tremble against his chest.

He Qing Lu is satisfied with this lifestyle, and does not wish for a hasty change — he has already started getting used to these days of having Pang Wan's company.

It is only unfortunate that this yet-to-bloom green flower does not think this

way, she appears to be obedient in all regards, but in reality, is secretly rubbing her cat claws as she awaits to take action.

For example, she spends all day thinking about leaving the mountain, unable to sit still, practically about to go crazy at the thoughts.

This awareness makes He Qing Lu very unhappy, he believes this net of his “wife sees husband as her sky” family life is facing a challenge, hence why he had repeatedly pushed aside Pang Wan’s requests.

— *if I don’t feel comfortable at heart, you shall not feel good either.*

He is basically doing this on purpose.

Seeing that the cold winter season is approaching, and should they not leave the mountain now, they will have to face the heavy snow, Pang Wan finally cannot hold back anymore.

“Gentleman, what to do for you to be willing to let Senior Brother and I down the mountain?”

She stores all her anger inside her stomach, trying her best to speak with a gentle tone.

He Qing Lu is in the midst of sketching a diagram, upon hearing this question, he blinks, amber eyes silently glancing at her.

“Thank you Gentleman for extending a helping hand in the critical moment. But you must also be aware, Senior Brother and I cannot possibly remain in Solitary Palace forever, sooner or later, we will have to return to the sect.” Pang Wan takes a deep breath, eyes misty as she pitifully looks at him.

According to her many observations throughout the recent days, she is certain He Qing Lu is someone who yields to the soft approach but rejects force, when necessary, one must act gentle.

However, these words have left He Qing Lu upset — *what is “I cannot possibly remain in Solitary Palace forever” supposed to mean? Could it be, having become his wife, this girl still wishes to recklessly go running around?*

And so he stiffens his face and does not answer.

“What request do you have, go ahead and say it.” Pang Wan grows desperate,

looking at him with utmost sincerity, “Do you not like the rare gadgets I have? I promise you, when I go back I will find a treasure that’s the one and only of its kind, and gift it you!”

He Qing Lu freezes.

That’s right ah, he had practically forgotten, his initial interest in this bratty girl stemmed from a secret weapon. Exactly since when, did the influence of her as herself gradually surpass the weapons she owns?

He cannot help but to sink into his own thoughts.

“Gentleman? Are you agreeing to it?” Pang Wan cautiously speaks up, inwardly thinking, should her request be rejected once again, she will take the risk of carrying Nan Yi on her back in escape — although it is very difficult, she must give this final option a try no matter what.

He Qing Lu is occupied by his thoughts for a long while, placing down the ruler in hand.

“Go notify Second Uncle, and leave in three days.” He furrows his brows as he orders this.

Pang Wan is overjoyed, jumping up on the spot: “Really? That’s great!” She pounces over and wraps her arms around his shoulder, that little face glowing red with excitement, “Gentleman, how could you be this great? I just like you too much!”

He Qing Lu raises his chin, sounding a scornful humph from his nose.

Inwardly thinking, *do you even need to say such thing out loud? You clearly cannot admire me enough to begin with!*

Pang Wan sees He Qing Lu’s haughty look with his nose in the air, and cannot help burst out laughing.

She knows that he is happy right now, because his clean white neck has a touch of blush, the corners of his lips is also slightly curled up.

—looks like Gentleman also has his adorable moments, she inwardly thinks to herself.

But very quickly, Pang Wan does not find He Qing Lu adorable anymore,

because he starts to order the maid to pack his bags.

“You’re also leaving the mountain?” She tells herself to try her best in thinking positively, “Is it an expedition?”

“No.” He Qing Lu leisurely rolls up his blueprint.

“Going to buy materials?”

“No.”

“Could it be you’re going to the Capital?”

“No.”

“Oh, I know, you’re going to find Nanny Jin!” Pang Wan says in sudden realisation.

He Qing Lu frowns, and coldly looks at her.

“Who said they wanted to go Lin Yi?” His face reveals a slight look of impatience, “Have you already forgotten your own words?”

Pang Wan is greatly alarmed — — this prideful gentleman is really following her down the mountain ah!

“In fact.....” Words of rejection were about to leave her mouth, but she hears He Qing Lu leisurely say: “Even if you arrive at Lin Yi, so what? Ninth Prince wouldn’t see you, Sang Chan even more so wouldn’t see you, should I not be accompanying you, what can you manage to find out?” Pleased with himself, he places the blueprints onto the shelf in order.

Pang Wan is speechless, the polite refusal in mind vanishing.

—

In a blink of an eye, it is time to bid farewell.

He Shao Xin makes the rare occurrence of getting up early, yawning as he stands at the door of the palace hall, sending off this “golden couple”.

“Big nephew, bring some native products to that dear daughter of mine.” He takes out a blue flower cloth wrap, sleepily passing it to He Qing Lu.

He Qing Lu turns his body, not actually accepting the baggage.

Seeing this from the side, Pang Wan inevitably feels awkward, thus taking the initiative to take the baggage into her arms: “He will, may Palace Master rest assured.”

He Shao Xin lifts his eyelids to glance at her, the corners of his lips curling up.

“As expected, my niece-in-law is the great one.” He reaches out to embrace Pang Wan by the waist, eyes containing tender feelings, “Say, niece-in-law, this nephew of mine is rather unfeeling, you should keep your heart open along the way, give him little little advices.”

Facing He Qing Lu’s burning eyes that could kill, He Shao Xin leans closer to Pang Wan’s ear, to finish everything he has to say.

“Cute little niece-in-law, should I find you lying to my nephew again, oh do be careful I don’t have your skin shed and sent off to make drums, *Great~ Lady~ Sheng~ Gu?*”

He teases in a voice only he and Pang Wan can hear, as though he’s saying an irrelevant joke.

Pang Wan’s face instantly loses all its colour.

She follows He Qing Lu down the mountain with a heavy heart, until the slightly salty wind pours into her nose, and only then does she find herself coming up to a seaside cliff that she has never seen before.

“What is that?” She looks at the huge monster with a body of complete black below her feet, her almond eyes widening.

“That is my ship.” He Qing Lu turns her head, smiling at her, “Called Mountain Elf.”

“We’re taking the sea route?” Pang Wan looks up at him in surprise, “Would it not be faster to go by horse?”

“If this was a month ago, I would naturally take you down the land route, but starting from this month, the sea waters have changed to the direction of the east, so it will be faster to go by sea route rather than land route.” He Qing Lu overlooks the roaring waves crashing against the rocks, looking calm and lofty, “Moreover, the sea route is also very safe, won’t be encountering bandits in

middle of travelling.”

Pang Wan does not speak, but cannot help feeling impressed deep down.

“Gentleman, all preparations are ready.” Someone from behind reports, it is Jin Di Luo who is recovering from his arm injury.

He Qing Lu nods, saying not another word, sweeping Pang Wan into his arms, he leaps down from the cliff.

The frosty wind harshly scraping past, fluttering clothing sounding, only when he had steadily set foot on the deck, does he see the pitiful appearance of the person in his arms looking soulless.

“Such little courage? That doesn’t seem right ah.” He mutters as he was about to put Pang Wan down, who knew she would panic and instead hold onto him tighter, her little face as white as snow.

He is very surprised, but at the same time, also feels very happy — *this silly girl really cannot separate from me in the slightest*, he thinks to himself.

And so, he slowly lowers his head, nonchalantly placing a light peck on the young girl’s forehead.

“What you doing?” Pang Wan is startled awake from cliff falling nightmare, pushing away the person next to her.

“Kissing you ah!” A pair of amber eyes steadily gazes at her, He Qing Lu’s handsome face remains calm and unaffected.

Pang Wan touches her forehead — *how could this person say such shameless words without going red in that face, without skipping a heartbeat?!*

“Gentleman! You, you shouldn’t be like this.....” She takes a deep breath, inwardly thinking that she should tell this prince disease patient, there is a big difference between a pair of fake lovers and a pair of real lovers.

But sees He Qing Lu’s forehead crease: *“Shouldn’t be like this?”* He thinks for a bit, then reaches out to pull Pang Wan into his arms, printing a dragonfly-skimming-the-water-surface kiss onto her red lips.

“I understand, so you wish for me to do this.” The young girl’s lips were tender and sweet like cherries, such taste making his body feel refreshed, entire being

filled with pleasure, his eyes also narrows down — Second Uncle often uses this trick to coax those female confidants of his, even if he has not eaten pork before, he too has at least seen the pig run.

Pang Wan's entire face turns red, practically at boiling point, not due to bashfulness, but anger.

She simply does not believe, He Qing Lu would really like her.

——at most, he would find her interesting, him treating her well, is just like him liking to study all sorts of mechanisms, he is only showing greed for a moment of that fresh and new feeling.

Forget it la, being kissed by him twice, can be treated as a lick from a puppy, it's paying off debts.

She bitterly thinks to herself, and finally, she does not speak up to resist.

Either way, after they arrive at Lin Yi and see Sang Chan, the two of them will definitely part ways anyway.

She will never believe in the expression of interest from any handsome men of this land again.

Second uncle knows! This man sure can be scary when he wants to, being threatened with a smile is so much more terrifying than being threatened by an angry person if you ask me O_O Also, Wan Wan, I know you didn't take his 'proposal' seriously, but now that this cold distant boy is actually kissing you, how could you simply think of such as his reason?!!I would say "poor little Lu" but the guy is reaping far too many benefits from this as it is hahaha

Full

(translated by *anniaxx*)

(edited by *xia0xiao1mei*)



CHAPTER FORTY-SEVEN

Love of Tangerine Jam

After traveling for days, Ship Mountain Elf follows the plan and stops at a port, preparing to replenish drinkable water and food supply.

Pang Wan feels even her skin is itchy because of being stuck in the ship for all

these days, so wants to get off the ship and get some fresh air. Didn't think that when she had just walked to the ship's door, someone immediately grabbed her collar.

"Where are you going?" He Qing Lu stands behind her, shadows flowing in his eyes.

"Going out to buy some fruits." Pang Wan is a little shocked, how could this gentleman make no sound when he walks?

He Qing Lu nods to show approval, "I just happened to want to eat some tangerines too." Then without waiting for Pang Wan to protest, he directly holds her hand and walks toward the dock.

Pang Wan had no other choice but to unwillingly follow him.

Peddler Wang Er Ga has been struck with great luck today, he has picked two baskets of tangerines to sell on the street, unexpectedly, they are all bought by a rich gentleman with a sky-high price of five taels of silver. Just when he is about to be crazily overjoyed, he suddenly hears an inharmonic voice.

"Buying this much, how can you possibly finish eating it all?" A little lady jumps out and scolds his god of wealth.

Being honest, that little lady's doesn't look bad, appearing fifteen or sixteen, her clean face wrapped in a black-fox fur collar, her fire-red cloak making her face glow like a pink peach blossom, dark round pupils revealing a fine and clever sense, obviously from a grandly rich family.

But good-looking is just good-looking after all, good-looking can't be used to buy food, so he immediately becomes angry at this little lady, who is blocking his way to money.

"This lady, your gentleman wants to buy this much, is it any of your business?" He glares at that little lady.

Little lady is not happy, but she ignores him, just purses her lips and tugs at that gentleman's clothes: "I'm not going to carry these baskets, I can't carry two big baskets."

"Gentleman, you say an address, I can carry it there myself!" Wang Er Ga, is so

afraid that this business will run away, so quickly puts out his delivering service.

That gentleman in elegant clothing squeezes the silver pieces in his hands, and pauses for a second.

“This is the smallest silver amount I have in my pocket.” He turns to that little lady and explains.

Just sees little lady bat her eyelashes twice, takes out five bronze coins from her pouch and places them on the scale, saying to Wang Er Ga: “Big brother, give us ten tangerines first, please wrap them up in paper for us.”

Seeing the five taels of silver that was just about to be in his hands become five bronze coins instead, Wang Er Ga could not resist his anger: “You little maid, your master has not even spoken, what you blindly getting involved for?!”

Before the little lady even responds, that gentleman unexpected falls into a daze.

“How could you tell, that she is the maid and I am the master?” That pair of amber eyes calm gazes at him.

Wang Er Ga scratches the back of his head: “Isn’t her hair combed into double maid buns?” *The maids of big rich families in this town all comb this bun.*

The gentleman in elegant clothing nods his head, showing a contemplating look.

“You carry these tangerines to the dock, there will be a man in grey taking them from you.” The gentleman puts the silver pieces in the scale, “The extra silver count as the tip, let’s go.”

Once they returned to the ship, Pang Wan’s buns are immediately pulled loose.

He Qing Lu orders the mute maid to comb a lower-cloud bun for her.

“You cannot do this!” Pang Wan crumbles, *she also cares about her reputation, okay! How can she comb this kind of married women’s hairstyle?*

“It looks pretty this way.” He Qing Lu pats her shoulders and comforts her, thinking that she is just sad because of the change of hairstyle.

“Gentleman, we are a single man and an unmarried woman traveling together,

please just allow me to change back to the maid's hairstyle." Pang Wan sighs, deciding to reason it out with him, "We are both unmarried, us ostentatiously showing off everywhere is just not right."

Yet He Qing Lu completely ignores her words, and just directly picks out a white jade hairpin and inserts it into her bun.

"From now on, as for all the family matters, I have the final say." He lifts his eyebrows and gives her a smile.

——*family?!*

Pang Wan's entire soul is shaken and scattered by the word "family", in this moment, she even forgot to argue back.

"How about this, I allow you to be in charge of money." He Qing Lu sees her whole face about to crack and fall, so unties his waist pouch and puts it in her hands, "Use it in whatever way you please." He added.

He vaguely remembers, many years ago, a woman who was determined to become his aunt-in-law has mentioned this request to He Shao Xin, so he guesses maybe being in charge of money is the highest right that females dream of for family life.

Pang Wan takes over that waist pouch, shakes it to estimate its weight, feels that it is full of value, so opens it up to see.

Just as He Qing Lu had said, five tales of silver is the smallest in here, all others are gold chunks, and paper bills with denomination over thousands —— he indeed is not a common rich man.

If this is the Pang Wan from several months ago, she would definitely cheers: "Heaven has pitied me, I have finally encountered another potential long-term relationship candidate!"

Yet now she does not have any energy to be excited, her heart is like a gloomy sky that could not turn sunny.

"You say you want me to comb this hairstyle then fine, but you take back the money."

She pushes that waist pouch back, appearing somewhat uninterested.

Now that Gentleman He is engrossed in this “Wife-To-Be” game, she’s too lazy to dampen his spirit. Wait till one day he thinks it through and decides to end this game, then he would definitely settle accounts with her, so the less entanglement between them the better.

He Qing Lu is somewhat surprised, he doesn’t understand why she would refuse.

But in accordance to his personality, the bestowal that has already been spoken of shall not be repeated, because that makes it begging.

So he takes back the waist pouch without saying a word, hanging it up again.

His heart is more or less gloomy, but he decides to not care about it.

Two baskets of tangerines are a lot after all, they would rot soon if left alone for long.

The mute maid is responsible for everyone’s food, so she picks some out to make jam.

Pang Wan was bored so she ran over to help too, and so the two ladies are staying in the kitchen to improve food style for everyone, mute maid is peeling the tangerines on one side, whilst Pang Wan is responsible for pouring the fruit pulp into the pot and stir. She is young, also loves sweet things, therefore couldn’t resist eating some as she cooks; unable to do anything about her action, the mute maid instead feels this little master is very cute, thus giggling as she watches on from the side.

This is the scene He Qing Lu sees when he comes into the kitchen.

Pang Wan is hiding behind the giant iron pot, her cheeks are heated red by the white vapour, her bright eyes look as if water drops are going to fall out from them. She is standing behind the stove, using a wood spoon to stir the jam with great force, exceptionally focused, occasionally the sea breeze would blow through the window, lifting the dark black hair at the young lady’s temple, revealing her slender white-porcelain neck.

Her face, her dimples, her expression, her gesture, everything right now all

forms one word ——gentleness.

His heart suddenly becomes very very warm, that little sense of unhappiness caused by the waist pouch incident has disappeared like smoke.

“What are you doing?” He speaks to ask her, his voice is unusually light and sweet-sounding, as if he is afraid to interrupt this beautiful scene.

“I’m making tangerine jam, do you want to taste it?” Pang Wan sees him, and her eyes brightened, waving her hands.

The rule of “Husband As the Sky” needs to be thrown to the back of the head right now, he really can’t stand against this temptation, following her words as he walks to her.

“Taste it.” Pang Wan scrapes up a little jam with the wooden spoon and moves it close to his mouth, her brows and eyes curving.

Just as He Qing Lu is about to open his mouth, Pang Wan quickly takes the spoon back, place it by her mouth and blows at it: “Be careful, it’s hot!” Then she gives it back to him again.

The mute maid watches these two with a smile, then puts down the tangerines and leaves.

He Qing Lu originally likes to eat tangerines anyway, now that he’s seeing these tangerines pulp being cooked to a jam state with honey and rock-sugar, maintaining their initial texture but are even sweeter and smoother, only after tasting one spoon, he immediately praises: “Not bad indeed.”

Pang Wan is a little surprised, she originally thought this man with a harsh tongue would not speak any good words, didn’t think he would be this honest.

“Is it really this delicious?” She is instead somewhat unconfident now, getting a spoonful and putting it in her own mouth.

“Doesn’t seem sweet enough, a little sour?” She murmurs to herself, using her tongue to lick her lips, “Should I add more sugar? Ay, too sweet is not good either.....”

Her lips are suddenly blocked by someone, his tongue has came in.

Warm breath comes close to her cheeks, He Qing Lu’s long eyelashes poking

near her eyes, soft and numb, making her feeling itchy.

He presses himself against her, lost in this tangerine-taste-diffused kiss, slowly wrapping onto the tip of her tongue, sucking, twisting, greedy for more yet also painstakingly careful.

“I.....” Pang Wan wants to say something, but her brain is completely blank, she doesn’t know what to say.

Ever since lightly tasting Pang Wan’s lips the previous time, He Qing Lu has understood its deliciousness, consistently hoping to truly experience the “deep kiss” that Jin Bu Yao has described sooner, now his wish is finally fulfilled.

Ending this kiss even though he still wants to continue, he pinches Pang Wan’s nose, then embraces her and commands, “After we arrive at Lin Yi, definitely a lot of people will be curious of your identity and background, no need to worry, just confidently introduce yourself, as long as I am standing by your side, no one would dare to touch even half a piece of your hair.”

“You will only have one identity in the future anyways, which is my, He Qing Lu’s, wife.” He hugs her waist, appearing extremely arrogant, “When we come back from Lin Yi, we’ll prepare for our wedding.”

Pang Wan is completely struck dumb.

“Gentleman He, don’t you feel that this progress is a little too fast?” She carefully lifts up her head from his embrace.

“How is it fast?” He Qing Lu raises his eyebrows, unhappy of her reaction.

“Actually, you do not truly know me, just like I don’t completely know you.....” Pang Wan is carefully choosing her words, so afraid to offend this only-I-am-supreme fellow.

“I know you, extremely well.”

He Qing Lu stares at her seriously, he recalls those three big pieces of paper in his room that listed her offense — — he definitely knows her better than she thinks he does.

“Although this engagement initially happened to save your life, but the promise of a gentleman cannot be reneged, our engagement definitely counts,

unless.....”

His arm around her waist tightens.

“Unless you have someone else in your heart.” He turns to gaze at her, his eyes so sharp, “Do you?”

Pang Wan’s body freezes.

“.....no.” She shakes her head.

He Qing Lu secretly releases a long breath, pressing her head to his shoulder, and bends down to steal another kiss.

The tangerine jam inside the iron pot is still “gu-lu gu-lu” boiling with bubbles, its increasing sweetness and thickness inseparably entangling.

Winter is already here, so how could spring be far off?

In the pot, chunks of pulp kiss and embrace each other, then silently and gradually melt in the sweet-honey juice.

Translator’s Note: OMGOMGOMG~~ Lu Lu kissed Wan Wan again~and, and, this time with tongue....OMGOMGOMG~have been waiting for this scene for too long~Don’t even know what I am saying, but I am so happy~

And I think I should post what Ying Zhao wrote when she updated this chap:

The author has something to say: This is a very formal tangerine jam sweet kiss:) Fans of little He, are you satisfied? So, the reunion with the person whom you all have been calling “jerk”, is about to come.....



CHAPTER FORTY-EIGHT

Grievous News

The ship sailed for half a month, and has finally arrived at the port nearest to Lin Yi. Here, Pang Wan was able to meet up with the sect's people who received her message from the carrier pigeons, and orders them to send the unconscious Nan Yi back. Only then, does she move onto horse, heading down the main road with He Qing Lu.

At long last, Senior Brother needs not be forced into deep sleep, this has allowed for Pang Wan, who had been preoccupied with troubles along the way, to finally be relieved.

Just that, don't know whether the Nan Yi who wakes up later, would still turn into that bloodthirsty beast with a full body of sudden exploding veins? Is he still capable of maintaining his sanity?

——the strange matter that has occurred on Nan Yi's body, is yet another mystery to be solved.

Having grown rather worn out from their travels, they have finally arrived at Lin Yi, and the well-experienced Jin Di Luo leads them to the city's largest and finest inn.

"Apologies to our four guests, but there is only one master room available." The inn-keeper says the timelessly renowned lines that have been countless used in wuxia romance stories.

Everyone's conditioned response was to shoot their gaze towards He Qing Lu.

"Add two more ordinary rooms." Gentleman ponders a little, and then commands this.

"One is enough, us two can squeeze together." Pang Wan thought the rooms were left for her and the mute maid, and hastily holds onto the mute maid's hand to explain.

He Qing Lu stares at their two hands held together, his eyes undetectably turn somewhat stern.

"Add another two ordinary rooms." He casts a glance at the inn-keeper, an air of coercion blowing against their faces.

Everyone were obediently rendered speechless all at once.

Pang Wan sits on the glamorous chaise lounge, looking dejected.

She really did not think, He Qing Lu would choose to have her "squeeze together" with him.

"You don't want your face, but I still want my face (you have no shame, but I still have shame)....." She quietly mutters, secretly glancing at the slender figure currently washing his face in front.

"You want to clean your face as well?" He Qing Lu turns to look at her, amber eyes looking increasingly bright amongst the dense steam, just like the frosty stars.

Pang Wan with her anger reaching her head, glares at him and says nothing.

He Qing Lu thinks for moment, then once again wrings the cloth and hands it to her: "You should give it a clean, looking just like a tabby cat, so ugly."

Pang Wan pushes away the cloth, complaining in a rage: “Gentleman! Do you truly not understand or are you pretending to not understand? The two of us are not officially married yet, we cannot share the same room, what is the meaning of you making things difficult for me like this?”

What is the meaning?

He Qing Lu blinks.

His thoughts are actually very simple, Pang Wan’s internal energy has been wiped clean right now, he cannot rest assured with her staying by herself, nor is he willing to have her “squeezing together” with another person, so he can only do himself wrong by having her “squeezing together” with him.

But he cannot tell Pang Wan, where his rejection towards the mute maid had come from, because even he, himself, is unable to understand this.

“Didn’t we speak about this before? When outside, you must listen to me regarding all matters, en?”

He takes on a commanding bearing to intimidate her.

The threat being thoroughly effective, Pang Wan bitterly purses her lips and speaks no more, just that her facial expression was looking very bad.

Seeing her look so unhappy, He Qing Lu suddenly feels his heart soften.

He lowers his head wanting to pinch her puffed up cheeks, but suddenly pauses halfway, all that can be seen, is him taking the cloth to carefully wipe her face, then printing his lips onto her.

Succeeding in stealing a peck^[1], he is greatly satisfied, hugging Pang Wan as he softly says: “We will be husband and wife sooner or later, no one would gossip about this, so why should you be bothered?”

He says this very righteously, but is completely unaware how his tone is no different to that of a rapist^[2] who abducts kind and innocent young ladies.

But Pang Wan does not have the effort to bother with his unruly acts, right now, her entire attention has turned to the cloth in his hand.

In the corner of that snow white cotton towel, a familiar looking eagle head

symbol is printed on it.

“What’s this?” She points to that blue symbol.

“This is a clan emblem.” He Qing Lu follows her finger, “This inn is a property of a certain huge clan, everything provided by them will be branded, in order to avoid loss or confusion with outsider products.”

Having said that, he then adds: “All the cloths here are new, they are thrown away when the guests leaves, it’s clear that the owner is definitely a rich and powerful individual.”

Pang Wan is occupied with thoughts as she nods.

In a blink of an eye, it is already night.

The so called master room of the inn, is exclusively used for the wealthy class with servants, with two compartments, both inside and outside, each with their own respective bed. So when evening came, Pang Wan would of course stay in the outer room, the most luxurious room inside is thus left for the Great Young Master He to enjoy.

Fortunately, even though He Qing Lu comes from an influential background, presumably due to his habit of conducting research alone, he does not have maids helping him with dressing, face washing, hair combing, such acts of prideful extravagance. Before sleeping, all he does is hold a candle and comes checking on Pang Wan, once he sees all is well with her, he would return to his own room.

Pang Wan hid under the covers for a good moment, only once she had confirmed there is no longer any signs of movements in the room, does she secretly take out a black jade piece from within the pillow case.

Carved on it is a gloriously imposing eagle head, impressively, it perfectly matches with the symbol printed on the corner of the cloth she saw this morning.

She looks at it and touches it, deep down she solemnly makes a decision.

Moving onto the next day, He Qing Lu takes Jin Di Luo to the Ninth Prince’s

alternative residence, but did not find any traces of Sang Chan, instead, they received unexpected news, causing their faces to instantly turn gloomy.

“Young Master, should this awful happening be reported to Lady Wan Wan?” Jin Di Luo is somewhat unsure about this.

He Qing Lu starts playing with the blood-red coral beads in hand, his long lashes lowered, covering all his inner thoughts.

“If you were her, what would you do if you heard this news?” He suddenly asks.

Jin Di Luo is stunned, then lowers his head to respectfully say: “If I, your subordinate, am in her shoes, naturally I would rush back regardless of anything else, but.....” He pauses, expression looking slightly shy, “But Lady Wan Wan is a woman, and now she also has Young Master, such a good companion to end up with, thus would not necessarily be willing take the risk.”

“Oh?” He Qing Lu sounds an almost undetectable harrumph.

“Young Master, I, your subordinate, apologise for speaking too much, but no matter what position we hold, we cannot stick our hands into public matters of the Jiang Hu, may Young Master think everything over three times before progressing.” Jin Di Luo respectfully wraps his fist in reminder.

He Qing Lu declines to comment, hooking up a smile.

Master and servant sit in the inn for half a day, until the sun was setting, and only then did they finally see a young lady in red appear from the door curtains.

Straws hanging from her head, skirt covered in leaves, hair loosely strayed to the side, looking in quite the sorry state.

“What did you two do?”

With a blink of an eye, she sees the two people sitting inside the room, and cannot help getting a shock.

“Where did you go? How did you get into such a filthy state?”

He Qing Lu’s forehead was tightly creased, the eyes gazing at her looking exceptionally stern.

Pang Wan rubs her nose, and sounds two dry laughs: “Hei-hei, today Longfu Temple held a temple fair nearby, I and Ah Zhuo went to join the fun.” Ah Zhuo is the obedient and intelligent mute maid.

“Where’s Ah Zhuo? Why did she not come back with you?” He Qing Lu’s forehead did not loosen up in the slightest bit.

“There were too many people at the temple fair, we got separated along the way, in the end, I managed to find her back with great difficulty.” Pang Wan shrugs her shoulders, “Leaving me in a full head of sweat from searching, so once she got back, she went to prepare a bath for me.”

Her explanation makes sense and is reasonable, only now does He Qing Lu nod, the doubts in his eyes instantly disappears.

This attitude, as though he is the head of the family, sat high up and proud.

Seeing him act so pretentious, Pang Wan suddenly gets a huge boost of courage, daring to do whatever bad things come to mind, she leaps in front of him and prettily says: “Gentleman, do you not believe that I smell? Come, you give it a sniff, a little sniff and you will know.” Having said that, she deliberately moves her head towards his nose, the tip of a straw had almost dug into his nostril.

“Nonsense!” He Qing Lu is angered, extending his hand to grab her shoulders and push her backwards.

Pang Wan cries out in pain, her foot staggers and she almost fell to the ground.

But in the end, her body is protectively guarded by someone, He Qing Lu’s arm is tightly wrapped around her, causing her to lose the opportunity to come in intimate contact with the earth.

“You are indeed too smelly, how could you be so smelly?” He frowns at her, eyes filled with disgust, “Your body has the smell of sweat, malt sugar, dried persimmon, yellow dog, camphor wood.....wait, why is there even the smell of chicken poop?!”

Pang Wan’s face instantly reveals an expression of worship: “Gentleman! You are so amazing! How did you know I bought malt sugar candy and dried

persimmon to eat today? Also because of being chased by a wild dog, I accidentally knocked over someone's chicken cage?" *This person's nose simply works better than that of a huge yellow dog!*

He Qing Lu glares at her.

In fact, he feels proud at heart, but definitely cannot show this, at least, he cannot let this bratty girl know.

He also did not notice at all, Pang Wan had only left out the explanation of where the smell of "camphor wood" came from.

"If you had enough of this craze then quickly go take a bath and sleep early." He lets go of Pang Wan, deliberately hardening his face, "Since Lin Yi is so lively, you go have a look around with Ah Zhuo the next few days, since we wouldn't be staying for long anyway."

Pang Wan is stunned: "You two didn't manage to find Ninth Prince's alternative residence?"

He Qing Lu frowns, after thinking for a moment, he says: "Found it, but Sang Chan had already left in advance."

Pang Wan sounds an "ah", face filled with extreme disappointment: "Does anyone know where she is heading?"

Jin Di Luo quickly sweeps a glance towards his master.

However, He Qing Lu had already made up his mind.

"She responded to an invitation and left for the Capital three days ago, to meet the Supreme Chief of Wu Lin, in need of discussing important matters." His face remains calm.

"What important matters?" Pang Wan blankly looks at him, deep down, she suddenly gets an uneasy sense of foreboding.

"On the eighth of next month, the famed sects and righteous cults will officially join forces to attack Bai Yue Sect." He holds Pang Wan's hands, voice weighing down like a heavy rock, "After the new year, I'm afraid, Bai Yue Sect will no longer exist in the world."

Pang Wan stares at him, blinking her eyes.

Snap after snap, countless thoughts sweeps past her mind.

“How do you know?” She raises the corners of her lips at him, complexion practically looking transparent, “How do you know Bai Yue Sect will definitely lose?”

He Qing Lu feels the soft hand in his unable to control itself from trembling, as though it had already been thrown in chaos.

“The young master heavily injured and lies in coma, Sheng Gu had disappeared, amongst the twelve masters, one is no different to disabled, the Bai Yue Sect today is already an arrow at the end of its flight. That Supreme Chief of Wu Lin is matchless in martial arts at such a young age, now that he is carrying the Jade Dragon Token to call upon the heroes of the world, gathering together the most masters in the history of Jiang Hu, it can be seen that this time round, if he does not thoroughly eradicate the Bai Yue forces, he will definitely not back down. Say, does Bai Yue Sect actually have a chance of winning?”

He tries his best to analyse the weighing out of powers in a gentle tone.

“Correct, what you say is all very correct, only one thing is wrong.”

Pang Wan smiles, slowly taking out her hand from his.

“Bai Yue Sect’s Sheng Gu did not disappear, she is currently standing in front of you, completely intact.”

She raises her head, looking at him with sparkling eyes.

Only she knows, how much unyielding firmness and courage those water-like eyes contain.

He Qing Lu’s eyes quickly narrows.

“So you are the Bai Yue Sheng Gu?” He pensively looks at Pang Wan.

“A very long time ago I have already told you this, unfortunately, you were unwilling to believe me at the time.” Pang Wan frankly says.

“Why did you not tell me the truth after you came to Solitary Palace?” A sharp menacing light flashes past He Qing Lu’s orbs.

Pang Wan shakes her head: “Because at that time, I indeed was not the Sheng

Gu —— I did something wrong, and was removed from the title by Sect Leader.

He Qing Lu sinks into silence, not saying anything.

Instead, Jin Di Luo sounds a sigh at the side, face revealing a look of relieving himself from a burden.

“However, they may not want me being the Sheng Gu, yet right now, I insist on upholding this title.”

Pang Wan silently looks at the two people in front of her, her pale face revealing two dimples, voice clear and sweet like a yellow oriole.

“He who teaches me for one day, is thus my father for life, since Sect Leader brought me up with silk clothing and luxury food, when those in Bai Yue Sect are in trouble, I will naturally take on some of the responsibility.”

In that moment, no one speaks up after her, everyone sinking into silence, the atmosphere in the room is thoroughly sensitive.

Cough cough.

Jin Di Luo sounds a cough to break the silence, clearing his throat to say: “Lady Wan Wan, in fact, our Young Master.....”

“No need to speak.” Pang Wan smiles as she cuts him off, “I know what you want to say.”

She turns to look at He Qing Lu, looking calm and tranquil.

“I will not request for Solitary Palace to interfere with this matter, I know, you guys have a pledge to never intervene with the struggles between good and evil.”

She sounds a self-mocking laugh: “Rest assured, I am not Daji, I don’t have the charm to overturn all beings.” (Daji – consort of King Zhou, also a typical example of how a beauty had ruined a country. For more information:

<http://www.chinaknowledge.de/History/Myth/personsdaji.html>)

Moreover, this is not the land of Mary Sue either, there will be no operations whereby everything is centred around the female lead, no miracles whereby she can change the rules of the games at any given time.

Jin Di Luo is greatly surprised, all of a sudden, he did not know what to say, and

could only look towards his master in hesitation.

He Qing Lu gazes at Pang Wan, not saying a word from start to finish, seeming to have given silent acknowledgement.

“Gentleman, regarding the previous betrothment issue, I have the right to see it as a joke, although I don’t know why you would suddenly show such interest, how can we treat an important life event like child’s play?” Pang Wan sweetly smiles, cheeks like white jade emitting light, “Should you still wish to wed me to be your wife after the new year, there is no harm in picking out nice betrothal gifts and head to the sect to propose marriage.”

These words are like three birds one stone, both saving herself face, also giving He Qing Lu a route of retreat, the most important point being, she has clearly expressed her determination to coexist in life and death with Bai Yue Sect.

From start to finish, He Qing Lu’s face remains expressionless, up until he hears her mentioning their betrothment issue, which causes him to furrow his brows.

“You intend on returning to the south?” He finally speaks up.

Pang Wan nods, respectfully bowing with a wrapped fist gesture: “I will be setting off tomorrow morning, I appreciate the troubles you all went through for me during this time.”

A draft blows by, whisking up her soft hair, that pair of dark eyes shines bright like the stars. She is still in the state she was in before, red clothing stained with leaves, straws sticking out from her hair, a dirty mess.

Yet Jin Di Luo just feels that, something about her is different now.

[1] **To steal a peck or to steal a kiss** is actually 偷香 / **tōu xiāng** in Chinese – 偷/tōu meaning to steal and 香/xiāng meaning fragrance – fragrance obviously refers to a beautiful lady, whilst the term itself more accurately refers to **taking advantage of lady**.

[2] The Chinese term for **rapist** here is 采花贼 / **cǎi huā zéi** which literally translates to the **flower plucking thief**, meaning **a man that deflowers women, thus stealing their virginity**.

As always, all the sweet and pleasant times are but only the calm before the

storm.....

Full

(translated by anniaxx)

(edited by xia0xiao1mei)



CHAPTER FORTY-NINE

Before The Battlefield

The eighth day of the twelfth lunar month.

Lu Kui pours out a bowl of sparkling and delicious-smelling sweet porridge, gracefully carrying it to the desk, "Supreme Chief, please dine."

The man in purple behind the desk reaches out his hand and takes the white porcelain bowl, his face as warm as the spring breeze: "You have worked hard."

Lu Kui presses her lips together, her cheeks rendered a blushing red.

For this bowl of porridge, she has indeed worked hard, collecting walnuts, pine nuts, ru-tan, chestnuts from the secluded forest, also mixed with the five-color-beans and red-rice that were brought thousands of miles from the capital, stayed up an entire night and finally finished cooking half a pot of this appropriate Eight-Treasures-porridge(八宝粥-a ceremonial porridge made of eight ingredients, usually eaten on the eighth day of the twelfth lunar month).

But as long as it is for this legendary person before her eyes, everything is worth it.

She smiles and lowers her head, silently taking her leave.

"I just don't understand, why so many women are hell-bent on you," A man in white sits on the Ba-Xian chair and yawns in boredom, appearing as though he just recovered from a sickness.

"I have never had any thoughts on them."

Carelessly putting the Eight-Treasures-porridge aside, the man in purple stares at the map on the desk, not even blinking his eyes once.

"Yes, you just always do whatever you want, leaving them to daydream about you as much as they desire." The man in white hooks up the corners of his lips, meaningfully saying, "Honestly speaking, you truly are the most heartless person I have ever seen."

The man in purple turns and casts him a glance.

“Yet you’re also the person that best fits being in a high position I have ever seen.” The man in white laughs out loud, “No one can ever grasp hold of your weakness, never anyone!”

The man in purple does not reply to him, turning back his head.

Outside the canopy, a series of heavy and distant horn blow sounds.

The agreed time has come, the battle of life and death between the righteous sects and Bai Yue Sect is about to start.

The usually calm eyes of the man in purple finally show some waves of change, as if a piece of glazed glass has fallen into water, flowing up and down, dragging along the unpredictable shining ripple-light.

——this day, has come at last.

Zhang Xiu Zhu stands in front of the muslin canopy, the clothing before his chest shaking, full of pride as his heart stirs with excitement and irresistible courage.

Today will be his day to leave a thousand year reputation in the history of Wu Dang, oh no, it should be in the history of the Jiang Hu, it is of unmeasurable significance.

Supreme Chief of Wu Lin has received a secret report, Bai Yue’s young master Zuo Nan Yi is severely hurt and unconscious, was just brought back to the sect, Zuo Huai An currently has no time to defend, right now is undoubtedly the one-in-a-thousand best chance to attack Bai Yue Sect, this battle will definitely turn out to be a return in victory! Everyone participating in this battle will gain renown reputation all over the world!

But he did not expect, Gu Xi Ju would assign this kind of well-regarded task to him.

“——Bai Yue rascals! Old wreck Zuo Huai An! You all should quickly come down the mountain and surrender!”

He opens his throat wide and roars toward the mountain top.

It must be said, Gu Xi Ju choosing Zhang Xiu Zhu to be the lead is completely

right, this person has strong inner breath and a loud voice, his hooting can go a very long way, suddenly the entire valley rang with “*down the mountain and surrender, surrender, surrender*” echo.

Countless frightened birds fly out of the Cloud-Rising Mountain, all flapping their wings in sounds of “*pu-la-la*”, escaping everywhere, only Bai Yue Sect’s giant black gates, full of hanging heads, did not shake one bit.

Waiting for another moment, the gates still made no sound, Zhang Xiu Zhu couldn’t resist his impatience.

—*strange, the battle invitation had clearly been sent to them ten days ago, why can no sound be heard from Bai Yue Sect’s gate?*

“Old wreck Zuo Huai An! If you don’t come out and fight, watch out us have this Cloud-Rising Mountain razed to solid ground!”

He rotates his breath and yells again.

“*Solid ground, round, und, d, ah~~~*” In this rhythmic and melodious echo, the dark black giant gate finally opens with a “*zhi-ya*” sound.

Through the gates, a group of masked people in white walks out, they are precisely ten masters of the Bai Yue Sect’s Twelve Elders.

Zhang Xiu Zhu releases a breath, laughing out loudly.

“Where is Zuo Huai An? Why doesn’t he personally come out to fight? He only sent you ten sect elders to sacrifice yourselves for nothing?!” He lifts his chin up, using his words to humiliate them, “Indeed a coward!”

“Nonsense!” The man in white standing in the front scolds, his gruesome voice is as rough as a thousand-year-old pine tree skin, “Facing people like you lot, having only us sect elders here is more than enough, why should Sect Leader have to personally come out to fight?”

Upon the end of his sentence, the ten masters have already formed their fighting stance.

“Isn’t Rong Gu the only person currently unconscious amongst the twelve elders? Why are only ten of them out today?” In the cyan muslin canopy at high ground, the man in white doubtfully moves close to the man in purple.

The man in purple lifts his eyebrows but does not talk, apparently this situation is not within his expectations.

Back to the battle ground, there are already several masters from the righteous sects who could not wait any longer and had jumped out on their own accord, engaging in a fight with the elders in white.

Leading, are the three great sects of Kong Dong, E Mei, Qing Cheng, having personally seen their former sect leaders' heads hanging on the gates of the unorthodox sect, being displayed like trophies, how could they possibly swallow back this anger? They just simply want to slice all the Bai Yue members into thousand pieces and throw their ashes into the wind right now; therefore, their every move is extremely vicious, not leaving any way to escape for their enemies.

Contrary to them, none of the Shao Lin and Kun Lun sects have made a move, just spectating the battle from the side.

“Zhi Kong and He Shan Nai are indeed two old foxes.” The man in white mutters to the man in purple, showing a disdainful face, “Still wanting to conceal their true potential at this point in time!”

The man in purple smiles as light as a wave of disappearing cloud: “They simply think it is not their time to move yet, taking action too early would make the value of themselves look lower.”

Holding up the porcelain cup, sipping a mouthful of his favorite “bird-tongue-dew” tea, he appears calm and pleased: “The enormous merit of exterminating the unorthodox sect, do you think they would not think of ways to seek some benefit from it?”

Everyone is simply waiting, waiting for the best time.

After a round of fighting, Bai Yue Sect is obviously prevailing, only four elders are lightly injured, six from the righteous side are severely injured, three of them are forced to leave the battlefield immediately, so the righteous side quickly added new masters into the battle.

Rounds after rounds, finally they have reached the seventh round, the ten elders have clearly lost most of their energy and started swaying, just when the battle situation is going to be reversed, at this moment, the black gate gradually

opens again with another sound of “zhi-ya”, a man in cyan calmly steps out.

This person is the Lord You of Bai Yue Sect, whose status is only below that of Zuo Huai An’s in the entire sect, Shi Jue Ming.

The abbot of Shao Lin, Master Zhi Kong, and Kun Lun sect leader, He Shan Nai, looks at one another, then throw back their sleeves and leaps into the battle.

“Shi Jue Ming! If you are willing to obediently give us Zuo Huai An today, I will allow you to have a complete corpse!”

He Shan Nai acts arrogantly as usual.

“Amitabah, us monks hold mercy as the most paramount thing, Sect Leader Zuo has done numerous evil acts and must be punished by heaven today, Benefactor Shi please put down your knife of murder, only by turning back will you reach the shore. (classic buddhism saying which means it’s not too late to repent right now).”

Master Zhi Kong recites his opening statement as usual.

She Jue Ming stares at them, his eyebrows raised.

Everyone here knows Shi Jue Ming will definitely reply some “*Heaven and Earth be my witness for my loyal heart for sect leader, my head can be cut off, my blood can flow out, but I cannot lose my backbone*” or other useless statements like that, so everyone is silently rotating inner breath to prepare for the next move.

All these are only the prelude to the show, a duel of the most skilled masters is about to begin.

“You motley crowd!” Shi Ming Jue’s face suddenly reveals a scornful look, “You all think that killing Sect Leader and me, will leave no successors for Bai Yue Sect’s future?”

He Shan Nai and Monk Zhi Kong both pauses.

“Bullying us when you have more people than us, attacking us when we are facing difficulties, what kind of righteous sects do you all count yourselves as!” He spits at the ground, lifting up his chin and laughing loudly, “This old man shall tell you all, there truly will be someone being punished by heaven today, but the

ones that shall die are all of you! Hahaha!”

Seeing this old fellow still speaking like this even when death is knocking at his door, He Shan Nai could not resist his great anger and leaps up, a move of “Jade Dragon Flying Up” directing right at his vital spot.

Shi Jue Ming coldly gazes at him, his body not moving at all, unexpectedly showing an undefended, ready to die look.

Just as He Shan Nai’s palm is about to push onto his chest, with a sound of “*Pi-Pa*”, a strike of golden lightning suddenly zaps down from the sky.

That lighting is sharp to the extreme, accompanied with strong wind that directly strikes through He Shan Nai’s protective air field around his body, not only breaking that move of “Jade Dragon Flying Up” into pieces, but its deep and stern energy also forces him to uncontrollably fall back countless steps!

Finally managing to stand back up with great effort, He Shan Nai now just feels his head go dizzy, his eyes blurred, the corners of his lips extremely sour.

He wipes with his sleeves, then is irresistibly shocked—— it’s blood! He was actually shaken to to point of vomiting blood by that strike of lighting!

Everyone spectating the battle grows pale all at once, the mighty Kun Lun sect leader is actually hurt in his heart meridian by this sudden lighting that came out of nowhere! Don’t know who is the godly master that has just intruded the battlefield?

Everyone lifts up their heads and look up in unison.

“What rascals here, actually dare to bully our Bai Yue?”

A voice as clear as jade sounds, someone is riding a horse in rolling dust and comes down from the summit of the mountain, the wind and cloud all changing colors for her.

Ink-drop pupils, peach-blossom face, sneering lips not caring about the sky and earth at all.

Red Hare stallion, fire-phoenix cloak, gorgeousness and brilliance forcing even the sunset glow to grow dull.

“Pia!”

Another crisp sound, a tall mountain rock of a man's height behind Master Zhi Kong is broken into powder by the noise.

The young lady in red sits on that tall horse, an air of hostility flowing out from her body, the golden whip in her hand swipes a luminous curve in the sky.

“Shi Jue Ming! How could you allow this group of disciple's disciple clamouring in front of our sect's gate?”

When no one has woken up from the previous scene yet, that young lady has already spoken a dictating yet delicate reproach, her whip mightily lashing toward the hill again.

Only hearing noises of “*Kuang-Dang*” and “*Hong-Long*” chaotically sounding, the muslin canopy behind Zhang Xiu Zhu splits into broken pieces and collapses within a second, raising a wave of flying sand and rocks, hitting him to the point of being covered in dust.

“You demone.....” He furiously jumps up and wants to curse out, yet immediately shuts up the moment he gets a clear view of that young lady's face.

“Zhang Xiu Zhu, my old defeated opponent, have you forgotten this great-aunt of yours already? (Gū nǎinai / 姑奶奶 or great-aunt -refers to girls who are overbearing and tyrannical)”

The young lady glances at the dumbfounded him, lifting her eyebrows as she leans back and freely laughs, her dark black hair gently flying and waving in the air, truly unbridled to the extreme.

Translator: Wan Wan!! Wan Wan!! Wan Wan!!

Full

(translated by xia0xiao1mei)

(edited by anniaxx)



CHAPTER FIFTY

Even Though We Meet Again, I Don't Know You

“Zhang Xiu Zhu, my old defeated opponent, have you forgotten this great-aunt of yours already?”

Pang Wan looks at Zhang Xiu Zhu's sallow face, eyes coated with cunningness.

Zhang Xiu Zhu dares not to rashly speak, subconsciously looking over to the canopy located on high ground.

“You realized you are not capable anymore, so now want to find someone for help.”

Pang Wan casts a glance at him, her hand rises and the golden whip lashing out, quickly cutting the red string by his waist like a blade, and the Moonfall Sword crashes against the ground.

“You're actually still using this piece of useless iron,” She sounds a mocking laugh, utterly merciless, “Last time you were beaten by me to the point of

wanting to sneakily use the dagger in your sleeve, what, have you not learnt your lesson yet?!”

Zhang Xiu Zhu is both shocked and embarrassed, but dares not to rashly make a move, and can only face her with angry eyes — — this lady’s capability, he has experienced before, going against her, he will definitely have no chance of winning.

Moreover, the one who should be speaking up the most, just isn’t stepping out in this moment.

Everyone who had been observing the battle issues chirping sounds of discussions.

This young lady who suddenly descended here, holds a very unfathomable attitude, seeming to want to turn the situation around.

“Such ridiculous courage! You actually dare to show yourself for the unorthodox sect’s sake?!”

The very first to react is He Shan Nai, he flies forward and leaps in front of the horse, directly gazing at Pang Wan with monstrous rage: “What are you to the evil sect?!”

The Red Hare snorts, disdainfully swishing its tail.

Pang Wan looks down at him, coldly raising the corners of her lips.

“Me?” Sweeping a glance around the entire audience, her eyes filled with a chilling yet arrogant light, “I am the one you will all be kneeling down before and kowtowing for mercy.”

“She is Bai Yue Sheng Gu!”

Someone amongst the crowd exclaims aloud.

— —mercilessly venomous and brutal in style, with martial arts that have reached a spiritual level, rumoured to extremely love fresh blood, trained in martial arts since the age of six, killing people at the age of eight, skinned her first tiger skin at the age of nine, already taken several hundreds of people’s heads before the age of sixteen, she is definitely the one who causes those in the Jiang Hu to tremble in fear at the sound of her name, Bai Yue Sheng Gu!

Hearing everyone's discussion, Pang Wan gradually loosens up her brows.

"That's right, I'm addicted to blood, in particularly fond of the steaming hot blood of passionate individuals from famed righteous sects."

Lifting her eyelids to look towards everyone, the corners of her eyes looking slightly playful, the enchanting charms on her face circulating.

"What, is there anyone willing to send themselves forward for me to take a bite?" She sticks out her tongue and does a licking motion, teeth like white shells, lips like cherry, a little tongue like lilac, such sight stirring the minds of the people, "Come ah, I will be sure to let you enjoy the bliss."

The last line is spoken with a thick sense of spring air, sweet and gentle, the implications in the young lady's eyes were tempting, cheeks like the first sighting of rosy clouds at dawn, just like a tender juicy peach waiting for someone to come pick it.

"*Gu-du*", several young lads who lack conviction gulps down right there and then.

"So it is the great Sheng Gu."

The cyan canopy which had remained silent all along is suddenly opened, and a purple figure slowly walks out.

"I've heard Bai Yue Sheng Gu had gone missing for over half a year, didn't think I am still able to meet you here today."

Gu Xi Ju gazes at the young lady on horseback, raising his brows.

An almost undetectable empty smile hangs at the corners of his lips.

Pang Wan turns her head.

"You are the Supreme Chief of Wu Lin?" Eyes like willow leaves curves, "It is you who plotted to attack our divine Bai Yue Sect?"

A haughty attitude, a contemptuous tone, like strangers who have just met.

And so the smile gradually settles in, as though freezing into a thin layer of frost, solidifying itself on that man's lips.

"It is I."

Gu Xi Ju gazes at her, eyes quiet and peaceful, he plays with the black fox embroidered border of his cuffs, voice warm like spring.

He does not show any signs of anger, but Bai Xiao Sheng inside the canopy suddenly feels a frosty air pass through the curtains, pricking his hands and feet in an ice cold layer — how come, he would suddenly feel cold?

“Supreme Chief of Wu Lin, who do you think you are?” Pang Wan raises her slightly upturned chin, “Do we fight just because you say so? How has our Bai Yue Sect provoked you? What reason do you have? Go ahead and say it for us all to hear?”

Seeing her act so insolently, everyone could not help but to take a breath.

However, Gu Xi Ju is not angered and instead laughs.

He has a very nice looking face, five features looking just like they were carved on, when not smiling, he appears stern and dominant, but laughing like this now, he appears exceptionally lively and handsome.

“Bai Yue Sect has always committed many acts of evil, provoking the heroes of the Jiang Hu time and time again, you lot killed the sect leaders of the Kong Dong, Qing Cheng, E Mei, these three sects, and even hung their heads on the main gates, say, is this reason wrong in any way?”

He unhurriedly says.

“Heng!”

The young lady sounds a scoff from her nose.

“We have indeed killed them, but does the amount of disciples from our Bai Yue who’ve died under the hands of these three sects, amount to any less than hundreds of thousands?” Her eyes narrows, face looking just like the frosted spring under the ice-capped mountain, “Should you wish to take revenge, then go ahead and take us on one on one, on what grounds, gives you the right to call upon other sects to join in on the fun?”

“Big bullying small, more bullying little! Have no chance of winning one on one, thus calling upon other groups to join the fight?” She looks around the area, sarcastically remarking, “And you still call yourself a hero! Not even afraid of

others mocking you!”

A trace of laughter sweeps past Gu Xi Ju’s eyes, fleeting.

“A one on one battle is nothing, it is only unfortunate your sect leader lost his mind, actually assassinating Fairy Sang Chan in public at the Grand Wu Lin Assembly, say, is this not deliberately provoking the Jiang Hu, is this not asking to go against the entire Wu Lin?”

He uses a dignified yet pained tone, grandly telling a lie.

“The sons and daughters of our Jiang Hu may be kind-hearted, but will definitely not allow Bai Yue Sect to provoke and insult us time and time again! Every injustice has its perpetrator, how could you Bai Yue Sect possibly treat such an innocent and weak woman so heartlessly? To indiscriminately kill the innocent like this, should revenge not be taken now, until when shall we wait for?!”

His eyes does not leave Pang Wan, as though wanting to stab those two eyes of blades directly into her heart.

“Until when shall we wait for?!”

“Until when shall we wait for?!”

That imposing voice echoes across the valley, causing the crowd to instantly grow enthusiastic, sounding a buzz as they chime in.

Pang Wan looks at him, concealing her feelings as they fall into deadlock.

“How do you all know, the one dancing that day is Sang Chan herself?”

“How do you all also know, that scene of assassination isn’t a meticulously plotted trap?”

She looks into the crowd, a shadow rises and falls as it rolls around within her glittering pupils.

Gu Xi Ju deeply gazes at her.

“Because I have a witness.”

An almost undetectable sigh is sounded, he leisurely speaks up, eyes coated with a look of pity that only she will understand.

“Chan-er.”

He claps.

Ding-ling ding-ling, amongst the heart moving sound of a golden bell, a delicate woman slowly walks out from the canopy. Clad in light white clothing, as though her body is coated in mist, just like a fairy descended to the mortal world.

“The matter of Bai Yue Sect’s sect leader Zuo Huai An assassinating me, is absolutely true.”

The woman’s elegant voice is just like a singing oriole, all that can be seen is her jade hand like a freshly peeled water chestnut reach up, gently taking off the veil from her cheek, revealing a clear and perfect face.

“There is the arrow wound on my shoulder as evidence.”

She gracefully open the left side of her garment, revealing a small section of that snow white, rounded shoulder, on it was shockingly, a pink scar.

“To think that I, Sang Chan having walked the Jiang Hu for ten years, and have always gone without any animosity against the Bai Yue Sect, yet had unfortunately suffered this unexpected disaster.” The woman sighs, eyes gradually turning misty, like rain hitting lotus leaves, like a thin layer of mist covering the solitary mountain, revealing an indescribable desolation, “Fortunately, Supreme Chief had rescued me in time, *ai~*, the first to bear the brunt is I, who knows who it will be next?”

A peerless beauty of a generation putting on the act of a victim, a simple act stirring the weight of thousands, capturing the hearts of all heroes present like a breeze.

“Scumbag!”

“Venomous Bai Yue Sect!”

“Kill these rogues!”

Sounds of scolding and cursing instantly shoot up the sky.

Gu Xi Ju quietly watches Pang Wan, as though watching a lame joke.

You are still, too inexperienced.

Seeing the scene before her, the corners of Pang Wan's lips stiffens, expression seeming to look somewhat forced.

"Lady, considering that you are still young, unable to tell right from wrong, I advise you to surrender the whereabouts of your sect leader, flee from darkness for the light, perhaps then, you are still able to spare yourself from death."

Gu Xi Ju looks at her with gentle elegance, using a faultless attitude to lure her in, to trick her, as though victory is in grasp.

—so what if they have a Sheng Gu that can fight? With just one wave of his hand, ten Sheng Gus can turn into ashes within an instant.

Pang Wan quietly looks at him.

Then, the corners of her lips suddenly bloom into a stunning smile, that smile spreads bigger and bigger, like a huge camellia flower in full bloom.

You think, you won?

No, you are far from it.

All that can be seen is her taking out an antler flute from her chest, deeply inhaling, before positioning it by her lips.

A deep and loud flute sound pierces through the air.

The sound of "*xi-xi-suo-suo*" is suddenly heard across the grassland, it was but only for a moment, and the entire mountain area was surrounded by the sudden appearance of troops. This group of well-trained soldiers amount to at least several thousands, a sea of people completely surrounding this small hill, densely packed like smoke, all came surging in unexpectedly.

"Who dares to act impudently in Prince of Guang Ling's territory?"

The leading general straddles the stallion, a majestic shout swallowing up the mountains and rivers.

"Prince of Guang Ling has given orders, if anyone acts rashly on Cloud-Rising Mountain, they are to be immediately executed on the spot, all killed, none pardoned!"

The soldiers all dressed in armour, all with bows and arrows in hand, the arrowhead densely coated with poison are aimed towards the Jiang Hu people on the scene, arrows on the bows, ready to shoot.

“All killed, none pardoned!”

“All killed, none pardoned!”

The general’s voice echoes without stop, the Jiang Hu people are shocked into a state of loss due to this sudden great turnaround, all exchanging looks with one another.

“Hahaha!”

Pang Wan lowers down the antler flute and laughs towards the sky.

She sweeps a glance at the crowd thrown into panic, eyes gradually turning bloodshot, as though falling into a demonic spirit, fierce and savage.

“Gu Xi Ju! You still wish to fight me?” She loudly shouts out, “Don’t forget, blades and swords have no eyes! Even if you manage to escape over thousands of poisonous arrows alone, what about those heroes of the Jiang Hu? Can they escape it?”

“Whoever wishes to die here today, quickly make your move!” She once again laughs out loud, extremely arrogant, “Drag all these people down to hell to cushion the fall, King Yan (King of Hell) will also be ecstatic!”

Everyone sinks into silence.

Jiang Hu does not make requests to the imperial court, the imperial court pays no attention to the Jiang Hu, this is the silent rule that have been set in place for thousands of years, don’t know what kind of means this Bai Yue Sheng Gu had taken to, to actually be able to move the lord of the south, Prince of Guang Ling to provide reinforcement?

Master Zhi Kong looks at Gu Xi Ju, then silently withdraws towards the mountains in slow steps.

“Amitabha, this monk advises benefactor to lay down your obsession as soon as possible, the sea of bitterness has no boundaries, only by turning back will you reach the shore ah.”

He chose the safest corner, speaking the usual words to conclude this, to show a noble demeanour.

With victory in sight, He Shan Nai, is just unwilling to resign at heart, sneering as he looks towards Pang Wan: “And here I was wondering what capability you had, turns out you cannot handle this alone, and went finding a man to rely on! Bai Yue Sheng Gu, is merely mediocre!”

A frosty light quickly flashes by the young lady’s eyes.

With a sound of “*pa*”, everyone had not even manage to catch a clear look of her actions, and a bright red hole had already split open from the corner of He Shan Nai’s lips.

“Wu!” Blood gushes out, he was pained to death as he covers his mouth.

“Yes, I am relying on a man, so what?”

Pang Wan retrieves her whip as she stands tall on the horse, face filled with a charming smile, her back very straight: “Are you envious? Are you jealous? I’m capable of having Prince of Guang Ling to send troops, if it were you, this old vegetable that should be crawling into your grave already, even if you exhaust all your skills, don’t know if he’ll be willing to even cast you a glance! You, a foulmouthed, old bag of bones, what right do you have to speak up here?!”

Red clothing fluttering in the wind, she exhausts all her efforts into laughing with ridicule, already become arrogant and domineering, not caring for the worldly people.

The disciples of Kun Lun Sect were just about to make a move, but hears a sound of calm shouting: “Enough!”

Gu Xi Ju stands before the cyan canopy, looking at the person on the horse from a distant, eyes full of wind-like knives and frost-like swords.

“Since the opponent has broken the rules of Jiang Hu today, bringing in the imperial court, this matter of wiping out Bai Yue Sect, shall be carried out on another good day.”

He waves his hand at the people below his seat, signalling them to prepare to retreat.

On one hand, giving everyone who is already panicking at heart a retreat route, on the other hand, accusing the opponent of winning with dishonour.

However, no matter what, Pang Wan's objective has been achieved.

She smiles as she sits on horseback, smilingly watching the heroes of the Jiang Hu disperse, smiling until Gu Xi Ju looks back.

He looks at her, eyes containing other deep meaning.

She proudly mouths at him — — "You lost."

Her smile peerlessly bright.

So the eagle head symbol belongs to another prince? Hehe. And yes, as **zskyfish** had already kindly explained in ch48, the jade token she held was indeed from the 'pig head gentleman' she saved whilst on an outing with Gu Xi Ju when she still thought he's Bai Xiao Sheng, BUT more shall be answered in the next chapter!

Full

(translated by *anniaxx*)

(edited by *xia0xiao1mei*)



CHAPTER FIFTY-ONE

The Price

After entering the room and closing the door, Pang Wan lets out a “wah” sound and vomits a mouthful of blood to the ground.

“Sheng Gu,” Shi Jue Ming is filled with worries, quickly handing to her a handkerchief.

Pang Wan takes the handkerchief and wipes the corner of her mouth, her thin shoulders gently shaking in the freezing wind, “I’m fine, it’s just inner energy backfiring.” As she speaks, she take out a pill and eats it.

Shi Jue Ming’s worries deepen.

Half a month ago, Sect Leader had just gone into seclusion to heal Young Master, didn’t think that Supreme Chief of Wu Lin would take the opportunity to send a battle invitation for the eighth day of the twelfth month, when the entire sect was panicking with no plans of countermeasure, Sheng Gu suddenly comes back with an antler flute, saying that as long as they have this, it can be guaranteed that no one will be harmed on the eighth day.

After carefully inquiring, he learned that Sheng Gu had actually given her own silk soft armor to the Prince of Guang Ling, using this as the price in exchange for him to send troops this one time.

Shi Jue Ming is not very comfortable with this, after all that silk soft armor is an exceptionally precious treasure, there is only one in the entire world, how could it be easily given to others like that? Yet Sheng Gu just pats his shoulder and smiles: “Jiang Hu and the imperial court originally hold no relations to one another, had I not accidentally saved the youngest son of Prince of Guang Ling, he wouldn’t even send any troops just for this one treasure.”

“The soft silk armor is not a necessity to the Prince of Guang Ling, yet his army is essential to Bai Yue Sect.” Sheng Gu sighs, her face serious and determined, “Nevermind this mere soft silk armour, even if he wants ten sect treasures, as long as he is willing to send troops, I’m willing to give. Which is more important, I have an accurate balance in my heart.”

After listening, Shi Ming Jue feels that it is very reasonable, also thinking that Sheng Gu finally has the demeanor of a distinguished family, therefore could not resist the feeling of pleasantness in his heart.

He has watched Sheng Gu grow up, she was born intelligent and bright, although she haven’t worked really hard on martial arts, she just happens to have extremely good bone structures and comprehension skill, therefore

receiving great care from Sect Leader. It's a pity that half a year ago, Sheng Gu went down the mountains for real world experience but returns with severe injuries, almost lost her life as well, Sect Leader was made furious, only then did he terminate her position.

But everyone with discerning eyes knows, Sect Leader is just actually mad that her, this piece of iron, does not want to become a blade of steel, in his heart, he still extremely cares for Sheng Gu, otherwise he wouldn't have let her stay by Young Master's side all day long.

In this chaos, Sheng Gu is reinstated and wields power again, rescuing the entire sect from danger, with none of the sect elders showing any disagreement.

Furthermore, Sheng Gu was willing to use a secret practice in order to stop the invader, letting Elder Qiu forcefully inject his thirty years of cultivated inner energy into her own body, and steps into the battlefield under this extreme situation.

This inner energy of thirty years, must be completely bursted out within seven days.

And the price that Sheng Gu needs to pay, is ten years of her life.

Looking at the young lady sitting in meditation on bed, thinking that at this flower stage of her life, she must face this kind of cruel decision, Shi Jue Ming could not resist his overflowing emotions and signs.

Her five organs burning, hundreds meridians boiling, Pang Wan exerted great effort to barely calm down that bouncing dangerous air in her body, before she opens her eyes, weakly wiping off the thin layer of sweat on her forehead.

"Lord You needs not worry." She sees Shi Jue Ming's face still showing anxiousness, assuming that he is still worrying for the future, she forces out a smile, "As long as Sect Leader and Brother Nan Yi steps out from seclusion in seven days, there will no longer be anything to fear."

She knows Nan Yi's Xi Sui Jing has already broke through the ninth level, if they fight for real, even Gu Xi Ju might not be able reap any benefits from him. With the addition of Sect Leader Uncle who can block ten thousand men with his body alone, those "righteous sects" wanting to exterminate them all at once, humph,

afraid it won't be that easy!

As long as Sect Leader steps out from seclusion, all difficulties they are facing shall be eased, therefore her current objective is to maintain defence on Cloud Rising Mountain for seven days.

Fortunately, fortunately before dancing the Fairy Dance, she had extra thoughts, burying her belongings at the foot of the mountain.

—fire phoenix cloak was not lost, soft silk armor was not lost, the pig-headed young gentleman's jade token was also not lost.

Even now, it is still hard for her to believe, that pig-headed young gentleman who she carelessly saved is actually the most doted youngest son of the Prince of Guang Ling, Zhong Tai, and had even turned into that kind of a handsome jade-sculpted man, when she was peaking at this on the camphor tree, she couldn't hold back from staying shocked for a long time.

For her, the young gentleman had knelt for an entire day under the roof, begging Prince of Guang Ling to help her.

A water-drop of grace, shall be returned as a flowing spring, not to mention fairy older sister's life-saving grace?

Zhong Tai told her that.

Before she leaves, Zhong Tai places this antler flute into her hands, telling her that as long as she blows it in time of emergency, Prince of Guang Ling's Iron Halberd Army will stand by her side.

Although, they can only lend her the army for a short day.

This scheming old fox, Gu Xi Ju, has predicted thousands of things, predicted her being lost in love, predicted Zuo Huai An going into seclusion to heal his son, even predicted that she would reveal the truth and confront him in battlefield, hence making up that false testimony with the real Sang Chan in advance, yet he was unable to predict she has the Prince of Guang Ling's help.

Therefore, human prediction ultimately cannot defeat heaven's prediction.

Thinking about this, Pang Wan laughs out loud, laughing to the extent of unable to catch her breath, even tears have flowed down from the corners of her

eyes.

He kissed her, pleased her, in the end it was all for deceiving her.

He dotes on her, pities her, was willing to be her ox and horse, all that was actually for to trample on her.

— *—such great acting skill! Such ridiculous ending!*

Maybe she'll never ever find a way, to love someone with nothing else in mind like she did before.

The smile fades from her face, the streams on her face had gradually grown into a surging tide.

The love of Mary Sue is a crazy gamble, what she lost, is practically enough to send her family into ruins.

“Sheng Gu, a lady named ‘Ah Zhuo’ wants to meet you.”

Someone reports outside the door.

Pang Wan pauses for a second, quickly wiping away all the tears from her face, and jumps off the bed.

“You lost.”

A beauty with ice-like skin and jade-like bone sits in the corner, lazily painting her slender jade nails with flower petals.

“Senior brother, I am somewhat disappointed.” She lifts up her eyelid and casts a glance at the man in purple, her face revealing a trace of uncatchable coquetry.

Skin brighter than the snow, cheeks blushing like a peach, that pair of eyes as clear as a stream of pristine water, if any man of Jiang Hu in the prime stage of life receives this star-flowing glance from her, his body would have already turned soft.

Yet the man in purple reacts to the beauty's glance as if he has seen nothing at all, and just gently lifts up the refined filter of the teapot.

He is still thinking back in his head.

Thinking back to the moment before the battlefield.

The little girl has grown up.

He inwardly thinks.

Be it the arrogance when scolding people in front of the battlefield, or her viciousness and harshness in face of mockery, she seems like a completely different person now.

That innocent flower is finally tinted with blood red in the end, will never be as clean as a sheet of white paper, will never be naive and spoilt again.

She learnt to hate, she is going to take revenge, her future will be stuck in the unending struggles and fights.

As the cause of all these, he feels a kind of ineffable thrill and pleasantness in his heart.

— *she has become like this because of me.*

Whenever he thinks of this, his heart just gets excited for some reason, blood in his veins rapidly flows in sounds of “*hua-hua*”, this strange feeling is even stronger than when he found out that she is still alive.

“Do you think that Bai Yue Sheng Gu is.....”

Bai Xiao Sheng’s voice suddenly sounds, interrupting his flashbacks.

He Smiles, glancing at Bai Xiao Sheng, “Don’t you think she is interesting? She is clearly a little tabby cat, yet wants to bare her fangs and wave her claws, pretending to be a leopard.”

“But Prince of Guang Ling’s army.....” Bai Xiao Sheng frowns, that Iron Halberd Army is truly real!

Gu Xi Ju’s eyes grow freezing cold.

“I know what I’m doing.” He half-closes his eyes, as if he is unhappy at the somewhat overly bright sunlight outside the window.

“You’ve been too reckless.”

After she finishes reading Pang Wan's pulse, Ah Zhuo falls in panic and writes down a line of words on paper, handing it to her.

Of course Pang Wan knows she is talking about her act of forcefully injecting inner energy of thirty years, also the fact that she must exhaust all of it within seven days.

"You rest assured, I have already made up my mind, if I did not do this, there was no way of scaring those invaders away." She pats Ah Zhuo's pale cheeks, giggling, "Good Ah Zhuo, don't be sad, it's just losing ten years of life, I'm alright with it."

Ah Zhuo blinks her eyes, two streams of clear sparkling tears flows down on her cheeks.

She takes the brush and writes several words, quickly handing it to Pang Wan.

——"Ask Young Master for help."

Pang Wan stares at this paper, not knowing whether she should laugh or cry.

"You little fellow with elbows turning outward^[1], isn't this forcing me to cause harm to your Young Master?" She grins and pokes Ah Zhuo's forehead, "Your Young Master has his own stance, the Solitary Palace can never step into the war between the righteous and the unorthodox, he cannot violate his family rule."

Yet Ah Zhuo just cries and cries without a pause, stubbornly handing the paper back to her again and again.

Ask Young Master for help!

Ask Young Master for help!

She anxiously stares at Pang Wan, her throat letting out cries of "ah ah".

Pang Wan did not think that she would be this persistent, within a moment her playful look fades, her face gradually becomes serious.

"Good Ah Zhuo, you think, I never thought about asking your Young Master for help?" She holds the mute maid's ice cold hands, a trace of bitterness revealed in her voice, "I also want to find a big tree to lean on, I used to yearn for it more than anyone, wanting it to be extent of going crazy."

She takes a very deep breath.

“But to ask for your Young Master’s help, is just indirectly causing harm to him — — causing him to be inhumane, causing him to be unrighteous. My senior brother has killed so many people in the Solitary Palace, if he agrees to send help to me, I’m afraid he can never be the Young Palace Master again in future.”

When she says this, her lips lightly curving upward, showing a somewhat sorrowful smile.

“Even if this does not happen, although he might manage to be the next Palace Master with his second uncle’s support, his position will not necessarily be stable.”

Ah Zhuo stares at her in daze, forgetting to cry in this moment.

“Good Ah Zhuo.” She uses her thumb to slowly wipes away the mute maid’s tears, appearing somewhat in a trance, “Maybe right now your Young Master truly have a little tiny bit of feelings for me in his heart, but if I cause him to lose his future, there will be a day his hatred towards me will seep deep into his bones, I cannot take this risk.”

She gazes at her, her eyes so gentle as if water will drop down from them.

“I cannot use love in exchange for a bargain, nor do I want to rely on a man to spend this life of mine, do you understand?”

Ah Zhuo first repeatedly nods her head, then repeatedly shakes her head, as if she has suddenly realized something, looking like a restless rattle drum.

She suddenly stands up, abruptly pushing Pang Wan away, running out the door in lighting speed.

—

Deep into the night when all things are at peace, in the inn at the outskirts of the city.

A gentleman dressed in elegant clothing vacantly gazes at the half orange moon in the sky.

It is clearly already midnight, yet he does not feel sleepy at all.

He is waiting, waiting for a person.

With a “*peng*” sound, the door is suddenly opened, he turns back in surprise, only seeing a young lady with her face covered in tears standing in front of him.

“Young Master, I beg you to save her.”

Ah Zhuo uses all her effort to write it out with her fingers in the air, her whole body shaking.

“I beg you! Save her!”

She has already cried to the point of losing control.

“What happened! You carefully explain it to me!”

The gentleman tightly holds onto her arms, fire of anger rolling in his eyes.

Ah Zhuo could not care about her whole face of tears, immediately reaching out her hands towards him, painstakingly writing out every word.

“Please save her, her heart meridian has been completely destroyed, she only has five more years of life to live.”

[1]*elbows turning outward*/胳膊肘往外拐: this phrase describes a stupid “unselfish” act that helps other unrelated people whilst betraying family, friends or people on the same side.

Translator’s Note: Gu Xi Ju... you are such a big, big, big psy...cho...pa..th..!!! Ah Zhuo is crying so hard; this touches my heart. Hmm, Little Lu, what are you going to do?

Full

(translated by xia0xiao1mei)

(edited by anniaxx)



CHAPTER FIFTY-TWO

I Like You

“Oh, that Iron Halberd Army has really left Cloud-Rising Mountain already?”

He Shan Nai grabs hold of the disciple as he asks this.

“Although it is unknown if they will still be returning or not, they have indeed left the mountain a day ago.” The disciple nods as he says this, “We have already searched the entire area within ten li (approx. 3 miles) radius.”

“Have there been any movements from Bai Yue Sect?” He Shan Nai frowns.

“The main gates are tightly shut, there hasn’t been any sight of sect disciples entering or leaving.” The disciple appears doubtful, “The number of guards are just as usual, seeming to not take on the stance of ready for battle.”

“Could it be that Iron Halberd Army is only temporarily withdrawing, and will be returning at any given time?”

He Shan Nai strokes his beard, he recalls how that demoness had blew the antler flute, and cannot help sensing that lingering fear.

“Could it be we have to continue waiting on like this?” He turns to the figure in purple sat by the window.

Gu Xi Ju moves the smooth lid of the white porcelain teacup, and blows at the tea.

“Sect Leader He, no need to be hasty.”

He idly holds up the teacup, lowering his head for a light sip, a body of purple robe lining his figure, making him look gracefully slender, eyebrows handsome like a painting.

“You sure make it sound easy! Each of us major sects all have important matters at hand, how could we withstand delaying ourselves in this barbaric land for such a long time?”

Seeing him act so leisurely, He Shan Nai cannot help growing angrier.

Gu Xi Ju declines to comment but smiles.

Those within the room looks at one another as they sit in silence for a while, all of a sudden, a sharp whistle is heard, and a golden beak eagle descends from the sky and onto the window frame, attending to itself as it combs through its brown and white feathers.

Bai Xiao Sheng walks up and takes down the message tied to the eagle’s foot, reading it without missing a word, before turning to smilingly say: “Supreme Chief truly is able to foresee with divine accuracy, that group of Iron Halberd Army is already on their way back, they have entered the main road, even if they make the prompt decision to turn around, it will still require three days’ time.”

Gu Xi Ju hums in reply, hooking up the corners of his lips: “It was indeed a plan to make an empty show of strength.”

“Do you think we should.....” Bai Xiao Sheng tentatively asks him.

Gu Xi Ju places the cup of tea on the table beside him, leisurely speaking: “Relay the orders, everyone must be tired after searching for three consecutive days, get some good rest first, tomorrow morning, we shall officially leave the valley to wipe out the unorthodox sect.”

His words are spoken so casually, as though saying, “tomorrow let us go for a meal and drink some wine”, lightly setting up a chess game.

Bai Xiao Sheng accepts the orders with a nod, and was just about to instruct the arrangement, but hears a burst of hurried steps, a young monk chaotically scrambles his way in, a face filled with utter anxiety.

“Not good, not good! Many people have suddenly collapsed! Sai Hua Tuo says this place may have been plagued!”

The spy in black enters the room and reports such and such, and the person on the seat’s expression finally loosens.

“No matter how well he can foresee with divine accuracy, he too, will definitely not have thought that we still have a secret weapon!”

Pang Wan bursts out laughing, the stuffiness that had been weighing down her chest for many days, has finally been relieved.

How much of a crafty and wicked person is Gu Xi Ju? He deliberately chose to advance his attack at Cloud-Rising Mountain during the winter season, because the miasma of the entire southern area is at its lightest around this time, the most vulnerable time for poisonous creatures, the vast majority of venomous insects would choose to hibernate during winter, this way, the art of poison which Bai Yue excels in would lose over half of its effect, his chances of winning thus also increases a lot.

But he does not know, there is a poisonous creature in this world called the Mourning Cloak Butterfly, capable of soaring high and live through winter in

adult form. Half a month ago, Pang Wan had already sent a messenger pigeon to order the sect's people to collect large amounts of the Mourning Cloak, waiting until Prince of Guang Ling's Iron Halberd Army has left, they would disperse these poisonous butterflies that look like dead leaves across all areas where teams could be stationed within the mountain valley, only waiting for the people of the righteous sects to come out in exploration.

Perhaps the heaven has opened its eyes, the resting area of Gu Xi Ju and the others, just happens to be the Mourning Cloaks' favourite elm forest, therefore, the size of the area infected and the amount of people infected by the poison is far beyond what Pang Wan had expected, as if there is a plague spreading.

To be thoroughly cured from the poison, it will take at least five days of time, Bai Yue Sect is finally safe for the time being.

Seeing that her plans, one presented in the open and one operated in the shadows, have both played their roles as she had planned, Pang Wan can finally sigh in relief.

At the same time, her internal organs are once again pain stricken, an entire body of muscles feeling just like they were being grilled, her pulse sounding squeaks.

"You go ahead and receive your reward first." Pang Wan struggles to wave the spy away, waiting till he had walked out the room, before she takes out a pill from her chest and swallows it down.

This pain relieving pill, she only needed to consume one at first, later she started consuming three at once, and now, she would eat five every time but still does not find it being of any help, could it be her body has developed a resistance to it?

Wrapping herself in the quilt, silencing herself with gritted teeth, when she has completely endured the pain, the hair at her forehead and her back are already drenched as though soaked in water.

Reaching up to feel her underarm, full of sweat, *wow, need to quickly take a bath.*

Jumping out of bed, she was just about to order someone to boil some

bathwater, but hears the room doors open with a sound of “*zhi-ya*”, and a tall slender figure appears before the doorway.

A familiar scent follows the night wind as it blows into the bottom of her heart, like emerald bamboo in the snow, green pine amongst the fog, warm and cold yet prideful.

“How did you get here?” Pang Wan looks at him with widened eyes, forgetting in that moment, the sorry state she is in with dishevelled clothing.

“Oh, I shouldn’t be asking this question, since even Ah Zhuo came here, of course you are also able to come.” Not waiting for his answer, her eyes curves into a grin, “Are you feeling pained at heart for me? Miss me? Hence why you travelled such a long distance, worn out by the journey, as you come running over to see me?” She tilts her head at him, tone carrying the naïve pride unique to the young lady, “Ai-yo, no need to worry, no need to worry.”

However, before she could finish speaking, she is fiercely pulled into a warm embrace, two young bodies tightly fitted together, practically leaving no gaps at all.

Dong-dong, dong-dong, she could even hear the quick rising and falling of his heartbeat.

“.....hey, don’t you despise the smell?” This person motionlessly held her just like that for almost half an incense stick worth of time, Pang Wan finally couldn’t hold it in any more, snappily asking this.

Even she cannot handle the smell coming from her own body, who was it that came up with the phrase “fragrant sweat dripping”? Unless someone had been smoked in fragrance beforehand, not one person’s sweat does not smell bad, the female nobles of Mary Sue are no exception.

However, the person above her seems to have been stimulated by something, tightening his hold on her even more, and even buries his nose into her neck, before taking a deep breath.

“Doesn’t smell, it doesn’t smell at all.”

He softly mutters, as though sleep talking.

“Woah, have you been possessed?!” Pang Wan was frightened into hurriedly pushing him away, and also takes two huge steps back, “Who bewitched you? Or are you having a fever right now? No, that’s not right! Who are you? You sure are courageous, to actually dare use Gentleman He’s face as a mask!”

He Qing Lu is rendered in a lost state because of her, unable to get angry nor laugh, and could only reach out to pull her fingers over, pressing them against his face: “You give it a feel, exactly is it real or not?” Voice soft like spring mist.

“Warm, it’s warm.” Pang Wan is completely befuddled by his sudden warmth, entire person turning cautious as though walking on thin ice, “You’re really He Qing Lu? What’s going on with you? Don’t tell me you done something you should feel sorry towards me again?”

Every time she faces his gentleness, she would always get a bad feeling.

He Qing Lu looks at her, eyes slightly narrowed, amber eyes like deep wells at night, with glittering light hidden within.

And then, he does not say anything at all, lifting her up in one scoop, and heads to the bed with long strides.

“Maintaining premarital chastity is a great tradition of Bai Yue Sect!”

Pang Wan hand waves through the air and lands over his mouth and nose: “I’m warning you not to force yourself in, watch out I don’t suffocate you to death!”

He Qing Lu only smiles with a good temper.

He places her on the bed, and tucks her into her quilt, very tightly so that the breeze can’t penetrate.

“The winds are strong outside, don’t catch a cold.” Slender long fingers caressing her cheek, he looks at her filled with utter tenderness, as though afraid of any wrong being inflicted on her.

“You! You be honest with me now, did you ruin my major plans?” Pang Wan purses her lips, practically about to cry out loud, “You chased away my butterflies? Or did you send reinforcements to Gu Xi Ju? Speak ah! You’d best get it over and done with!”

A chest full of tenderness turns into a wisp of smoke, loving affection waved

away into the clouds by such suspicious accusations.

He Qing Lu was angered to the point of directly pinching her nose, his use of strength so strong that he practically wanted to have that lustrous white meatball ripped out.

Pang Wan painfully sucks in a breath, yet puts on a smiley face: “*Eh-hehe*, now this is more like it, ai-yo.”

Seeing her clever and cunning look of charming naivety, He Qing Lu can only feel a mix of joy and sorrow in his heart, one point of joy, comes in exchange of ten points of grief, all of a sudden, his chest is filled with anxiety, but is unable to explicitly state it in any way.

So he can only stare at her, practically looking greedy as he wanders into a trance.

“There’s seriously something, wrong, with, you, today!”

Pang Wan rubs the tip of her reddened nose and leans in towards him, eyelashes practically about to poke his face.

“Gentleman, you having brought Ah Zhuo across thousands of li to come see me, I am very happy, also very touched.”

She speaks sincerely, her tone exceptionally serious.

After all, she had once thought the farewell at Lin Yi would be a farewell forever, and He Qing Lu would never take the initiative to appear in her life again.

“I have been very well during this time, tearing a wound into the sect leader of Kun Lun’s mouth, scaring away the Supreme Chief of Wu Lin, and even caused their group of people to be incapable of leaving their beds for quite a while, *hei-hei*, I’m just so ruthless and despicable like this.” She smiles at him, a little bashful, “Don’t be frightened ah, I am originally a demoness everyone curses at, liked by no one.”

“Who said?” He Qing Lu holds her hand, face tightening, “Who said you’re cursed by everyone, who said no one likes you?”

Pang Wan smilingly pokes his tense face: “*Ai~*, who is it that has no eyes?”

Could it be you?"

He Qing Lu takes a deep breath, waving away her reprehensible hand.

"Yes, I like you."

He calmly looks at her, that pair of amber eyes were not being evasive, were not hesitant, and was not even shy in the slightest bit at all.

Only containing resolution and decisiveness, boundless at one glance, firm and unwavering.

Pang Wan is really dumbfounded; she was shocked stiff.

Gentleman He's confession, is completely out of her expectations.

She robotically moves her neck a bit, deeply thinking of what to say to ease this awkward atmosphere, however, He Qing Lu's head had already stooped down.

Ice cold lips pastes onto hers, soft, careful, and even carries a point of rare devotion.

This is a kiss completely different to all the previous ones.

"Can I?" Amidst the dizziness, Pang Wan vaguely hears this question.

Can he? Can he what? She had yet to snap out of her trance, when He Qing Lu had already grown impatient from waiting, he silently pries open her lips, the tip of his tongue gently coming in and entangles with hers, rolling and turning, sucking.

She cannot die.

Without my permission, she cannot die.

Caressing the back of the young lady's soft and slender neck, the young man vacantly thinks this.

His heart feeling just as though a fire is burning, brightly lit, crackling and sputtering, steaming hot, the fumes causing even his eyes to turn red.

He will not tell her, that day on the eight day of the twelfth month, he had stood amongst the unorthodox sect's ranks in disguise.

He will not tell her, the moment he saw the her in red appearing at the hilltop,

using internal energy that she cannot possibly have to flaunt her prowess at that crowd, how frighteningly worried he was.

Hence why he ordered for Ah Zhuo to hurriedly remain behind to take care of her.

Until Ah Zhuo came back with news that came like a lightning bolt.

“What are you thinking?” He strokes the young lady’s long black hair, looking at them fall down like water in his hand.

“I, you, this.....” The young lady is forcedly trapped in his arms, face flushed red, somewhat unable to speak coherently, her mind has currently turned into paste.

“I know, you are very smart, using the poison of the Mourning Cloak Butterflies to poison Gu Xi Ju’s people into collapsing, and your sect leader is also about to come out from seclusion very soon, that’s why you need not worry about Bai Yue Sect’s matters.”

He Qing Lu kisses her forehead.

“I need to temporarily leave this place, will be taking a trip far from here, Ah Zhuo will be sending you medicine.”

“Obediently listen to her, take your medicine on time, and get some good rest.”

“Don’t worry, I am here no matter what, what do you want? I’ll bring it back for you.”

The warm embrace gradually lulls Pang Wan into a sleep state, she faintly listens on, inwardly thinking this person sure is strange, suddenly running to her to confess, then suddenly says he will be leaving, the most crucial point being, he said he likes her, but does not care whatsoever whether she likes him as well?

“I want to fly, I want to fly up.....” She mumbles this line, missing the old days when she was equipped with the light body skill, allowing her to freely travel around the world.

The body next to her stiffens a little, however, she already cannot feel this, the pill is taking effect, leaving her to sink into boundless darkness.

Perhaps tomorrow when she wakes up, she will find that everything was fake, it was all something she imagined.

She has never seen He Qing Lu likes this before, and deeply affectionate men, are doomed to only ever appear in the lonely dreams of a demoness every night.

Forget Gu Xi Ju for now.....our dear little Lu has confessed!!! Bless him, the news from Ah Zhuo must have really shocked him, he actually threw away his pride and came running to Wan Wan...awwww they are so cute together~~

Full

(translated by *anniaxx*)

(edited by *xia0xiao1mei*)



CHAPTER FIFTY-THREE

Idiot and Big Idiot

Seven days have passed, and it is finally the day Sect Leader and Nan Yi come out from seclusion.

Only need to wait for several hours, then the two most legendary and glorious figures in the history of Bai Yue Sect will appear at the same time, everyone in the sect is extremely excited for this moment.

In this air of joy and harmony, Pang Wan secretly sneaks out.

She squats on a huge rock at the cliff of the mountain, breathing fresh air.

These past few days, the pain of her heart meridian has grown stronger, Ah Zhuo left her many medicine, she has drank so much decoction to the point of having no space in her stomach for food, yet these medicine still did not improve her situation.

Perhaps she needs to wait until all the inner energy is complete depleted, before she can gradually recover.

She stares at the white clouds below the mountain top and falls into a daze.

This is the scene Gu Xi Ju sees when he came to the cliff.

A young lady in red squatting on the dark black rock, her brows like strokes in ink paintings, her shining pearl eyes have lost their focus, her dark-cloud-like beautiful hair flies in the wind, looking at her from afar, there is unexpectedly a feeling that she is not from the world.

“Sheng Gu is indeed in a good mood.” He looks at her, slowly smiling.

He intentionally kept his tone very very light, but he is completely confident, the young lady would immediately turn back, because it is impossible for her to forget his voice in her entire life.

As expected, the young lady quickly turns back her head, in her eyes there is initially shock and fear, before boundless anger that could cover the whole sky soars up.

Just like a puppet whose strings have all been cut, regaining liveliness from revenge.

Such a great expression in her eyes, so great.

Gu Xi Ju gazes at her, almost about to laugh out loud.

“What are you here for?” Pang Wan tightly holds onto the golden whip in hand, lifting her chin at him.

“Came to see you.” Gu Xi Ju calmly walks toward her, an irresistibly gentle smile hangs on his face, as if the person standing on the rock is not his opponent

who desires to take his life, but a lover who has been waiting for him for years.

“The thickness of the skin on Supreme Chief’s face, no one can ever possibly exceed.” Pang Wan reveals a charming smile, her steps have already quietly changed direction — she cannot start conflict with him directly, she will not win, Sect Leader is not yet out of seclusion, which means she even more so, cannot afford to lose.

Gu Xi Ju sees through her plan at one glance.

“I really just came here to see you.” He gently looks at her, stopping in his steps, “Be careful of the cliff behind you, falling down from there will make you lose your life.”

Pang Wan senses extreme sarcasm, almost wanting to laugh out loud.

— *do you care? You do not care about my life at all!*

“Your hypocrisy disgusts me!” She throws him a loathful glance.

Gu Xi Ju still continues to smile like spring breeze, not even showing any anger, he looks at her, like an owner looking at his own spoilt pet, his eyes filled with doting love and patience.

“Wan Wan, you grew up.”

His voice like a crisply sweet clear wine, his cold and firm outline suddenly becomes very soft and gentle.

“You have learnt to deceive, learnt to seduce, also learnt how to frame someone.” He uses a very pleasant tone, listing each of Pang Wan’s crime, “I am so happy for you.”

Pang Wan widens her eyes, looks at him with great disbelief.

“In the past, I have truly underestimated you.” He smiles and shakes his head, “You are far more intelligent than I had thought, also far more interesting.”

Pang Wan face turns cold and does not answer him.

“I know, the poison was arranged by you, there actually isn’t a plague, right?” Gu Xi Ju quietly gazes at her, “I am just curious, what method did you use to put the poison in effect? Food and water are checked by a designated person every

day, exactly where did this poison come from?”

Upon hearing this, Pang Wan finally laughs.

“There are still many things like this that you don’t know of.” She meaningfully casts a glance at him, “To go against the Bai Yue Sect’s demoness, you’d better grow one hundred and twenty more hearts.”

Gu Xi Ju suddenly laughs out loud.

“Wan Wan, did you know? Every time you pretend to be powerful, it makes me find it really interesting.” He laughs to the extent of almost having tears flow down from his eyes.

“You will never know, how much I was unwilling to sacrifice you back then.” He looks at her, sighing melancholically.

This sentence almost poked the most painful spot in Pang Wan’s heart, she narrows her eyes, almost going to swing her whip forwards.

— — *no, no, I need to remain calm.*

She takes a deep breath, exposing a shallow smile at the corners of her lips, “Really? But in the end you still did it, no matter how interesting I am, it can’t be compared to how interesting your ambition is. ”

Pia Pia Pia!

Gu Xi Ju raises his hands, giving her three loud applause.

“You truly grew up, my little girl.” He intimately calls her, as if he’s her most trusted and respected elder.

“That’s right, so I should be grateful to you.” Pang Wan remains calm.

Gu Xi Ju nods to agree, unexpectedly just accepting her “gratitude” like this.

Looking at him, Pang Wan feels ridiculous and sorrowful in her heart, why would she be blinded by this kind of a person back then?

“So you are still unwilling to tell me, what method you used to poison the people?” His eyes continues to brightly shine at her.

However Pang Wan has already grown tired of seeing his acting, she does not even want to spare him a glance anymore.

“In your dreams.”

She leaves three words, jumps away from the cliff, and marches off.

Gu Xi Ju stares at her figure afar, his shoulders are slightly shaking, practically unnoticeable.

He is laughing, uncontrollably laughing.

She hates him so much, her hatred to him has infused her bones, this makes him very happy.

Hate a little deeper, hate a little bit more, it would be best to hate him to the point of wanting to pull out his muscles, rip off his skin, drink his blood, eat his flesh, having his bones completely carved in her heart like unremovable marks.

Behind his back, in his hand that is half curled into a fist, there is a dead butterfly that looks like a dead leaves, its golden wings shivering in the wind, silently.

Zuo Huai An and Nan Yi came out of seclusion earlier than planned, when Pang Wan returns to the sect from the cliff, the first thing she sees is the two people sitting high up in the court.

“Uncle Zuo! Senior Brother!” She calls out overflowed with joy, immediately running to the two.

Yet she slows down when she’s near the court.

Zuo Huai An and Nan Yi have two many people in front of him, some reporting sect news, some expressing concern for their health, crowded from shoulders to shoulders, she cannot even squeeze in.

After thinking about it, she just stands outside and looks at the two people from afar.

Zuo Huai An is still how he used to look, dignified and powerful, full of spirit.

Nan Yi has already returned to the look of a beautiful young man in oil paintings, dressed in black, bright red earring, under the sunshine his face is extraordinarily handsome.

Pang Wan looks at the two people whose appearance and aura are both exceptionally outstanding, her heart feels a little sad, but also somewhat proud.

This is my family, we are together, she is very pleased in her heart.

Collective consciousness is a very interesting thing.

Zuo Huai An finishes listening to Shi Jue Ming's report, and lifts his head to see Pang Wan dressed in red standing outside the crowd, he calls out loud and clear: "Wan Wan!"

Only then did Pang Wan goes through the crowd and runs to him.

"You have done well." He caresses her head, his eyes extremely lovingly, "It is so fortunate that we had you for these days."

Pang Wan blinks, gently sounding an "en".

"Have Sect leader and Young Master's skills reached a new breakthrough?" This is her most concerned question right now, "Gu Xi Ju's willy heart has not died, his people could come back anytime."

"With your Brother Nan Yi here, there's no need to worry about all this." Zuo Huai An laughs loudly, patting the shoulder of the person besides him.

Pang Wan lifts up her head and looks at Nan Yi.

Yet she sees him tightly pressing his lips, lightly frowning, as if he is deeply thinking about something.

Under Zuo Huai An's order, everyone quickly returns to his or her working position, Sect Leader goes with Shi Jue Ming to handle the countless sect tasks the have piled up into a mountain, only Pang Wan and Nai Yi are left in the court.

Nan Yi is still putting on his straight face, not showing any emotions.

In this moment freezing wind blows and tree leaves fall, Pang Wan thinks, could it be that he knows that I have seen him turning into the Blood Tyrant? So now he plans to kill me?

As she thinks, her feet unconsciously steps back a little.

This little move was undoubtedly noticed by Nan Yi, all that can be seen is his forehead furrowing, as he turns to look at her.

“Come here.” He throws her a glance.

Pang Wan could only force herself to walk to him.

A stripe of freezing light shines past Nan Yi’s eyes, he stares at her, raising his right hand high.

“Senior Brother, don’t beat me!” Pang Wan immediately covers her cheeks.

The big hand stops in the air, Nan Yi clearly freezes.

“Give me your hand.” He forcefully calms down his anger, reaching out a hand to her.

Pang Wan doesn’t know what he wants to do, so could only tremble while reaching her five fingers out to him.

“Why is your pulse so strange?” Nan Yi holds onto her wrist and murmurs, his face is full of confusion, “I have never seen this kind of pulse.”

—so he actually wanted to read her pulse, only then did Pang Wan release her breath.

“Is it because of forcefully injecting thirty years of inner energy, so it is temporarily messed up?” She tilts her head and thinks, diagnosing her own symptoms.

“You still dare to mention this!”

It’s fine if she didn’t mention it, once she mentions it, Nan Yi’s whole face of anger is almost about to explode, he suddenly throws off her hand, his slap about to land.

However, in the end, his hand stops half way in the air.

“You will definitely anger me to death one day.” He stares at her, clenching his teeth, the veins on his forehead throbbing, “Should you dare do this kind of foolish suicidal thing next time, without waiting for you to say anything, I will clutch you to death first, did you hear that?!”

Pang Wan feels terribly wronged by his threats and anger, she lowers her head and does not talk.

Seeing her trembling like a newborn bird, the anger on Nan Yi’s face finally

calms a little.

“.....you have worked hard.” He says these four words out in a husky voice.

It has been so many years since they were young, other than chasing and beating, satirizing and despising, Nan Yi has never said any comforting words to her.

This is the first time in sixteen years.

Pang Wan blinks her eyes, and then her tears fall down in big drops.

Since returning to Bai Yue sect, she has never exposed any weakness to other people, she is decisive and determined, brave and ostentatious, performing every act like how an unorthodox sect's Sheng Gu should, facing strong enemies, she was not even afraid——because she truly had no time to be afraid.

Right now, hearing Nan Yi's words, the intentionally ignored sourness in her heart, comes out rapidly like bubbles popping up in boiling water.

Not knowing what to say, she just stands there and wipes off tears with the back of her hands.

But the tears are like a stream of unending lively spring, cannot be fully wiped away no matter how she tries.

“Okay, don't cry anymore!”

Seeing the young lady's white clean cheeks rubbed red, Nan Yi truly cannot stand watching on any more, pulling her fingers away to keep her from messily wiping her face.

Pang Wan's two eyes are as red as a jade rabbit's, she tightly bites on her lips.

Nan Yi then tries to move her teeth.

Pang Wan is mad, reaching out her fists to beat him, yet Nan Yi's a step faster, covering her weapons into his hands.

“The bitterness in your heart, I know it all.” He says in a low voice, “You just want to take revenge in front of his face, isn't that right?”

Pang Wan pauses.

She didn't think Nan Yi knows her this well.

Yes, she originally didn't need to personally take charge in the battlefield, even though the powerful effect of doing so is undoubtedly better, when making this decision back then, she did carry some private wishes — she wants to walk in front of Gu Xi Ju, give him a loud and clear slap, for this, she is willing to lose ten years of life, unhesitatingly.

“Now you have taken revenge, are you happy?” Nan Yi stares at her being in a daze, sighing, “Is it worth it?”

Pang Wan snuffles, indignantly vaguely murmurs, “Haven't you also gotten to such a state because of Mei Wu, is it worth it?”

Nan Yi is rendered speechless.

These two senior brother and junior sister who have greatly suffered, looks into each other's eyes, and actually couldn't hold back from laughing at the same time.

“Idiot.” Nan Yi taps her forehead.

“Big idiot.” He then he pats his own chest.

Pang Wan smiles and buries her face into his embrace, releasing a long breath: “It's fine now, you two finally came out, I finally don't need to be afraid anymore.”

Seeing that both Sect Leader and Nan Yi are completely alright, and Nan Yi's skills have also clearly grown abundantly, the big stone in her heart finally falls to the ground at this moment.

Nan Yi smiles, then pulls out a long sword from his back.

“Don't be afraid, Father has already officially passed the Flying Eagle Sword to me.”

Translator's Note: Hello~everyone~ So sorry for the long wait. School is starting in where I live...crycrycry..life is going to get intense; in the chapters of the next several weeks, Wan Wan's story is also going to get intense!! So get ready for it~ — Love, Annie

Full

(translated by *xia0xiao1mei*)

(edited by *anniaxx*)



CHAPTER FIFTY-FOUR

The Sword And The Needles

“Wah, let me touch it!” Pang Wan curiously goes to take the long sword, the exquisitely complicated carvings on it rendering her speechless.

—it’s the Flying Eagle Sword eh, for successive generations this has been the symbol of the Bai Yue sect leader, Nan Yi receiving this sword, means that he is not far from succeeding the title. When she was little, countless times, she had tried to approach Sect Leader to touch it, but turned back every time, Sect Leader Uncle would always say this is not something she should be touching.

“Where are your Blazing Needles?” Nan Yi casts her a glance.

Pang Wan takes down the needle pouch from inside her sleeve, passing it all to him, her eyes not leaving the sword.

Nan Yi takes the needle pouch, and takes out a red needle from within, moving it close to the sharp edge of the sword.

Like a magnetic force, that red needle silently sticks itself onto the Flying Eagle Sword, shining a jewel-like glow.

“Indeed.” Nan Yi smiles.

Pang Wan was stunned by the sight, desperately arching forward like a little kitten: “What is this? Why are they gathering together as one?”

Nan Yi smilingly removes the red needles, watching it silently melt away in the palm of his hand.

“Have you ever heard of the principle that all things reinforce and neutralise one another?” He turns to Pang Wan, “The raw materials of this Blazing Needle, is made from the remainder of what was originally used to forge the Flying Eagle Sword, thus the two of the same kind would be attracted to one another.”

“Then would this sword melt away on the human body?” Pang Wan is speechless.

Nan Yi shakes his head: “No, these two weapons were both created with a lot of thought when forged, one is primarily soft, one is primarily firm, the Blazing Needles can easily melt, whilst the Flying Eagle Sword is strong and cannot be bent, polar opposites of perfectly complete differentiations.”

He looks at the red needle disappearing in hand, eyes showing a flash of tenderness: "This was originally my mother's."

Pang Wan softly sounds an "ah".

"So this is Sect Leader Madam's weapon?" She takes the needle pouch, gently caressing it in her hand, "I did not know of this before....." *Don't know if Nan Yi would blame her for being unworthy of this weapon, thereby taking this back from her some day?*

However, Nan Yi only strokes her hair.

"Make good use of it in future, don't be bringing shame to my mother." His voice contains an exceptionally rare touch of gentleness.

"En."

Pang Wan's lashes fans down, enthusiastically nodding her head.

"Senior Brother, would you still be consumed by your powers in future?" She suddenly recalls the problem she is most concerned about.

"Father has already used yang energy to quell the evil yin energy in my body." Nan Yi smiles, "As long as there is no huge mood swing in future, then there shall be no problem at all."

Pang Wan instantly lets out a long drawn out sigh.

"How about you? How long can you hold onto the inner energy for?" Nan Yi raises his head to ask her.

"From tomorrow, I will no longer have any inner energy." Pang Wan rubs her nose, playfully sticking out her tongue, "Lord You has said that in future, my martial arts will have to be cultivated from start again, Senior Brother, you must protect me from being bullied ah!"

The final sentence is originally something she causally threw out as a joke, however, Nan Yi's expression instantly changes upon hearing this, appearing exceptionally solemn.

"En, I will protect you for a lifetime."

He touches her forehead, as though making an extraordinary decision in his

heart.

Pang Wan did not think, Nan Yi's capability amounted to this much.

Only a day ago did she tell Nan Yi about Sang Chan's relationship with Mei Wu, and on the second day, Nan Yi had the said person brought into Bai Yue Sect.

When she catches glimpse of that absolutely breathtaking face inside the cave, her chin had practically smashed against the ground.

"You you you you....." She points at Nan Yi who is currently using silkworm thread to wrap Sang Chan into a rice dumpling, unable to utter a whole sentence.

—this brute! This guy is definitely a true brute! He isn't Senior Brother, and is brutal brother!

"What you 'you'-ing at? Quickly come and help!" Nan Yi glares at her, vicious and evil.

Pang Wan gulps down her saliva, shaky fingers reaching out, trembling as she ties a bowknot on the goddess' unconscious body.

—a beauty, must be complemented with cute things.

"You disgust me to death." Nan Yi loosens the cute bowknot in no time, not at all being considerate of the beauty as he ties a dead knot, "Really should have you kicked away."

Pang Wan does not waste effort in bothering with his sarcasm, only scrutinising that exquisite face before her with practically greedy eyes.

—she's so beautiful ah, using all the pretty words to describe this person's appearance, would not even be considered exaggerating in any way.

She and I, really are like the cloud and dirt.

Touching her own face, she suddenly feels how foolish and laughable it was for her to have once fantasised about becoming the second generation Sang Chan, practically laughable to the extreme.

The stunning beauty of a generation's thick lashes suddenly moves.

She has awakened.

“You two, what do you want?”

Opening her eyes, such were Sang Chan’s first words.

Well collected, cold, with not the slightest trace of panic.

She condescendingly looks at the two of them, a calm face and noble demeanour, as though this cave is the same as her heavenly residence.

“Tell us, about Mei Wu’s death, what do you know?”

Nan Yi draws out the Flying Eagle Sword from his waist side, waving it around like it’s nothing, the frosty shine like ripples in water, reflecting against the beauty’s lustrous white face like jade.

Sang Chan looks at him, gently spreading a smile across her lips: “Oh? So you are that husband-to-be of hers whom she didn’t live to marry? Bai Yue Young Master Nan Yi?”

All that can be heard is a sound of “chi-la”, and a fresh red wound is drawn along her neck by the sword’s force, a bead of blood seeping out like a teardrop, dripping onto the fairy’s snow white skirt.

“Should you not answer my question again, the next slice would be directly inflicted on your face.” Nan Yi looks at her, face expressionless.

Pang Wan is trembling in fear as she watches at the side.

She had originally thought Nan Yi would treat Sang Chan who is also the white lotus type with leniency, but did not think he would actually be so merciless instead.

Oh, that’s not right, in fact he is more or less a little more lenient, if not this fairy sister would be left with only one arm by now.

Sang Chan laughs, phoenix eyes reflecting spring, long brows running into her temples, under this radiant shine, even the most brilliant jewels would appear dejectedly colourless.

“This question, you shouldn’t be asking me, you need to ask this yourself.”

She gazes directly at Nan Yi, eyes deep, seeming to want to look directly into

his heart: “What have you found? What do you sense?”

“You capturing me, is because you dare not to face the truth, your heart still contains deluded expectations, needing me to give you an explanation, is that not right?”

She lowers her lashes, facial expression looking exceptionally peculiar under the candlelight.

Pang Wan is at complete loss from what she’s heard, and only sees Nan Yi’s eyes suddenly open, the treasured sword about to pierce into Sang Chan’s heart.

“Senior Brother!” Pang Wan hurriedly calls out.

Nan Yi issues a suppressed growl in his throat, the Flying Eagle Sword draws a shining arc in the air, and was returned to its sheath in a blink of an eye.

“An eloquent speaker, a knife-like tongue.”

He coldly looks at Sang Chan.

“Young Master, Sect Master requests you to pay a visit to the main hall.” A sect disciple suddenly reports from outside the cave.

“You watch over her for me.” He orders Pang Wan, tossing his sleeves back as he turns to leave.

All of a sudden, only two women remain in the cave.

Because of having no internal energy, Pang Wan does not dare to keep a close distance with the fairy, and only stands at a safe distance away as she curiously observes her.

Sang Chan turns to look at her, suddenly smiling, smiling like the gentle breeze and light rain.

“So you’re the young girl who took my place in dancing the Flying Fairy Dance?” Her eyes containing almost undetectable pity.

Pang Wan freezes, biting her bottom lip but does not speak.

She recalls, this stunning beauty of a generation had once spoke false words in front of all those in the Jiang Hu, planting the false charges onto Bai Yue Sect, she covered for Gu Xi Ju, she and that jerk are on the same side.

Thinking up to here, she fiercely casts the fairy a knife-like glare.

“You hate me? Do you feel that you have been miserably deceived by us?”

The fairy smiles at her without the slightest care, indescribable feelings circulating in her eyes: “Looks like you truly did like Gu Xi Ju back then.”

Pang Wan turns away and does not bother with her, just treating it all as her sleep-talking.

“That’s why I say, women are the most stupid creatures in the world.”

Seeing her not respond, Sang Chan sighs, and starts speaking to herself.

“Why are so many women in the world stuck in the mud of feelings and love? What *‘excluding Wushan all are not clouds’*, what *‘wishing for a man with a single heart, never parting as our hair turn white?’*”

She shakes her head, finding it very regrettable.

“Just like you, clearly have the talent and foundation to achieve something big, yet for some petty little profit you throw your future away.”

Pang Wan turns her head in surprise.

——she originally thought Sang Chan would say “you think the Supreme Chief of Wu Lin is someone a demoness like you should even think about, you think you’re worthy of competing with me” such kind of classic lines the female antagonist would say, but did not ever think, coming from her mouth, would actually be such strong and imposing words.

Sang Chan sees that look of surprise, her lashes suddenly fanning down like butterfly wings, a breathtaking sight.

“I am different from you all, I will not be satisfied with only receiving the doting love of a man.”

Her eyes narrow, a shining light circulating in her pupils, as though saying, how can a sparrow understand a swan’s ambition?

“You rejected Ninth Prince’s marriage proposal because of this?”

Pang Wan looks at her, eyes unblinking, she is indeed very curious at heart.

——she has never seen a lady like Sang Chan before, the female nobles living in

the land of Mary Sue, which one doesn't see winning the male lead's heart as their ultimate goal? In a world where men are dominant, women conquer the world by conquering men, this has been the consistent truth.

She completely didn't think, in Sang Chan's heart, men's love is simply not worth mentioning.

"What's so desirable about a princess consort position? You think I will be satisfied with marrying a man that doesn't seem bad, then deal with the gossips from all sorts of relatives and then constantly compete with various concubines every day?"

"Shallow knowledge, narrow horizons, this is the reason why women have held low status for thousands of years."

Sang Chan chuckles, with extreme contempt.

Pang Wan is rendered speechless by her words.

She is very aware, that her words are not unreasonable, however, her hearts feel even more bitter.

——turns out the thing she had been trying so hard to fight for, is not only sitting at fingertips of another, but is even abandoned like garbage. *Back then I was so eager to gain happiness, yet she is able to readily push it out.*

"Do you like Gu Xi Ju?" She thinks for a bit, before softly saying, "You two are senior brother and junior sister, and he.....likes you so much."

Sang Chan blinks, then joyfully hooks up the corners of her lips.

"You are still so naïve." She looks at her, eyes gentle like water, "Why do you think, I would be so easily captured by your family's young master?"

Pang Wan freezes.

Sang Chan lets out a sigh.

"He likes me, also likes Bai Xiao Sheng, he must have also liked you back then." Her face reveals a look of regrets, "He likes anyone who is of use to him, everyone is no more than his toy."

"If I like him, then that would definitely be the strangest thing to happen in this

world.”

She calmly looks at Pang Wan, as though telling her the truth that everyone in the entire world should know.



CHAPTER FIFTY-FIVE

A Yellow Oriole Is Behind

“Tell everyone, Fairy Sang Chan has been kidnapped by the young master of the unorthodox sect.”

Gazing at the figure going afar in the forest, Gu Xi Ju picks up the silk handkerchief on the ground, his lips bending into a good-looking curve.

Bai Xiao Sheng has been following him for all these years, he clearly understands what this smile signifies, this is the satisfied smile of getting what he wants.

Since the poison incident a few days ago, every clan and every sect has been extremely anxious, there are frequent rumors saying “*this land is not propitious, the heaven is not helping us*”, many people in the team have already thought about going back, negotiating how to relinquish on attacking the Holy Bai Yue Sect.

Yet this happened tonight, it would be impossible for these men of Jiang Hu to

chicken out now, they cannot leave Fairy Sang Chan behind and go back, no clan wants to gain this infamous reputation.

In Jiang Hu, moral is paramount.

“This young master came out of seclusion, then truly immediately sent me a big gift.”

Gu Xi Ju lightly knocks on the desk, revealing a pleased look on his face.

—

Cloud-Rising Mountain, in the main court of Bai Yue Sect.

“Unfilial son!” Zuo Huai An swings a strong slap, causing Nan Yi to continuously fall back several steps.

“Bastard! Who allowed you to kidnap that girl?” He is extremely furious, even his hair is about to erect due to his anger, “Do you know, this will give Gu Xi Ju another excuse to attack Bai Yue!”

Nan Yi bites down on his teeth and wipes away the blood from the corner of his lips, saying in a low voice, “I’m not afraid.”

“You are not afraid? What the hell are you not afraid of!” Zoo Huai An is made even more enraged by his neither humble nor arrogant response, another slap with complete force lands, “Why didn’t you think before you act? Your junior sister took great effort and finally made them anxious, with your act, her works are all gone to waste!”

Nan Yi stands in the same place, directly allows this slap to land on himself.

“I will pay responsibility.” His face is extraordinarily pale, yet he remains stubborn and persistent.

“Pay responsibility! How can you pay responsibility?” Zuo Huai An is really infuriated to the extreme by him, “It was not easy for you to reach the ninth level of Xi Sui Jing, my inner energy is also not stable right now due to healing you, right now is the time for the entire sect to rest and restore energy, but you just want to cause troubles for me! Why do you always like to snatch these kind of girls back, do you still not understand until today? Beauties are the roots of troubles! Root of troubles are the beauties!” scolds him vehemently.

Nan Yi suddenly lifts his head up, directly stares at Zuo Huai An, his eyes as bright as a torch.

“Father, I want to know, how did Mei Wu really die?”

He speaks in a heavy voice.

Zuo Huai An pauses, then angrily tells, “How did she die? Didn’t you see it all? Someone cut her feet, snapped her meridians, let out all her blood, then she died!”

“What I want to ask is, who really was the one, why did that person kill her?” Nan Yi gazes at him, every word and every sentence sounds like being squeezed out from his teeth, “She was only just a little maid, having caused no injustice or hatred to anyone, how could she die this tragically? This strangely?”

Zuo Huai An stares back into his eyes for a whilst, his tall figure starts to shake.

“Unfilial son!” His hand slaps down, the large marble desk immediately breaks into pieces, its ash flying in the air, “What do you mean? You are suspecting your father? Did you eat the heart of a bear or the guts of a leopard? That spiteful woman named Sang Chan drugged you?! ”

Nan Yi quietly looks up to him, with no sign of withdrawing.

“What good comes out of that kind of women? You really think she truly liked you?!” Zuo Huai An inhales in a deep breath, bursts out into laughter when his anger reaches the limit, “It’s so good that she died, she died right on time! Full of pretense with not even half a bit of real emotion, truly not worthy to be married into my family of Bai Yue!”

The veins on Nan Yi’s forehead are almost going to jump out, “How can you talk about her like this?!”

Zuo Huai An laughs out loudly, his sonorous laughter echoes in the room.

“Whatever I say, counts as the reality, don’t you dare to argue back your father’s words?” He throws his sleeve towards Nan Yi, scolding, “Get the hell out of here, and release that spiteful woman immediately! I will hunt you down if you waste a second!”

Nan Yi’s forehead has already been beaten to the point of bleeding, he

clenches his teeth and does not say a word.

“I tell you! Do not think about any other women anymore, in your life you can only marry your junior sister! If you dare to be disloyal, be careful that I will exterminate you!”

Zuo Huai An roars like a male lion.

Nan Yi is completely stunned.

He quickly lifts up his head, looking at Zuo Huai An with an unbelievable expression, “How can this be done? She is clearly.....”

Then he swallowed the rest of the words back into his stomach.

Zuo Huai An did not notice his unusual reaction, just goes on and sneers, “Have you forgotten what I said to you when I passed on Xi Sui Jing to you?”

Nan Yi’s face freezes, then lowers his head, “.....I have not.”

Zuo Huai An nods in satisfaction, his voice as cold and hard as a frozen stone, “You swore the promise yourself, you shall not forget in your entire life.”

Nan Yi says in a soft voice, “Your child will never dare.”

Only then Zuo Huai An wave his hand, showing a trace of tiredness on his face, “Take your leave, do not care about anything regarding Mei Wu anymore, quickly send back Sang Chan.”

Nan Yi accepts the command and just when he is about to go, he hears Zuo Huai An slowly saying behind him, “Listen to your father’s words, do not cause more troubles in this period of time, touch less blood, after sending back those ridiculous clowns at the foot of the mountain, your father will host a splendid wedding for you two.”

This is the scene that Nan Yi sees when he walks back to the cave.

It seems like Sang Chan has fallen asleep after eating the drug, Pang Wan is holding a brush, and with it, she pokes, pokes, pokes, then draws, draws, draws on Sang Chan’s beautiful face.

“Who told you to be so beautiful, showing off!” Her tone really has a little

jealous-sour taste in it.

Nan Yi originally had a whole stomach of worrisome thoughts, yet when he sees her mischievous look, he could not resist his urge to laugh.

“How could you do this!” He pretends to be angry and takes the brush away from her hand, “You don’t learn anything good!”

Pang Wan sounds a humph, jumps down from the stone staircase.

“I just can’t stand looking at *white lotus flowers*!” She purses her lips, puts her hands on her hips and makes a dictating gesture, “She has everything, yet she does not cherish any of it; compare to her, I am a grass on the sidewalk with no father’s care and no mother’s love, truly so pitiful!”

Nan Yi’s face stiffens.

“Who said you are a grass on the sidewalk?” He gives her a glare, “Even though you have never met your father and mother, but don’t I and Father treat you well enough everyday?”

Pang Wan pauses, pouting her lips and saying nothing.

Under the shine of the candle light, the young lady’s clean cheeks are like freshly steamed custard buns, making it hard to not desire to take a bite.

“Wan Wan.” Nan Yi suddenly calls her name.

Pang Wan turns her face to look at him, she blinks her eyelashes in confusion.

“Is there someone who you like in your heart?” Nan Yi seriously gazes into her eyes.

Pang Wan freezes, in her head, a slender shadow vaguely appears.

“.....probably no.” She lowers her eyes till she cannot lower them anymore.

Nan Yi nods.

“Father wants me to marry you.” He softly says, “He said when those people at the foot of the mountain are gone, he will host us a wedding.”

Lifting up her head, Pang Wan is severely shocked.

Nan Yi’s facial expression looks extra strange under the candle light.

“Let’s not talk about this anymore, help me to carry this thing out.”

Not waiting for Pang Wan to react, he bends down and puts Sang Chan onto his shoulders, walking out with big and quick steps.

Another three days have passed, Zuo Huai An is sitting on a chair and drinking tea, then suddenly hears the news from a spy.

The spy reports that the second batch of poisonous powder has already been diffused out on butterflies, another bunch of people from the righteous side have collapsed, they were forced to retreat during the night. Of course, Sang Chan is also safe and sound, back in the team, it can be said that Gu Xi Ju’s excuse has been made impossible.

Only then did Zuo Huai An slightly releases a breath.

Although he vaguely feels in her heart that this time the opponents’ retreat is a little bit too smooth, it does not affect the stream of anxious enthusiasm in his heart——to prevent unnecessary things to happen, he decides to host a wedding for Pang Wan and Nan Yi as soon as possible.

Pang Wan stares at the wedding gown in the maid’s hands, her face shows a second of palpitation.

Its strong bright red(traditional Chinese wedding gown is red), is even more attracting and glamorous than the Fire Phoenix Cloak that she is in.

Picking up the Phoenix coronet and jewelry in the tray, she just feels that every piece is extraordinary and precious, looks like sect leader has spend great amount of money on them.

The maid kneels on the ground, detailedly reporting that the wedding date has been decided on the day after seven days; she does not say anything, waves her hand to signal the maids to leave.

Turning back and returning to her bedroom, yet she sees Nan Yi dressed in complete black, standing in front of the bed.

“How dare you, you actually dare to break into a young lady’s bedroom at night!” Pang Wan grabs the longans from the table and throws them on him.

Nan Yi flicks the “hidden weapons” away, his usually tense face reveals a trace of smile.

“I came to see you, according to the rules, I won’t be able to see you in the following several days.” He walks to her, caresses her hair.

Pang Wan obeys him and does not make any moves to protest, purses her lips and humphs.

Nan Yi’s hand pauses, suddenly he says, “Sorry for having you going through this.”

Pang Wan looks up, just sees his ink-dark pupils shinning as stars in the sky, sparkling with visible yet untouchable light.

——ever since he has came out of his seclusion, she has not been able to see through him.

“I’m so defeated by you!” She pushes him away a little angrily, “You have always been beating and scolding me ever since we were young, now I am even forced to marry you, my life is truly bitter to the extreme.”

Nan Yi laughs without any anger, holds up her hands and covers them in his palms, “I promise, those things in our childhood, will never ever happen again.”

Pang Wan presses her lips and does not talk, recalling the things from their childhood, she is more or less jealous. But she clearly knows, if Nan Yi did not chase and fight her, maybe she would not have the skills that she has today.

“You know you owe me a lot? You should pay back to me well in the future!”

She gives him a condescending glance, seizing this opportunity to act arrogant.

Nan Yi gently pokes her forehead.

“Thank you.” He suddenly tells her in a low voice.

Pang Wan is stunned for a second, then replies with a cute smile, “This sentence cannot be counted as the interest of your debt.”

Nan Yi hooks up the corners of his lips.

After quietly sitting in the room for a moment, Pang Wan finally would not resist and asks, “Senior brother, how confident are you about that day?”

“.....ninety percent.”

A luminous light rapidly shines in Nan Yi's eyes.

About the title: 螳螂捕蝉，黄雀在后 translates to “a mantis is hunting a cicada, but a yellow oriole is behind them”. This means while two forces are busy fighting each other, another force is quietly watching and planning to devour



them all.

(pic from <http://baike.baidu.com>)

Translator's Note: OHHHHHH....Someone is getting married!!! Hummmm, how is this gonna turn out?

(translated by xia0xiao1mei)

(edited by anniaxx)



CHAPTER FIFTY-SIX

The Big Wedding Day

Ten days later, at Cloud-Rising Mountain.

The red curtains across the mountains and plains declare the Bai Yue Sect's joyous occasion, everywhere is a lively scene of beating drums and clanging gongs.

The bride who should be sitting in her private room, is currently dressed in a red robe, staying by an unconscious woman's side.

"Rong Gu-Gu, when will you finally be able to open your eyes?"

She caresses the woman's pale face, crystal tears sitting in her eyes.

"Wan Wan is already about to wed someone, should you still not wake up, you won't be able to see me in my wedding gown."

The woman remains completely motionless.

“Do you not want to know what kind of a person Wan Wan is marrying?” She sticks her face next to the woman’s bloodless cheek, a drop of hot tear sliding down, “Open your eyes and take a look at me ah.”

“Sheng Gu mustn’t miss the auspicious hour, leaving Young Master to wait.” The maid is afraid she will ruin her makeup with tears, and hurriedly steps forward to interrupt as she advises her.

Pang Wan once again reluctantly let two drops of tears slip out, then nods her head, sits up straight.

The maid wipes away her tears with a handkerchief, and fix her makeup with a bit of powder, then quickly helping her out.

It is finally the chosen time.

Although it is said that the bride and groom have grown up together since young, and their living quarters are no more than a few moments away, the bridal sedan procedure definitely cannot be one to be lacking in. Sect Leader has specially arranged for the bride to sit in an eight-bearer sedan, all gongs and flutes sounding as they circle around the mountain, accepting countless fresh flowers, peanuts, longan and red dates from the sect’s people, before being sent into the main hall.

The groom looking like a jade tree stood against the wind, with a red silk ribbon draping across his shoulder and a red flower pinned to his chest, is already stood at the doors to welcome her, following behind him are seven pairs of little boys and girls holding red candles, the auspicious hour has come, the firecrackers sounds, drums and gongs playing in harmony, a blazing firepan is lit in front of the doors.

The groom stands before the hall with his head held high, raising a bow as he releases three imaginary arrows towards the above of the sedan doors, signifying the dispelling of evil spirits.

The bearers tilt the sedan forward, and the bride appears covered in a red bridal veil, under the wedding lady’s guidance, she steps across the fire pan, supported by the arm, she then steps onto the red carpet of the wedding hall,

and stands facing the double happiness (囍) symbol with the groom. (Wedding lady or xǐ niáng / 喜娘 is like a matron of honour in modern terms, but is actually a woman employed to attend to the bride and assist the wedding ceremony in ancient times)

Dragon-phoenix wedding candles are lit, the Heart Character incense burning, an auspicious air enshrouding the venue, the wedding officiant uses a red and green silk damask ribbon and ties it to the two people, making it “red-green silk thread, one line of connection”.

The drums sound, “*First bow to the heaven and earth——*” The wedding officiant’s bright and clear voice rings.

The bride and groom kneels and bows towards the double happiness symbol.

“*Second bow to the high court——*” (High court here refers to one’s elders, parents in most cases)

The bride and groom kneels and bows towards Zuo Huai An who is currently sat on the Tai Shi armchair, already smiling to the point his lips can no longer remain closed.

“*Husband and wife bow to one another——*”

The bride and groom turns their bodies, face to face.

Unexpectedly, the two people doesn’t immediately proceed to bow, but seems to be waiting for something, pausing at the same time.

“Wait!” A shrill cry sounds from the wedding hall.

The bride instantly releases a sigh, not caring for any unnecessary and over-elaborate formalities, with one lift of the bridal veil, she reveals her pretty little face.

At the doors of the main hall, stands an unfamiliar woman in a body of white, a dismal expression hanging on that beautiful face.

“Little Yi, how could you marry her? How could you?” With the posture of a dead wood, nails digging deep marks into the wooden doors, looking at Nan Yi with eyes filled with resentment, “You have clearly promised before, you will only marry one wife in your lifetime!”

Pang Wan is instantly struck dumb.

By the sounds of it, it seems like Nan Yi's old lover has come forward, but Nan Yi has clearly only liked one Lady Mei Wu before ah! This woman in white may be beautiful, but her appearance clearly falls far short from that of Mei Wu's, how is that the fairy-like lady at the mountaintop that day?

Pang Wan subconsciously turns to look at Nan Yi, but sees his face seeming to be covered in a thin layer of ice, unable to catch a clear look of his true expression no matter what.

"What lowly woman has come to interrupt the ceremony?!" Not waiting for Zuo Huai An to utter a word, Shi Jue Ming had already struck his palm towards the woman, but only sees a white flash, and that woman had already avoided the attack as she soars into the air and passes by.

Seeing that his attack had missed, Shi Jue Ming, rapidly performs successive strikes.

"Little Yi! How could you simply just watch others harm me?!" The woman cries out whilst evading, extremely grieved, "Little Yi! Little Yi!"

This clear and sharp sound of the two words "Little Yi", filled with limitless sorrow, is simply heart-shattering to hear.

"Hold it." Nan Yi finally speaks.

Shi Jue Ming casts a glance at the person sat in the Tai Shi armchair, and silently withdraws.

"You didn't die." Nan Yi gazes at the woman in white, and deeply says this.

His voice is very steady, unable to detect any trace of sorrow or joy, but Pang Wan feels that, his calmness is no more than a mask stuck on his face.

"Little Yi, forgive me." The woman covers her face, crying like a pear blossom bathed in rain, "Forgive me!"

"So this is your real appearance?" Nan Yi's voice had already turned bone penetratingly cold.

The woman in white drops to her knees as she ceaselessly cries, muttering: "Forgive me, forgive me.....I didn't want to deceive you.....the wedding

ceremony that day, I too had no choice.....”

Within a moment of lightning striking the rocks, Pang Wan finally understands, this woman in white is Mei Wu!

As though a wakeup call rang through her head, her entire body of pumping blood freezes.

—Mei Wu is still alive? Then who was it that died that day? Why is Rong Gu-Gu lying in coma? In order to find out the truth behind her death, she and Nan Yi, one almost became a cripple, one consumed by his power, only to find that in the end, the culprit is alive and well, and is still able to appear at the wedding to interrupt the ceremony!

She was practically stunned into forgetting to breathe.

But sees Nan Yi taking a deep breath.

“Good, very good.” He grits his teeth as he says this, jaw tightening, knuckles turning white, “Your face is fake, you saying you don’t know martial arts is also fake, even your death, is fake as well.”

“Speak! Who exactly are you?!” He roars, directly pulling out the Flying Eagle Sword from his waist side.

With a sound of “*ca*”, the frosty air overflows from the blade, seeing the bridegroom’s entire body emitting a steamy air of murderous intent, the wedding guests all take a big step back.

Zuo Huai An on the Tai Shi armchair suddenly bursts out laughing.

“How’s that? Now you know, why I said she isn’t worthy for you?”

Zuo Huai An’s face reveals an expression of extreme heartfelt pleasure.

“If I further tell you, she is simply a spy sent here by someone, would you still hold any feelings of compassion for her at all?” He spitefully casts a glance at Mei Wu, “Relying on beauty to kill for money, women like this simply deserves to die!”

Not waiting for Nan Yi’s reply, Mei Wu had already crawled over, clinging to Nan Yi’s leg.

“No! It’s not like that!” The tears on her face seems to have a life of its own as it inexhaustibly continues to stream out, “Little Yi, I have never thought of harming you! Never!”

Nan Yi lowers his lashes as he looks at her, as though his entire person had just been fished out from an icehouse.

“Why did you fake your death?” He lightly asks.

Mei Wu who was in the midst of wailing, shrinks back a little.

“Ha-ha-ha!” Zuo Huai An once again bursts out laughing, “Silly child! Do you still not understand? her real identity had been discovered by me, thus coming up with such a ‘cicada casting off its skin’ ^[1] plan! This woman has a face of a white lotus, but is a snake at heart, venomously vicious to the extreme!”

Nan Yi sinks into silence, he does not pay attention to Zuo Huai An, his eyes just digging straight into Mei Wu.

“You found a substitute? You gave her the fake face?” He quietly asks this, “In order to escape, you killed the maids I sent to protect you? You chopped off their heads? You even knocked Rong Gu unconscious?” Having spoken to this point, his voice had already started to tremble slightly.

Mei Wu dejectedly releases both her hands, with even more tears surging out: “I, I didn’t harm Rong Gu……”

These words does not mention the previous accounts of crime.

—*enough, this is already enough.*

Nan Yi raises his head, taking a deep deep breath.

Don’t know if this is a misconception, Pang Wan notices something seemingly glistening sweep past his eyes.

“Lord You, drag this woman out of the hall, sentence her to death by hanging under the sect’s regulations.” Nan Yi turns around, face already restoring a cold demeanour.

“No!” Mei Wu widens her eyes in disbelief, mouth issuing an earth-shattering scream.

“Little Yi! How could you treat me like this? Do you not love me anymore Little Yi?! Did you forget the oath you made me?” She stands up in panic, wanting to hug Nan Yi, “I risked my life to come here all for you ah! Little Yi!”

“Who are you? I don’t even know you.” Nan Yi pushes her away with one move, returning towards the wedding hall without even looking back.

Shi Jue Ming receives the order and steps forwards, grabbing hold of the already collapsed Mei Wu and drags her away.

Zuo Huai An heartily laughs and claps: “Good on you! You are indeed my son!”

Nan Yi does not care about other people, directly walking to Pang Wan.

“Silly girl, why did you lift your veil, how inauspicious.” He playfully says.

He may be smiling, but his entire body is trembling, like a bow stretched to its limit, should it be stretched a little bit more, it will immediately snap.

Pang Wan quietly gazes back at him, eyes gradually coated in mist.

——his suffering, she deeply knows.

——there is no torture more painful than being deceived by your beloved.

“Senior Brother.....” All of a sudden, thousands and thousands of words rushes up her heart, yet she is unable to say anything, and can only let slip a drop of tear, the tip of her nose and eyes turning red.

Yet Nan Yi understands the words she didn’t manage to say.

“Look, we truly are fellow sufferers with mutual sympathy.” He self-mockingly says, raising his thumb to wipe away her tear, also suppressing the bitterness in his heart at the same time.

Pang Wan leans into his arms, heart pained to the point her face was drenched in tears.

Never has anyone seen a bride hugging the groom as she cries into a ball before completing the wedding ceremony, the wedding lady is stunned, everyone exchanging glances.

“What you waiting for, aren’t you going to hurry and continue?!” Zuo Huai An throws his sleeve towards the already blank faced wedding officiant.

“This marriage cannot happen!”

All that can be heard is a loud shout, and a pale faced patient enters the big hall with the support of a maid.

Pang Wan having cried in heavy flows, was suddenly startled to a stop by this voice, inwardly thinking could it be another Mei Wu?

Raising her head, turns out, this is far more shocking than Mei Wu’s arrival.

“Rong Gu-Gu!” Not even caring to wipe away her tears, she hurriedly runs towards her, a face of sincere joy, “Rong Gu-Gu you’ve woken up? You’re better? You can walk?”

However, Rong Gu-Gu’s face is exceptionally solemn, showing no signs of happiness.

“Sheng Gu, you cannot marry Young Master.” She grabs Pang Wan’s hands, giving it a tight squeeze, “Cannot marry!”

“Rong Gu! The big wedding day is no time for you to be acting so impudently! Young Master and Sheng Gu have both grown up together since childhood, this day is a marriage set by the heavens, why must you obstruct it?!” Zuo Huai An stands up from the Tai Shi armchair, a valiant face filled with hostility.

Rong Gu-Gu does not panic, and just coldly looks at Nan Yi, tone filled with reproach: “Young Master! You clearly know the reason, why must you agree to this marriage?”

Nan Yi lowers his eyes and does not answer, a trace of pain flashing past his face.

“Young Master, could it be, you wish to personally watch such disgrace happen?!”

Rong Gu-Gu sees that he is not answering, and was angered into throwing aside the maid’s supporting hand, a trembling finger pointing forward, her already hoarse voice turns frantic, “Zuo Nan Yi! Your conscience has been eaten by a dog! You can even carry out such incestuous matter between brother and sister?!”

These words threw the entire place into an uproar.

Pang Wan’s entire person freezes.

“Rong Gu-Gu?” She turns to look at her, little face frightened pale white, “What did you say? Brother Nan Yi is my what?”

Rong Gu-Gu looks at her, eyes gradually filling up with tears.

“Sheng Gu, you are Sect Leader’s biological daughter ah! The former Sheng Gu had only brought you along in escape, because you are her and Sect Leader’s illegitimate child, she does not have the face to see Sect Leader Madam ah!”

She pulls Pang Wan into her arms, a face full of bitter pain.

“You and Young Master are biological siblings of the same father and different mother, that’s why this marriage cannot happen, absolutely cannot happen ah!”

Having finished hearing these words, Pang Wan’s body sticks to the floor, steps so heavy, she cannot possibly lift her feet.

She looks at Nan Yi in confusion, but sees him close both eyes in pain, as though his most secretive wound had been dug open by someone, exposed under the watchful eyes of the crowd.

“No, this isn’t true.” She turns to find Zuo Huai An for help, “Sect Leader, you tell me, exactly whose child am I?”

Zuo Huai An sits on the Tai Shi armchair.

His five fingers have already deeply imprinted into the armrests, however, his face still maintains a look of a pale calmness.

“Rong Gu, no matter what you say, it is useless, today’s marriage must definitely go through. Someone come, guide Rong Gu down to watch the ceremony.”

He casually commands.

[1] **Cicada casting off its skin** or **jīn chán tuō ké / 金蝉脱壳** is a saying that refers to a **strategized escape** or a **disappearance act from an entangled situation**, just like how a cicada leave behind its cast-off part in moulting.

Full

(translated by *anniaxx*)

(edited by *xia0xiao1mei*)



CHAPTER FIFTY-SEVEN

The Truth

“You’re insane!”

A shrilling wail sounds from Rong Gu-Gu’s mouth, she stares at Zuo Huai An, to the point the corners of her eyes look as if their about to crack.

“You madman! Just because you cannot achieve the fulfillment yourself, you want to cruelly torture these two innocent children?”

Hearing what Zuo Huai An said, Nan Yi also couldn’t hide the consternation on his face.

“Little brat, have you forgotten what you promised me in seclusion?”

Seeing his hesitation, Zuo Huai An uncontrollably becomes furious and smacks his palm on the table, “You, yourself have said that as long you can master Xi Sui

Jing, you will take care of your junior sister for the rest of her life yourself, otherwise, your soul shall be diffused, your spirit shall be scattered, you shall not have a good death, could it be that you want to break your promise today?!"

Pang Wan just feels that her head is in a complete daze, unconsciously turning to look at Nan Yi.

She had no idea that he has sworn such serious promise when he went into seclusion.

Yet she sees Nan Yi clench his teeth, suddenly kneeling down on the red carpet: "Once your child has sworn a promise, he definitely will not go back on his words!"

"This bride standing here today, will you marry her or not?" Zuo Huai An asks forcefully full of hostility.

Nan Yi closes his eyes, answering in a heavy voice: "As long as Junior Sister is willing to marry me, then I will marry her."

"Madman! Madman! Your entire family is a whole bunch of madmen!" Rong Gu screams and jumps up, unable to control her flustered emotion, "You clearly know it's incest yet still want to do it, do you all have any shame? What a group of monsters you all are! You bunch of unorthodox sect's evil....."

She suddenly covers her mouth.

"Hahaha!"

Zuo Huai An laughs out loud, the haze between his eyebrows immediately disappears, as if he has waited far too long for this day, and today his wish has finally been fulfilled.

"Rong Gu, it has been hard on you, spying for so many years and finally revealing yourself today! It truly isn't easy!"

All that can be seen is one rise of his sleeve, then Pang Wan is immediately drawn to him as if she is only a little ant.

"My child," Zuo Huai An gently looks at her, full of caring love, "Today your father shall let you know, what kind of a thing that Rong Gu whom you have loved with your whole heart is!"

Pang Wan hears him calling her his child, and couldn't resist the shock in her heart, but is also worried about Rong Gu's situation, all of a sudden, her entire face is blushing red due to anxiety.

"Rong Gu, are you truly sick to the point you cannot get up from your bed? For how long do you want to continue pretending like this?"

Zuo Huai An sonorously laughs and waves his hand, three short knives have already flew out from his sleeve, directly targeting to Rong Gu's face.

All that can be heard is two sounds of "ding-ding", and a paper fan suddenly comes flying in a spiral path, cleverly blocking all the short knives.

A tall purple figure appears in the wedding court.

"Rong-er, there's me here, you can take your leave first."

That person turns back, his ink-dark hair raises up a century of charm, his steps elegant, his spirit winsome, as if a tree of laurel on the moon, would allow any slight degree of profaneness.

Rong Gu withdraws with tears flowing down her face, everyone is still shocked by the verve of the person who has just arrived, so at this moment, no one thought about chasing after her.

"Today is the day of great joy for Sect Leader Zuo, I failed to discipline my subordinate properly, causing her to gain the opportunity of jumping out and ruining the atmosphere, Sect Leader, please forgive me."

This one casual sentence of his, easily shows that Rong Gu is from his side.

"Sect Leader, please consider that one of my subordinate has just been killed by you all, so please tolerate Rong-er this once."

After hearing this, the bridal veil in Pang Wan's hands drops to the ground.

"Did not expect that the Supreme Chief of Wu Lin would actually come to my son's wedding, I truly have not prepared well to welcome your arrival!" Zuo Huai An's face turns pale, his eyebrows also tightly furrows, "Don't know what matter has caused the Supreme Chief to arrive here?"

His words are polite, but everyone can tell the fierce and murderous air surrounding him — he is using all his self-control to resist himself from making

a move, maybe it is because no blood shall be shed in the wedding court, or maybe it is because of some other unknown reason.

“I am only here to congratulate.” Gu Xi Ju looks at Zuo Huai An as if nothing has happened, calm and relaxed, “The Sect Leader of Bai Yue Sect takes in a daughter-in-law and marries off his own daughter all in the same day, such a great event, how could I not come to share the joy?”

The veins on Zuo Huai An’s forehead has already bulged, he clenches his teeth and says, “This is the affair of my own family, no need for Supreme Chief to worry!”

However, Gu Xi Ju presents a surprised look, “Could it be that you are worried that I would ruin this wedding?”

“No, I would not.” He shakes his head and laughs, “This is not even incest between brother and sister, why would I ruin it? The groom is not your biological son anyway.”

“Fake son, real daughter——Sect Leader has said it right, it is truly a marriage set by the heavens!” He very leisurely blinks.

This sentence is undoubtedly a bomb thrown into the court.

Within one second, uproar sounds up from every direction, everyone’s facial expression has changed, except for Gu Xi Ju’s.

“Father!” Nan Yi turns to stare at Zuo Huai An, his face showing a never before seen look of extreme shock.

Zuo Huai An’s face becomes like dead ashes in the blink of an eye, he dejectedly falls down on the chair like a deflated ball. He has closed his eyes, his mouth was about to open for several times, but after all it is still dead silence.

“Nan Yi, you are my child, Father has never treated you unfairly.....” He pauses for a long time, then finally tells him in a shaking voice.

A jarring laugh just happens to sound at this moment, interrupted his emotional talk.

“Sect Leader Zuo, you are truly the one person I have ever seen who is able to remain so calm whilst telling a lie, I admire you!” The person laughing is of course

Gu Xi Ju.

“You still dare to say that this youth is your child? That you have never treated him unfairly?” He looks at Zuo Huai An calmly and collectedly, mockery is clearly written on the corner of his eyes and the tip of his brows, “Dare I ask who was the one that has always given good things to his biological daughter, yet sending ‘your child’ to the most difficult place for training? Dare I ask who is the one that purposely concealed the truth regarding Mei Wu’s death, and gave out a hint tracing to me and the Solitary Palace? Dare I ask who is the one that exaggerated the opponent to be heavenly strong, forcing ‘your child’ to practice Xi Sui Jing to seek revenge, even causing him to be consumed by his own power and became a monster?”

His eyes as sharp as forceful knives.

“Zuo Huai An, since his childhood till now, have you ever treated ‘your child’ with a true heart for half a moment? Or can it be said that you just thought of ‘your child’ as a tool?”

“You’d better also tell ‘your child’, how his real parents died in your hands!” His smile grows more ruthless and ferocious, “Do you want to drip ‘your child’ and yours blood into water right now^[1]? And see exactly whose biological child he is?!”

It is suddenly deadly silent in the room, as if even a breeze of wind does not dare to touch the ground.

Pang Wan gazes at that purple figure in front of the court and falls into a daze.

She knows, if he dares to say this kind of presumptuous words, then he must have a hundred percent confidence in his heart, maybe he has even gotten a hold of an unshakable evidence. That person is growing out enormous black wings behind him, only a gentle sway will cause the heaven and earth to shake, the entire world is about to collapse, and no more peace will ever be found.

He is a real demon; he comes from hell.

Her whole body is as cold as ice.

All that can be heard is a mournful long cry, Nan Yi has teared off the red flower on his chest, he leaps out of the court with red eyes and lightning speed.

“Nan Yi!” Zuo Huai An utters a loud yell then chases after him.

Shi Jue Ming’s heart is burning, he quickly leads everyone to search for young master, the wedding officiant and wedding lady have all ran out, within one moment, only the bride is left all alone in the court.

The heart character incense has burned out, red and green silk have fallen off to the ground and ripped into two by people’s steps, dragon-phoenix wedding candles have melted into a small pool of slumped wax.

Pang Wan stands still in front of the double-happiness symbol, she is still in the wedding gown, the phoenix coronet is still on her head.

Suddenly a hand reaches out, removing the bridal veil which only had one corner hanging onto her.

“You are still young, it’s too early to be wearing a wedding gown.”

Gu Xi Ju silently appears in front of her.

His eyes slightly narrow, his smile is more gentle and warm than any time before.

Pang Wan shivers and shakes, unconsciously stepping back, yet her shoulders are grabbed by him.

“Aren’t you curious, why would I know so many secrets?”

Gu Xi Ju smilingly gazes at her fearful and distressed look, enjoying the ineffable comfort and pleasure in his heart.

Pang Wan uses all her energy to shake her head, struggling to cover her ears with her hands — she’s afraid, she does not want to hear the voice from a demon.

But Gu Xi Ju captures her hands, tightly pressing them against her back.

“Why do you step back? Didn’t you used to love to stick to me and act pampered?”

He lowers his head toward her, a crispy sweet plum fragrance, ambiguously flit past the tip of her nose.

“Did you know, Rong Gu has been a spy in Bai Yue since ten years ago? Did you

know, she writes letters to me reporting your actions every month?”

He takes out a stack of painting scrolls, slowly opening them up in front of her.

After she finishes looking at one scroll, the paper flies to the red carpet like a falling leaf.

Pang Wan’s eyes gradually widen.

The person in these paintings is her from ten to sixteen, from the simple facial feature drawings in the beginning, to laughs and cries towards the end, common scenes in her life like sitting and sleeping, every painting is extremely vivid, as if it is about to come to life.

It can be seen, the person drawing these has improved drawing skill over the years, and also gradually developed feelings for her.

“Rong Gu really likes you.” Gu Xi Ju sighs, “Otherwise she would not have disobeyed my order, running out in front of everyone today.”

“It is fortunate that I know more than she does, I cannot only have one spy, the strong card is in my hand in the end.”

He grins, throwing the last painting to the ground.

That one just happens to be the one from the day of “Nan Ke” beauty trap night, the one that she saw in the study room — at that time she overestimated herself, assuming that it was painted by Gu Xi Ju.

Pang Wan almost wants to cry out loud.

——ten years! Ten whole years! Ten years of spying! Ten years of scheming! How great of a trap this is!

Her sacrifice, Nan Yi’s endurance, in the end both are defeated by several words from this person, he only used his mouth to successfully turn Nan Yi and Zuo Huai An into enemies, even if they would reluctantly reconcile in the future, there would still be unresolvable pain left in their hearts.

No matter how much force is used, external attack cannot be more effective than disintegrating enemies internally, Gu Xi Ju has indeed mastered this principle very well!

“Do you still not understand?”

Gu Xi Ju looks at her almost hopeless face, lightly sounding a laugh.

“Since the day you were sent back to Bai Yue Sect, your food and cloth expenditure, your books and studies, every person and thing that you could interact with around you, are all painstakingly planned by me—Wan Wan, I watched you grow up, I have always been watching you.”

His voice is so lingering, as if she is a syrupy maltose candy that is just for him to enjoy, only eating it would not be enough, he also wants to lick the remaining sweetness on his fingers one by one.

In Gu Xi Ju’s heart, he is the person who understands Pang Wan most , although he has not been standing next to her, although there have been million miles of distance between them, he has always been controlling her through Rong Gu-Gu.

He filtered out all the inappropriate books, getting rid of those training that might contaminate her heart, if it wasn’t for his careful cultivation, Pang Wan must have already become a ruthless bloodthirst demoness.

It is all because of him, today Wan Wan has grown to be so kind, full of weak and suppressible kindness.

But from now on, she will also become twisted because of him, becoming a person full of vengeance and vicious schemes.

He enjoys this special Child-Raising Game so much.

“You love sweet food, yet cannot eat too much; your favorite flower is jasmine, you hate earthworm and budworm the most; the very first person you liked, is Nan Yi, am I right?”

Gu Xi Ju’s voice sounds like it has flowed here from some stream far far away, filled with cold, thin, foggy air.

“Wan Wan, you have grown up raised by me, no one else knows you more than I do.”

He pulls the stiff Pang Wan into his arms, comfortably inhaling in a breath of the fragrance on the young lady’s body, which he has not enjoyed in a long time.

“No matter how much you resent me, you must understand this truth.”

[1]*Dripping blood into water*/滴血认亲／*dī xiě run qīn* is a paternity test that people back then frequently used. The parent and the child cut their fingers and drip a drop of blood into a bowl of water, if their drops of blood unite, then they are biologically related. However, according to science now, any two people's blood would unite in water, so it does not work.

Translator's Note: So many truth are revealed, how did you react when you read them? The scene with Pang Wan standing alone in the wedding room breaks my heart. And, Gu Xi Ju has always been watching her???
WOWOWOWOW....

Ying Zhao, our author, said at the end of this chap: “*I really enjoy writing about the Supreme Chief, ah, such a psycho with ‘excellent reasons’.*” Sounds like Ying Zhao is pretty proud of creating this unexpected psychopath, hahahaha.

Lastly, that person, who has disappeared for so long, is finally about to come back.



CHAPTER FIFTY-EIGHT

Gentleman Returns

On this night, Pang Wan sits on the ice cold bed, straightening out the circumstances surrounding the news she got this morning.

Mei Wu is Gu Xi Ju's undercover agent, Rong Gu is too.

Mei Wu's face is fake, Sect Leader saw through her, causing her to have no choice but to find a substitute to die in her place.

But she loves Nan Yi, and is unwilling to let Nan Yi marry another woman so fast, thus putting her life at risk to come ruin the wedding.

Rong Gu-Gu's reason is she was worried about her, hence why she could no longer feign her comatose state. Rong Gu-Gu being knocked unconscious from a serious injury that day is probably also due to Sect Leader taking advantage of the disarray, he saw that there's something wrong about Rong Gu, and now

seeing Gu Xi Ju's attitude today, clearly he had abandoned Mei Wu to keep Rong Gu.

And Nan Yi, when Nan Yi had requested her to play this wedding act, clearly he had thought she is his sister, so why would he still take such a huge risk?

But all these news, cannot be more shocking than the last one, she is actually Sect Leader and the former Sheng Gu's daughter, whilst Nan Yi is Sect Leader Madam and someone else's child.

How could this Bai Yue Sect be summed up with a simple word of a "mess"?

And how could the Jiang Hu be clearly explained with a simple word of "exhausting"?

She thinks for very very long time, in the end, unable to suppress the sleepiness, she falls asleep fully clothed, still dressed in the wedding gown.

Amongst the haziness, it seems someone had jumped in and said something as they caressed her face, but then quietly leaves.

She already has no energy to bother with it.

The next morning, she drowsily opens her eyes, but sees a familiar person sat before her bed.

There was a little moment, she practically thought she was still dreaming — since he had left, she would always have one or two dreams with him in them.

So she only rubs her eyes, turning over, intending to continue sleeping a bit longer.

Then, her entire person was yanked back.

"You can actually still sleep?!" An exploding shout sounds, her entire jaw had been clamped to the point it could crack.

The pain causing her to have no other choice but to thoroughly wake up, trying her best to open her eyes.

Golden hair coronet adorned with green jade, eyes clear and bright, a body of blue brocade robes with mink lining, cheeks thin and pale, the mole between his brow, makes him look like a pure noble, distinguished and admirable — such a

classic gentleman appearance, other than Great Young Master He Qing Lu, further alternative thoughts are not needed.

Just that, right now his eyes are bloodshot, huge bluish shadows hangs under his eyes, an appearance of sleepy and exhausted to the extreme.

“Gentleman, how come you’re here? Did you not sleep well last night?” Pang Wan dizzily knocks away his violent hands.

Seven days and seven nights with no sleep no rest, he rode the horse at a flying speed, He Qing Lu’s heart filled with raging flames had already boiled up to his throat, his shame turns into anger as he looks at the bleary-eyed person on the bed, suddenly wanting to strangle her, eat her into his stomach, turn her bones into ashes.

But, in the end, he cannot bear to.

“What are you wearing? Is this how you repay me?!”

His anger catches onto something else, all that can be heard is a sound of “*ci-la*”, and the top quality silk quilt is ripped into two, revealing a bright red bridal gown underneath.

Yet Gentleman He’s eyes were even redder than that of the wedding gown, almost red to the point of dripping blood.

No matter how dull, how stupid Pang Wan is, this time, she too has completely woken up.

“Gentleman, let me explain!” She was startled into jumping up from the bed, reaching out to shake He Qing Lu’s shoulders, “There’s a reason for this!”

However, He Qing Lu does not listen to her, and only went straight into tearing apart the wedding gown on her, all of a sudden, the entire room was sounding “*ci-la*”, crimson red fabrics strewn all over the floor.

He is really furious, unable to care about anything else.

Pang Wan does not dare to rebel against him, and could only wait for him to finish venting with teary eyes, until only her snow white underclothing was covering her body, does He Qing Lu finally stop.

“Explain.” He sits back on the bed side, breathing heavily, looking down at her.

Only now does Pang Wan pout her lips, fearfully coming clean with the whole matter of Nan Yi asking her to act this all out with him.

“It’s fake, this is a fake wedding.” She stresses this point, afraid he would explode again, “We didn’t bow to one another as husband and wife, nevermind consummating the marriage, everything does not count.”

He Qing Lu coldly looks at her, not saying anything.

Of course he knows the two of them did not complete the wedding ceremony, having rushed to Bai Yue Sect before dawn, the first thing he did was go to the wedding hall to confirm the news.

—should they have really completed the ceremony, does she really think she would still be able to lie in bed and sleep through the night just fine?

—should they really have consummated the marriage, he.....he simply does not even want to imagine this.

He gazes at Pang Wan, within a moment, frustration that he had never felt before comes crashing down like toppling mountains and overturning seas, practically about to have him pushed to the edge of the cliff.

Having lived twenty years as heaven’s favoured child, he has attached importance to a person for the first time, wanting to keep someone by his side for the first time, doting on her, loving her, thinking of her, hating that he cannot carry her around in his pocket, have her melting into his mouth — and even, even the word “like” which she never would have thought he would say had already been said.

But she does not care at all.

Even if he had made such a solemn oath, saying he will marry her.

A certain spot in his heart suddenly pulls together into a ball, so painful, he practically cannot say anything.

Pang Wan sees He Qing Lu’s face turning pale one moment and ashen the next, and can pretty much guess that he is facing an inner conflict, thus making her feel guilty and sad, she can only hold his hand in hers, helplessly keeping watch of him from under her lashes.

However, He Qing Lu tosses his sleeve back, pulling his hand away.

At this time, Pang Wan bravely plays up her fearlessly shameless spirit, she persistently continues to grab Gentleman's hand.

Grabs hold, gets thrown off, once again grabs hold, once again gets thrown off.

Tossing around for approximately five times, He Qing Lu finally doesn't throw her off anymore, and only glares with a pair of amber eyes like frosty stars.

"Gentleman, I was wrong!" Seeing that he's finally willing to look directly at her, Pang Wan hurriedly pretends to be pitiful and acts nice and obedient, "Can you forgive me this one time ah?"

He Qing Lu clearly catches the cunningness in her eyes, making him feel even more angered and pained at heart.

He understands that clever little brain of hers is thinking of how to please him, but this kind of pleasing is not because of the same favouring he holds towards her, this knowledge practically makes his chest feel like its splitting open.

He takes a deep deep breath.

—no, cannot blame her, what significance is there in blaming her? What he owes her, afraid that it is even more than this, he can no longer waste time on arguing and feeling pained.

"You come here." He sighs.

Pang Wan hurriedly crawls to his side, sitting upright next to him, in all seriousness.

He Qing Lu looks at her for a moment, then suddenly lowers his head to kiss her lips.

The intensive kiss comes tumbling down like rain, hot and humid, bit by bit nibbling up her fragrant tenderness. Perhaps due to guilt, or perhaps due to fear, Pang Wan was startled at first, but then unconsciously opens her mouth, gently responding to the man in front of her, originally handsome like a divine being.

Gaining in exchange, was him practically about to swallow her into a fierce storm.

“You are my, He Qing Lu’s wife, you cannot marry another, no acting, no joking, nor can you even lie about it.”

The husky voice sounding just like it floated in from the distant horizon, carrying subtle anger and sorrow.

——*is it sorrow?*

Pang Wan hazily thinks this, feeling that she is most likely imagining things.

The two youngsters sit sticking together at the bedside for a while, when He Qing Lu suddenly holds Pang Wan’s hand as he heads outwards.

“Let’s go, take me to see your father.” His tone is utterly filled with anxiousness.

Pang Wan is stunned, and was just about to say “I don’t know where my father is buried”, when she suddenly understands, the one he speaks of is actually her “biological father” Zuo Huai An.

During the night, the crisis of yesterday’s wedding should be known to the world now.

“He went to find my senior brother.” Pang Wan’s face reveals sorrow and utter dejection, “Don’t know when there will be news.”

——*don’t know if the matter Gu Xi Ju mentioned of Zuo Huai An killing Nan Yi’s biological parents is actually true or false? If it’s true, only afraid that with Nan Yi’s temper, he would never come back again.*

Seeing her ashen face, He Qing Lu stops advancing forward, and sits back down at the bedside.

“You did no wrong.” He strokes her hair.

He was never someone who is able to say sugar-coated words, thinking back and forth, he can only follow his instincts in comforting her with right and wrong.

But to Pang Wan who had been struck with three consecutive hits yesterday, hearing such words, is already enough.

After all, her world had all collapsed in one day — father isn't father, uncle isn't uncle, close friend is an undercover agent, what's more frightening is, there is also a diabolical monster that had been holding delusional thoughts of manipulating her all along.

In fact, she is extremely anxious and afraid.

But she sees He Qing Lu take out a silk pouch from his chest, plucking out a pill from it and places it into her mouth.

Pang Wan obediently consumes it, noticing the pill still carries his body warmth.

"What's this?" She looks up at him.

"Nerves Calming Pill, I went back home to get it." Seeing her be so obedient, He Qing Lu's face softens up, "This medicine is good for your injury, remember to eat it on time."

"You went back to Solitary Palace these past days?" Pang Wan is slightly surprised.

He Qing Lu shakes his head, saying another place's name.

"That's but two whole months away from the south ah!" Pang Wan's eyeballs had almost fallen out, "How many days was your roundtrip?"

"Fifteen days on the way there, seven days on the way back." He Qing Lu is presumably a little weary, as he lightly closes both eyes.

Pang Wan now understands.

Seven days ago, just happens to be the day Zuo Huai An announced her and Nan Yi's wedding, afraid that he came speeding back once he heard the news, up when the stars are out until the moon rises, refusing to take any rests, hence why he would be tired out to this extent.

Her heart instantly aches a little.

With this one aching, she sort of wants to cry, and so buries her head into his arms.

Gentleman He who had always be obsessively neat and clean, does not smell

so good this time, having rushed through seven days and nights, braving the cold and wet, even the most precious deities would also be stained by the smell of mist and smoke.

But Pang Wan finds that such smell of mist and smoke is the world's most fragrant smell, making her earnestly wish to indulge in it.

Because this bad guy who had always been bullying her and humiliating her, actually has a pure and sincere heart.

——short on words, but huge on the actions.

She raises her eyes to secretly look at him, but sees his eyes closed as he falls asleep just like that, presumably because the tense knot in his heart has finally loosened, he can no longer fight back the weariness anymore.

“Sleep well.”

She lays him flat on the bed, covering him with a thick quilt, the dimples by her lips blooming.

(translated by *anniaxx*)

(edited by *xia0xiao1mei*)



CHAPTER FIFTY-NINE

A Meal Under the Flowers

He Qing Lu slept for two entire days and two entire nights.

When he woke up, maids have already prepared bath and clean clothes for him, after he got ready, the maids then lead him to the floral hall.

Although it is winter right now, the southern frontier is a rather warm highland with strong sunlight, cactus and camellia flowers blooming in the floral hall, their brilliance and spectacular colors creating a lively atmosphere.

Pang Wan is sitting by the stone table that is full of delicious dishes, smiling at him.

The temperature in the hall is warm, she is wearing a peach-pink long robe, a long snow-white silk skirt, sitting there full of grace and quietude, appearing like an appropriate and virtuous little wife.

“You’re here, are you hungry? Taste what I have prepared for you.”

She stands up and diligently places food in his plate, having closely accompanied him for several months before, she has already remembered what he generally likes to eat.

He Qing Lu does not say anything, directly holding up the bowl with white rice in front of him.

However, the bowl is immediately taken away, and replaced with a bowl of hot rice congee.

“You have not eaten a single grain of rice for two days, you should eat something easily-digestible first.” Pang Wan decides for him and puts a spoon in the bowl.

Under the sun’s radiance, her cheeks are still that tender, like a hibiscus bud about to bloom, embroidered with several drops of morning dew.

He Qing Lu falls into a daze.

“Did you cook all this?” He asks in a soft voice.

“No, I asked the cook to cook them.” Pang Wan gives him an honest smile, purposely ignoring the disappointment in his eyes, “This congee has shrimp and scallops in it, very very tasty, you need to have another bowl.”

— is he kidding? How can her cooking skill be accepted in the strict eyes of this noble gentleman who wants the most delicate food and the finest meat? She was raised to be a Sheng Gu, not a cook!

He Qing Lu silently puts down the bowl.

“Why didn’t you cook?” His voice actually has some criticizing tone in it.

Pang Wan almost choked on the pickle radish in her mouth.

— as long as this person has woken up, his “young master temper” immediately comes back.

She thinks for a moment, then swallows the radish, pointing at the drunken chicken in wine dish on the table and says, “I selected this chicken myself.” Then pointing at the goji dove soup, “Inside this clay pot is actually my favorite ‘Xiao

Bai'!" She says this lie without any change of color on her face nor any change in the pace of her breath.

He Qing Lu still does not hold up the bowl.

"Then, I will cook noodle for you tonight, okay?" Pang Wan could only force herself to make this promise.

Only then did He Qing Lu sounds an almost unnoticeable "en", holding up the bowl.

While he is eating, Pang Wan then quietly takes out a plate of honey tangerine and carefully peels them.

Waiting until He Qing Lu finishes eating his last bite, she places a piece of tangerine near his lips as if she is presenting a treasure: "Eat one piece?" Her long eyelashes shaking like little fans, the light of hope in her eyes shining.

He Qing Lu frowns, gently biting down on the tangerine with an extremely unwilling look.

Pang Wan assumes that he is disgusted by her hand, so hurries up and tries to put the tangerine in his hand, "It's super sweet, it took me a long time to select it."

Yet He Qing Lu does not take it.

Pang Wan thinks that he doesn't want to eat, so could only peel off a piece and put in her own mouth, but sees an angry look sweeping towards her.

Pang Wan can't figure out what he is angry about, so puts down the tangerine and tiredly stares at him.

"Your hands have the smell of fried chicken." Gentleman He finally opens his royal mouth and bestow this one sentence.

Pang Wan knows that his germophobia is breaking out again, and immediately orders the maid to bring clean water to wash her hands, then peels another tangerine and gives it him.

Yet He Qing Lu is unsatisfied and opens his mouth.

Pang Wan sighs in her heart that "*gentlemen are hard to please*", while at the

same time, peeling off another piece and places it into his mouth.

After he finished eating an entire tangerine, the furrows on He Qing Lu's forehead has finally unfolded.

Seeing the interaction between this golden couple, the maids behind them all find it extremely interesting, all of them unable to help but to cover their mouths to hide their laughs.

So when Zuo Huan An enters the floral hall, this is the happy and harmonic scene that he sees.

“Sect Leader!”

The maids all kneel and salute him, Pang Wan also quickly stands up behind the table.

Only He Qing Lu is still sitting in his original spot, continuing to drink his tea.

Pang Wan originally thought he does not know who the person that had just arrive is, and immediately tugs at his sleeve, who knew he is actually not moving on purpose——from the bottom of his heart, he despises this middle aged man who wanted to marry Pang Wan off to Nan Yi.

Pang Wan is so angry that she stomps on his foot, only then does he stand up with a straight face.

“Wan Wan, who is this?”

Zuo Huai An studies He Qing Lu from head to toe, his rich experience over the years tells him that this young man must be exceptional compared to his peers, so his speaking tone can barely pass of as polite.

Pang Wan opens her mouth wanting to speak up, yet anxiously closes it again, unconsciously glancing at He Qing Lu.

——she does not dare to directly saying He Qing Lu's identity, if she lets Sect Leader know of his identity as the Solitary Palace's Young Master, then he would probably be forced into this violent and ruthless war.

“I am her husband-to-be.” Who knew He Qing Lu would hold up Pang Wan's hand, and calmly finds an answer for himself.

“Nonsense!” Zuo Huai An has been out for two days yet still did not manage to find a trace of Nan Yi, he was already angry and irritated, now hearing He Qing Lu’s provocative answer, he immediately grabs a teacup and throws it towards him, “What kind of a thing are you considered?! To dare to mess around with my daughter!”

Pang Wan’s heart shakes inside of her, thinking to herself *“so I truly am Sect Leader’s biological daughter”*.

He Qing Lu waves his hand and easily catches the teacup, then slowly places it on the stone table.

“Coming here this time, I want to tell Sect Leader, I want to take your daughter away with me, on what conditions, it’s up to you to decide whatever you want.”

He stands under the shades of flower vines, as strong as a green pinewood, calm and absolute.

Pang Wan’s mouth open wide enough for even an ostrich egg to fit in it.

— —throwing everything related to Bai Yue Sect behind and leaving faraway with He Qing Lu, not even in her dreams, did she ever think about this before.

All that can be heard is a sound of *“zheng”*, Zuo Huai An, whose anger has grown to the point of exploding, has already drawn out the sword by his side.

Upon seeing someone’s life at risk, Pang Wan rushes forward and grabs onto Zuo Huai An’s hands, sounding a crisp call: “Father!”

Zuo Huai An’s body shakes when he hears what she said, he turns his head, gazing at Pang Wan with complication in his eyes.

“Father, please do not be angry, he just woke up so his brain is all messed up right now, please don’t hurt him.”

Pang Wan has no time to care about other things; she holds onto Zuo Huai An’s arms like a little pampered girl.

Hearing her say that his brain is messed up, He Qing Lu couldn’t resist putting on an unhappy face.

Yet Zuo Huai An sighs, and puts down the long sword in his hand.

Pang Wan sees the situation has improved so immediately goes to the next step, quickly sending a meaningful glance to the maid to tell her to comfort the “Great Gentleman He” while she holds onto Zuo Huai An’s hands and leaves the room.

Zuo Huai An and the previous Sheng Gu’s story, is truly a common plot in the land of Mary Sue.

One is Sheng Gu, the other is Young Master, a pair of childhood friends with no secrets in between, their relationship should have naturally been fine, until Zuo Huai An went down the mountains to gain real world experience and saved a fairy-like beautiful girl, then their potential marriage was all ruined.

Sheng Gu was extremely angry, so she locked herself in a cave and put all her focus on practicing martial arts, when she came out of seclusion, that beauty was already pregnant with Zuo Huai An’s child, so those two naturally got married.

Sheng Gu’s heart grew cold, after a year, she found a husband-to-be by holding a martial art contest in the sect^[1], under Sect Leader’s arrangements, the two of them then had their wedding day set on an auspicious day. But the closer to the wedding date, the more anxious Zuo Huai An was, because he realized that the person who he truly loves is still Sheng Gu, he was afraid to lose her, afraid that she would like someone else other than himself.

After a short period of time, Zuo Huai An succeeded as the new Sect Leader after his father, he then forcefully made Sheng Gu stay by his side with coercion.

Sheng Gu became pregnant with his child, feeling that she has no right to face her husband and Sect Leader Madam, so she brought her daughter and escaped in a dark and windy night.

Zuo Huai An loses his love, then finds out that his wife was actually a “lady of easy virtue” and has already cheated on him with someone else, that child is not even his child, at that moment he was furious, sentencing the adulterous couple to death, the husband of Sheng Gu also left without bidding farewell.

However, the idea of marrying anyone else never emerged in his heart

anymore, hence raising the child to grow up as the young master, that child is Nan Yi.

All those years, he has sent people to search for Sheng Gu and his daughter's whereabouts, and finally found Pang Wan after ten years. But he could not possibly speak of the shameful matter between him and Sheng Gu, and could only welcome back his daughter in the name of selecting a new Sheng Gu.

Pang Wan quietly listens to Zuo Huai An telling his past memories, her heart full of pain and sorrow.

But most of the pain, is for Nan Yi.

Even though her world has subverted, it was only just uncle turning into father, but Nan Yi's world has completely collapsed—father becoming the enemy who killed his mother, his Young Master position turning into some bastard without a name.

“Father, let's find Senior Brother back.” She begs Zuo Huai An, “I already have no inner energy, I need to start over from the beginning, Bai Yue Sect cannot go on without any successor.”

Zuo Huai An nods, he too, had naturally planned for this deep down in his heart—watching these two children since they were little, he is certain that Pang Wan does not fit the position of Sect Leader, therefore he has always focused on training Nan Yi as the successor, moreover, wanting Pang Wan and Nan Yi to marry as soon as possible after he came out of seclusion, is because, he too does not have a lot of time left.

But the last sentence shall not be said to Pang Wan, so he just smiles and caresses her head, a spark of shining tear in his eyes.

“Wan Wan, did you know? You look so much like your mother, as if you two were made out of the same mold.”

He sighs, straightly staring at Pang Wan, “I have always regretted not treasuring her when we were young, I deserve all the consequences.”

“Father originally thought you like Nan Yi, so wanted your wish to come true, didn't know you would actually also bring back a husband-to-be after leaving the mountains.....” He gazes at Pang Wan, “Tell Father, do you really like him?”

Pang Wan pauses.

“Sheng Gu, that Gentleman He said he is hungry, asking you to go back and cook noodles for him!”

The maid’s voice sounds from outside the window, clearly trying very hard to suppress her urge to laugh.

“This little brat.....” Zuo Huai An grits his teeth and draws out the sword at his waist.

Pang Wan wants to be angry but also wants to laugh, quickly pressing against Zuo Huai An’s hand and tenderly says: “Father, don’t be angry, he ran seven days and seven nights without rest for me, cooking a bowl of noodles for him is something I ought to do.”

Naturally, Zuo Huai An had also heard that a young man broke into the wedding court at night, his heart softens, yet also becomes sour: “You have never cooked.....”

“I’ll cook two bowls of noodles, one for Father, and one for him, okay?” Pang Wan smilingly looks at him.

Only then does Zuo Huai An relax his tense face.

Seeing the young lady pushing open the door, her figure melting into the light of the half tilted sunset, Zuo Huai An gently squints his eyes.

Even if he needs to exhaust his last breath, he still needs to save Bai Yue Sect’s foundation, allowing his daughter to continue living a life without worries and troubles.

No matter who wants to destroy this happiness, he definitely won’t allow it.

[1] Hosting a martial art contest to look for a husband-to-be is very common in ancient China. Whoever wins the lady will get the right to marry her.



CHAPTER SIXTY

His Troubles

As Sheng Gu's tacitly acknowledged husband-to-be, He Qing Lu grandly stays in Bai Yue Sect. During this time, towards matters such as the bed not being made of golden sandalwood, the quilt not being made of brocade fabric, and other minor details like these, he has not been expressing any discontent at all, and has always remained quiet about it.

And seeing him be so kind and considerate, Pang Wan also cannot help inwardly sighing in relief — although Bai Yue Sect is not lacking money, should this noble gentleman really speak up to have her go finding those sort of scarce luxuries, it will still require spending quite a bit of effort.

The only matter that has been troubling her is Senior Brother's whereabouts, Zuo Huai An has been searching everywhere like looking for a needle in the ocean, Nan Yi seems to have completely vanished within a night.

As she gets ready before the dressing table this morning, behind, the maid coiling her hair suddenly sounds a soft cry of "aiya".

"What's wrong?" Pang Wan turns to face her.

The maid says in slight surprise: "How could Sheng Gu have grown a strand of white hair?"

Shocked by this, Pang Wan hurriedly turns her head back: "Pluck it off for me to see." She doesn't really believe the maid's words — her current body is not even seventeen years of age yet, how could she possibly have white hair?

The maid plucks off the strand of hair in accordance to instructions, gracefully giving her a reassuring smile, "It's only half white, presumably due to Sheng Gu overly straining yourself for Sect Leader's sake these past days."

Pang Wan takes a look at that white hair, an unamused feeling momentarily flashes past her heart.

Right at this moment, a maid comes reporting, saying two guests have arrived for Gentleman He, and invites Pang Wan over.

Pang Wan thus allows the maid to adorn her hair with a yulan magnolia hairpin, and dress her in a cotton wadded gown, then heads out.

They are currently deep into the winter season, perfectly in time for the blooming of wintersweet flowers on the mountain, its pleasant fragrance faintly spreading along the way, soothing the hearts of the people.

Leisurely stepping into the courtyard, she had not yet entered building, when she already hears a familiar voice.

"When does Young Master intend on setting off?" It's Jin Di Luo.

"There is no hurry, let Ah Zhuo take a look at her first." He Qing Lu's voice is calm.

"Young Master left in such a hurry this time, Madam is very worried." Once again hearing Jin Di Luo speak, "Madam is reproaching Young Master for only

bringing a bottle of Soul-Calming Pills along with you, not even having the time to pack any clothes and other valuables, thus specially instructed this subordinate to bring Young Master's luggage here."

"At the time, how could I waste any effort in caring about mere worldly possessions?" He Qing Lu's voice sounds a little impatient, "When away from home, less things to care about isn't a bad thing either."

At the end, he further adds: "Did you tell Madam the real reason why I left?"

"I have not." Jin Di Luo answers very cautiously, "Your subordinate had only said Young Lady Pang's illness had suddenly acted up, Young Master has rushed away for this reason."

"En." He Qing Lu seems to have sighed in relief, "Remember to speak little of irrelevant matters, lest any further complications with the matter of requesting medicine."

Jin Di Luo pauses, then hesitantly speaks with unease: "Young Master, don't know if that Chrysanthemum Dragon....." (Chrysanthemum Dragon/Jiu Hua Qiu/九花虬: name of a famed horse)

"Already died, I had it buried below Cloud-Rising Mountain, you go ahead and give it a headstone in my stead." He Qing Lu faintly says.

Jin Di Luo lets out a long sigh, seeming extremely sad and regretful.

Speaking of illness one moment and requesting medicine the next, Pang Wan grows extremely curious by the sound of it, inwardly thinking "*why do these two people always say things she doesn't understand*", before pushing open the room doors and walking in.

"Gentleman." Her clothing flutters as she heads towards He Qing Lu, at the same, nodding at Jin Di Luo in greeting.

He Qing Lu freezes, then places down the teacup he was playing with in his hand, standing up to pull her into his arms, "You're here? Did you eat the Soul-Calming Pill yet?"

The latter sentence he has been repeatedly saying every day like pouring exhortations into her ear.

Pang Wan catches eye of that gold rimmed white jade cup he had just placed down, and cannot help bitterly pursing her lips — *— great, luggage has only just been sent back and he’s already starting to parade his wealth, yet he still have the nerve to say “less things to care about isn’t a bad thing either” and whatnot.*

“Have you eaten it yet? En?” Seeing that she isn’t answering, He Qing Lu pinches her nose.

Pang Wan smacks away his hand and yell: “Ate it, ate it, three times a day, two pills each time, how many more times do you have to say it for you to be assured?!”

Yet He Qing Lu seems to not dare to thoroughly believe her, he takes down the silk pouch by her waist and opens it, personally counting the amount of pills remaining, before finally sighing in relief.

Seeing him care about these pills so much, Pang Wan cannot help bursting out in laughter: “I’m lying, actually I haven’t even eaten a single one, all have been fed to the oriole brothers in the cage.”

These words were originally a joke, who knew Jin Di Luo would immediately gasp, He Qing Lu’s face also instantly darkens as though ink was spilled all over it.

“Ah Zhuo! Ah Zhuo!” He clasps onto Pang Wan’s hand and loudly shouts, even the veins on his hands were popping up.

The doors to the inner chambers open with a sound of “zhi-ya”, Ah Zhuo with a head full of sweat comes stumbling out as she runs over, arms still carrying a thick ginseng that’s as big as a radish.

“That ginseng is almost transforming into a spirit right?” Pang Wan is startled by the sight.

No one answers her, Ah Zhuo holds her wrist and starts to read her pulse, whilst Jin Di Luo and He Qing Lu eyes Ah Zhuo’s change in expression like tigers.

Until Ah Zhuo lets go of her hand and nods at He Qing Lu, do the two of them finally reveal looks of surviving a disaster.

“Speak nonsense again I’ll have your mouth sewed shut!” He Qing Lu glares at

Pang Wan, eyes glowing a dull red, showing that he's extremely angry.

Pang Wan inwardly mumbles, *"Does it really have to amount to such a fuss?"*, but her mouth still obediently says: "I will never dare to again."

Ah Zhuo bows, and then very quickly withdraws back into the inner chamber, Pang Wan curiously leans against the doorway to take a look, only seeing various types of medicinal herbs, a little stove currently set on the ground emitting white smoke, she could not refrain from getting a shock: "Are you lot opening an apothecary store here?"

He Qing Lu's gloomy voice sounds from behind: "If you're not willing to leave with me, I'm afraid the entire Cloud-Rising Mountain will become a medical centre."

Hearing him mention this again, Pang Wan could only turn back and smile apologetically: "The situation in the sect is unstable right now, it really isn't time to be leaving, and it wouldn't be too late for me to wait around for now."

For consecutive days, He Qing Lu has often been talking over and over again, about wanting to take her to go see his parents, and have the wedding arranged whilst at it.

Towards the matter of betrothal with Gentleman He, from the bottom of her heart, she is not against it, just that she isn't completely willing either.

Marrying this Young Master of the Solitary Palace, will mean that there's the possibility of breaking away from Bai Yue Sect, deep down, she cannot let go of Nan Yi and Sect Master, of course, she even more so isn't willing to let Gu Xi Ju achieve his desire of dominating the world.

"One month." He Qing Lu quietly gazes at her smiling face that's trying to appeal to him, "I will wait another month for you, this is the ultimate limit."

In the Capital, Misty Wave Manor.

".....the news have already been confirmed with no mistakes, Zuo Nan Yi has not returned since leaving, Zuo Huai An is busy with searching for his whereabouts, Bai Yue Sect currently has Lord You, Shi Jue Ming in charge, it is

already a strong arrow at its end.”

The woman in green kneels before the master seat, head bowed as she reports this.

“Oh? I have always been very curious, why is Zuo Huai An so anxious about having Nan Yi marry his own daughter, and why is he so dedicated in finding Nan Yi?”

Gu Xi Ju sits high above the hall, face fading amongst the flickering candlelight.

“Does suppressing the evil yin energy in Nan Yi’s body require a price? Why does Zuo Huai An seems to be acting like he’s arranging his own funeral?”

The woman in green raises her head: “Bai Yue Sect’s Xi Sui Jing is never taught to outsiders, but seeing how Zuo Huai An’s performance of not taking the initiative to act against Supreme Chief at the wedding hall that day, and had even repeatedly exercised tolerance and patience, it is very likely that his martial arts have fallen behind by great amounts from before.”

Gu Xi Ju smiles.

“Rong-er, you tell me, did something go wrong with Bai Yue Sheng Gu, for her to not be able to succeed the Sect Master title, hence why Zuo Huai An is risking his all to find Nan Yi?” He raises the teacup besides him.

The woman in green’s body stiffens.

“Rong-er, no matter how soft-hearted you are, you too should be very well aware of who is your true master.” Gu Xi Ju blows at the tea, fragrant air overflowing.

As though receiving an immense threat, the woman in green bows to floor below his feet, entire body trembling.

“It is said Sheng Gu completely lost all internal energy after returning to the sect, during the battle on the eighth day of the twelfth month, with the price of ten years of her life, she had Elder Qiu transfer thirty years of cultivation into her body, to be able to enter battle.” With a pale face she continue, “This subordinate had not yet obtained the Soul Calming Pill sent by Supreme Chief at the time, was in deep sleep all along, therefore failing to immediately notifying

Supreme Chief.”

Gu Xi Ju stops the action of drinking the tea, his brows furrowing together.

Ten years of her life?

Even though he is very much looking forward to her revenge, that does not mean, he is happy to see her take her own life.

— *—what can be more uninteresting than that of your opponent dying far too early?*

Moreover, this opponent is one whom he had personally raised, her everything including her fate, should be firmly controlled by him and no other.

Seeing that he does not respond for a long time, Rong Gu cautiously adds: “It is said Sheng Gu’s martial arts can only be maintained for seven days, from then on, all will return to its original state, presumably, this is also the reason why Zuo Huai An is desperate to have her and Nan Yi married.”

Gu Xi Ju hums in reply, softly asking: “What about Mister Huang?”

Rong Gu deeply sighs: “Already been executed by Zuo Huai An, his head had long been displayed outside the mountain villa’s gates.”

Gu Xi Ju raises his brows, not saying a word.

Mister Huang is a spy he had planted inside Bai Yue a long time ago, it is precisely he who discovered the mystery behind Nan Yi and Pang Wan’s backgrounds, originally thought that his identity as a deaf and mute servant would be unobtrusive to the extreme, didn’t think his identity as an enemy spy would be discovered by Zuo Huai An so quick.

However, since he chose to publicise the past back then, he too had already prepared to sacrifice this last spy of his.

“Give him an elaborate funeral.” He waves his sleeve, saying no more.

Rong Gu quickly withdraws, Gu Xi Ju sits in his seat, slowly enjoying his tea, occasionally looking at the bright moon outside the window.

For this battle with Bai Yue Sect, he had started setting up this chessboard twelve years ago, now he has finally succeeded in drawing back the net to get

what he had wished for.

He has a nine out of ten grasp, Zuo Huai An's martial arts is no longer as great as before, and the two descendants of his whom he held such high expectations of, one has turned against him, one no longer holds matchless skills, simply nothing to fear.

Having his opponents suffer the pain of despair, is much more significant than directly killing them off.

He smells the fragrant tea in satisfaction.

The bright moon vaguely reveals a pretty oval face, rosy cheeks, almond eyes, sweet dimples, as though forever ignorant of the worries and distress in the world.

"You have finally become like me." He raises the cup towards that distant face, "Congratulations."

Full

(translated by *anniaxx*)

(edited by *xia0xiao1mei*)



CHAPTER SIXTY-ONE

Going to the Capital

When Pang Wan received the spy's report, she could not be more surprised.

"You said Young Master showed up in the Capital before?" she asks that sect

member again, “Is this true?”

“Completely true.” The spy replies respectfully, “Sect members from the sub-sect has seen Young Master walking out from a wine shop, even though he disguised his face, that Flying-Eagle Sword certainly cannot be fake.”

Pang Wan practically wanted to shout out “*heaven has given me mercy*” three times, as she quickly writes a letter and sends it via dove to Zuo Huai An, whilst also telling the maid to pack up luggage for her.

“You’re willing to go back to my family’s main estate with me?” He Qing Lu sees Pang Wan packing when he walks in from the door, his face filled with rarely seen joy.

“I’m going to the Capital.” Pang Wan takes out the thick cotton robe which has always been placed at the bottom of the box, using a duster to clean away the dust on it — the southern frontier is a warm territory, originally, such thing would never be needed even if she lives eight lives, it truly wasn’t easy for her to dig it back out again.

He Qing Lu’s handsome face suddenly collapses.

“Don’t be angry.” Seeing his unhappy face, Pang Wan immediately goes to comfort him, “Finally I have found Senior Brother’s location, yet Father is not by my side, no matter what I shall convince him to come back myself.”

He Qing Lu hears that she is leaving in search for Nan Yi, and couldn’t stop his face from becoming even gloomier.

“So as long as your Senior Brother can come back, you will always treat my words as wind breezing past your ears no matter what I say?” He says angrily.

“Of course.....” Pang Wan was just about to blurt out “of course that is the case”, but when she sees the person in front of her with a face as dark as the bottom of a pot, she quickly tries to fix the situation, “Of course Gentleman’s words are the most important!”

He Qing Lu coldly glances at her: “Should I say that I don’t allow you to go to the Capital, would you listen?”

After fighting with him countless times, Pang Wan has already mastered the

trick that always works on this person, so without answering anything, she first leans into his arms.

“Didn’t you say that you would give me a month’s time?” She lifts up her eyes and stares at him with eager eyes, “Ai-ya, should I be able to find Senior Brother back, only then would Father be willing to marry me off, you see, isn’t this killing two birds with one stone?”

“Chicanery!” He Qing Lu furrows his brows and glares at her, his face unnoticeably calms down a little. In his heart, Zuo Huai An’s permission is worth nothing, as long as Pang Wan is willing then he would take her and go — *no, at this point, even if she is unwilling, that cannot do.*

“So do you allow or not?” Pang Wan smilingly looks at him.

He Qing Lu gazes at the soft and tender skin on her face, her eyes that are as luminous as a million stars, and he falls into a moment of daze.

“You give me a kiss, then I’ll allow it.” He says these words as if it’s for some serious righteousness.

Even though Pang Wan has always been unrestrained in her daily life, when she hears these words, she could not resist giving him a punch with her face blushing red: “Playboy!”

“Now that you’re done with punching me, done with scolding me, will you be kissing me or not?” He Qing Lu fixes his eyes on her, obviously not moved by her physical force.

Pang Wan had no other choice, standing on her tip-toes as she gives his cheek a little peck.

The corners of He Qing Lu’s lips finally curls up.

“I shall go pack my luggage now.” He gazes at Pang Wan with boundless gentleness, “We will go together.”

Just like in magic shows, Ah Zhuo takes out a large snow-white mink fur robe and covers the bed in the carriage with it, then takes away the cotton robe from the dumbfounded Pang Wan, and throws it into the hands of the maid behind

her.

After doing all this, she lifts up her face and sweetly smiles at He Qing Lu, as if she is asking for a reward.

“Wah~, did you bring a space ring?” Pang Wan could not resist grabbing He Qing Lu’s fingers, “How could you even have women’s clothing?”

He Qing Lu looks at her as though looking at someone who lacks common knowledge: “This is my aunt’s gift to you, specially ordering Jin Di Luo to bring it here.”

Pang Wan touches that mink fur robe, just feeling its texture that is as smooth as water, it is of extremely outstanding quality that she has never seen before, and so, she could not hide her amazement, “I have never met her, how could I make her spend money on me? My bad, my bad.”

She too, cannot be blamed for having never seen things like this before, in this life, she grew up in the southern frontier, and never has had the fate to meet with fur coats, now seeing this peerless precious golden-tail mink fur, she could not stop expressing her true feelings from her heart.

He Qing Lu lazily smiles, deciding not to tell her that this robe is just one of the most common in the gifts from his family’s main estate.

—those curious and gossiping women, once they heard about his announcement of marriage plan, each and every one of them acted as if they gotten a stroke, his aunt even more so went and hugged him as she wailed, saying some nonsense like “*heaven has granted mercy on us, our He family will finally not be at risk of having no descendants*”. He then finally found out the truth after asking; not being attracted to female beauties for twenty years, everyone thought that he was actually interested in men, and has been almost hopeless for any possibility of his marriage.

“Since you are going to the Capital, right now it is the season of snow over there, so I told Ah Zhuo to take it out and use it.” He lifts his eyes to look at her, “The main estate has sent many gifts here, such as that pile of herbs, including the ginseng which you described as old enough to transform into a spirit.”

“Your family is so lavish, what kind of gift should I give when I go meet them?”

Pang Wan caresses that mink fur robe, unconsciously starting to worry.

He Qing Lu sees her worrisome look of “new daughter-in-law about to see her parents-in-law”, and suddenly becomes overfilled with happiness, he lowers his face and kisses her, then says: “You obediently going back with me would be enough to make them lose control of their overflowing joy.”

It is not usual for Pang Wan to enjoy this kind of doting from him, her heart feels bursts of sweetness, as she obediently cuddles him from the side.

As the carriage travels along the road, when going past a curve in the middle of the mountain, He Qing Lu suddenly waves his hand and commands it to be stopped.

“Follow me to go to a place.” He holds Pang Wan’s hand.

The two hold hands and arrive at a little hill, He Qing Lu straightens his back, and says to the little hill with full respect, “I have brought her to see you.”

Pang Wan curiously studies that little hill, and only sees a big headstone erected on it, five big words are engraved on the headstone: “The Tomb of the Chrysanthemum Dragon”.

Both the headstone and the engraving are fairly new.

“Who is buried here?” Waiting until He Qing Lu finishes his contemplation, Pang Wan carefully speaks up.

“My horse.” He Qing Lu replies in a low voice, unexpectedly not looking at her.

“Why would he have died here?” Pang Wan is perplexed.

He Qing Lu does not answer, yet Jin Di Luo by his side quickly casts Pang Wan a glance when he hears her, the look in his eyes seems like he is somewhat blaming her.

Only then does Pang Wan suddenly realizes — after hearing the news of her getting married, He Qing Lu rushed the journey that would normally take two months in seven days, this kind of unimaginable job, only could be completed with the price of an outstanding horse’s life.

Although He Qing Lu said nothing, through his somewhat lonesome eyes, Pang Wan could guess that he holds deep feelings for this horse.

“I am sorry, I have caused you to this state.” She makes a deep bow in front of the little hill, “When I come back next time, I will build a better tomb for you, also invite a Buddhist master to recite sutras for you, then burn several beautiful little paper horses to go down there and accompany you, so you will not be lonely.”

Jin Di Luo could not help but become very surprised; He Qing Lu just lightly sighs, holding up Pang Wan’s hand, squeezing it even tighter.

After returning to the carriage, He Qing Lu closes his eyes and rests for a long time, clearly in low spirits.

Pang Wan completely understands everything in her heart, she knows he is being sad for his beloved horse, her guilt plus worry for him make her become completely obedient to Gentleman He along the entire journey. She truly hopes that he will recover his emotions, so her heart can recover as well with no more strange sour emotions, his unhappiness tugs on her heartstrings.

After traveling for days, they have finally entered the city, under He Qing Lu’s plan, everyone moved into the He Estate in the end.

“Didn’t think Sheng Gu’s future husband is this extravagant.” The maid follows behind Pang Wan to visit the estate, the astonishment on her face could not fade away even after a long time, “Sect Leader has truly gotten an excellent son-in-law.”

After hearing this, Pang Wan sticks out her tongue — *it is unfortunate that this son-in-law’s background is too grand, not willing to have any entanglement with the Bai Yue Sect!*

Having been tired due to traveling for too many days, almost everyone goes to sleep after washing and cleaning. Pang Wan wakes up from her noon nap, when she hears that He Qing Lu has entered his study room and has not come out, then she brings a plate of honey tangerine and gracefully goes.

Maybe everyone is too tired, no one is guarding outside the study room, she walked the whole way very smoothly.

Entering the study room, she instead sees He Qing Lu sitting in front of the

desk by himself, his amber eyes blankly staring outside the window.

The middle of winter, the lotus leaves which used to cover the entire lake like a brocade in the emerald waves have all disappeared, lustrous green lake waves gently landing on the bank, only tender water sounds can be heard in the study room.

“Beautiful?” Pang Wan squats down, placing a golden honey tangerine in his hand.

He Qing Lu glances at her, then smoothly holds her hand and pulls her into his arms, burying his face into the space between her shoulder and neck, then takes a deep breath.

Pang Wan tilts her head and sees a painting on the desk, in the painting is a galloping fine horse, its body full of furs of nine different colors, a snow-white crescent moon mark on its forehead, its four legs moving light and fast in beautiful lines, the dust and sand below its feet all become waves of afterglow and smoke flying behind, appearing like a divine horse from heaven.

The title of the painting is “*The divine horse flying up to the sky, none of its attention is paid to the frog on the ground*”^[1], the inscription is “*Icy Mountain to Chrysanthemum Dragon*”.

“I’m sorry.” Pang Wan understands his thoughts, burying her face into his embrace, her words filled with sincerity.

“Chrysanthemum Dragon is my father’s gift to me.” He Qing Lu sticks his fingers in the dark hair behind her head, occasionally tracing through, caressing it, “We have lived together for fourteen years, Second Uncle once said, there are no horses better than it in the world.”

Since it is said by the Solitary Palace’s Palace Master who has information of everything all over the world, then it is certainly not fake.

Pang Wan feels even guiltier in her heart, and could only repeat in gloomy voice, “I’m really sorry.....”

He Qing Lu gently pats the back of her head, not saying anything.

His heart is of course being sorrowful for losing his beloved horse, but what

hurts him more is, finding himself standing helplessly in front of its grave.

—family background, wealth, martial art, intelligence, everything of everything could not stand against the gates that separates heaven and the world.

Even though he knows he is extraordinarily intelligent, he still has no way to raise Chrysanthemum Dragon from the dead, what if someday the one lying below the headstone is not a horse, but a person?

Gazing at Pang Wan who has guilt written all over her face, the signs of worry in his eyes deepens.

Seeing him stare at her silently, Pang Wan quickly raises up her hands and surrenders: “You go ahead and state it, what do you want me to do to make you a little happier?”

He Qing Lu pauses, then with no good intentions he hooks up the corners of his lips: “How about you go into the lotus pond and perform ‘Young Lady Gathering Lotus’ again?” To this day, he still remembers her luminous white cheeks, jade-like hands, and smiling happy face under the sun.

Thinking that he is making fun of her ridiculous actions from before again, Pang Wan purses her lips: “Where are the lotus now? Why didn’t you say that you actually want to see me jumping in and digging for lotus roots instead?”

He Qing Lu naturally cannot bear to let her do that, so just sighs, then falls into a daze whilst gazing into her dark round almond eyes.

“Don’t be sad, wait for me to buy you another horse, okay?” Pang Wan sees him not responding, and becomes somewhat anxious, “I will definitely buy you the most exceptional horse, if I cannot buy you one, I will be willing to be the horse for you to ride on.....”

When she says this, she suddenly feels something is not right, unconsciously covering her mouth with her hands, her blush suddenly appears from her neck all the way to the tip of her ears.

He Qing Lu narrows his eyes.

Pang Wan senses the danger, and wanted to jump up, pushing him away;

however, her waist was tightly held by someone.

Entangled and tender kisses falling down, he lowers his head to nibble her, to taste her, as if he has bitten into a sweet peach that was just picked down from its branch, he cannot wait any longer to suck in all its sweetness and fragrance.

“Wan Wan.” He has never called her name in this kind of a lingering tone, so husky, as it plucks at her heartstrings, “We need to get married as soon as possible, must do it as soon as possible.”

Pang Wan vaguely agrees to him, feeling very surprised by his sudden urgency.

[1] This sentence is from the poem “《符读书城南》/ *Fu Studying Books in the Southern City*” by a famous politician and philosopher in Han Dynasty, Han Yu/韩愈. This poem’s purpose is to convince his son, Fu, to put effort in his studies. It indirectly signifies that a person who diligently studies will have high achievement, whereas, people who do not work hard will be like frogs on the ground.

Translator’s Note: Little Lu, why are you so urgent to get married with Wan Wan? Hmmm...foreshadowing....

Full

(translated by xia0xiao1mei)

(edited by anniaxx)



CHAPTER SIXTY-TWO

He Knows

Having stayed in the Capital for five days straight, Pang Wan and separate

teams of the sect's people had practically gone around all the major restaurants and teahouses, but have not spotted sight of Nan Yi. The people of Bai Yue Sect are all looking distressed with dark clouds looming over their faces, only He Qing Lu is feeling at peace all day.

Seeing the appointed time of a month is drawing nearer and nearer, he is even taking it upon himself to begin planning the wedding.

——he has never asked about this matter about Nan Yi, on one hand, he cannot wait for this person to stay away from Pang Wan, the further the better, on the other hand, it is more due to the reason that Pang Wan has never requested any help from him herself. He is the typical “if you need anything then say it, if you say nothing, how am I supposed to know what you want?” type of person.

When the seventh day came, Pang Wan finally could not resist inviting He Qing Lu over from the estate, in the Capital's best restaurant, a whole table of the most expensive dishes is laid out.

“Don't know how much is the charge for your honoured residence to take on a missing person case?” She dismisses her entourage, and solemnly looks at the gentleman with a golden coronet in hair, currently drinking his tea.

Ah Zhuo was in the middle of drinking soup, and couldn't refrain from spitting it out with a sound of “*pu*”, her entire face going red.

He Qing Lu smiles, placing down the cup in hand: “We rarely take on unchallenging cases as such.”

Pang Wan knows he is mocking her subordinates for being incapable, refusing to get annoyed, she swallows back her anger as she says: “Gentleman, the Capital isn't within Bai Yue Sect's territory, with the many eyes and ears of the righteous sects, we do not dare to act rashly, if I may request of Gentleman to give us a helping hand, with clear cut payment of remuneration, will that be alright?”

She truly is suffocated into unable to find any other ways, and can only turn to the power of the Solitary Palace.

He Qing Lu thinks for a moment, deeply gazing at her as he says: “Then you

must agree to my one condition.”

Pang Wan is surprised: “What condition?”

He Qing Lu lowers his lashes: “I’ll tell you when I think of it.”

And so the two of them had their heads huddled together, Pang Wan clearly describes special characteristics of Nan Yi’s appearance and talks about the likeliness of him being in disguise, He Qing Lu having carefully listened to all this, writes a few things down on a piece of parchment paper, and orders Jin Di Luo to send it away.

“Wait for news from me after seven days.” He gives Pang Wan’s hand a pat.

Pang Wan lets out a long sigh of relief, and quickly takes her chopsticks to pick up a piece of drunken chicken and places it into He Qing Lu’s bowl: “Eat more, eat more.”

This scene is silently taken into the eyes of another person from afar.

“Why is Supreme Chief not eating? Could it be the dishes of this Wang Xiang Restaurant doesn’t match your taste?”

Sect Leader Xu Rong of Heng Shan looks on in surprise at the man in purple besides him.

The man in purple withdraws his line of sight from afar, smiling: “How could that be? The dishes here are the best within the entire city, I even miss it when I’ve not eaten here for a few days.”

“Ho-ho, Supreme Chief should eat a little more, wait until half a month later when we go offer sacrifices to the heaven on Mount Kunlun, these dishes cannot be eaten then.” Xu Rong picks up a piece of grilled deer meat for the man in purple, “Now that the evil sect has been defeated, Kunlun and Shaolin has also officially sent invitations, Supreme Chief has finally unified the Wu Lin, a gratifying achievement to be congratulated!”

The man in purple smiles but does not speak.



With a sound of “*qiang-qiang*”, someone is knocking a gong in the sky well.
(Sky well or *tiān jǐng* / refers to the small open roof area in the middle of ancient Chinese buildings, like a mini courtyard, as seen in the two pictures)

“It’s starting, it’s starting.” Xu Rong’s face reveals a look of excitement, turning to explain to the other people on the table, “This Wang Xiang Restaurant’s storytelling is the best to listen to.”

Everyone hears this and all sticks their head out one after another.

All that can be seen is the storyteller play a few notes of the three-stringed lute in the sky well, rising and falling in cadence as he sings out: “Today we shall talk about the sieging of the evil sect ——”

From the glib mouth of the storyteller, the story about the sieging of the evil sect can be said to be heart-stirring with many twists and turns, the Supreme Chief of Wu Lin, Gu Xi Ju, is portrayed as a spiritual leader with profound martial arts and talents, not only unrivalled in martial arts, but even more so holds great foresight, time and time again, he sees through Sect Leader Zuo Huai An’s dirty schemes, tempering with justice and mercy, in the end, he succeeds in breaking down the evil sect’s inner forces.

“All thanks to Supreme Chief, Bai Yue Sect has since gotten no chance to recover again.” That storyteller uses such a sentence to close his statement.

Pang Wan listens to this from the second floor's private room, her nostrils flaring with anger, she has never thought someone is able to confuse matters of black and white, good and evil, in such a bold and direct manner, and is even able to win thunderous applause and cheers!

Unable to suppress the anger, she grabs a handful of peanuts and smashingly throws it down on the storyteller, face filled with anger as she scolds: "This fellow is running around telling lies everywhere, watch out to not die without any descendants!"

The storyteller has just spoken to an enthusiastic state, when he unexpectedly has peanuts crashing down right on his face, he raises his head to yell out: "Where did this little hoof^[1] came from? So impertinent!"

Pang Wan's face had gone raging red, she leans her body over the railing to continue shouting: "Stooge! Gu Xi Ju's stooge! How much money did you receive to help speak good words about him? You're going against your own conscience!"

She still wanted to shout more, but one arm comes out from behind, wrapping around her waist.

He Qing Lu pulls her back with a stone cold face, at the same time, undoing the brocade curtains by the doors to cover her appearance.

"Jin Di Luo." He orders, Jin Di Luo immediately takes out a load of money from his chest, and scatters it down the sky well, downstairs is thrown into an uproar with people yelling as they fight for the money, diverting away everyone's attention.

"Let's go." He Qing Lu clamps the still sulking Pang Wan, and gently leaps out of Wang Xiang Restaurant.

Having sat in the horse carriage for a while, Pang Wan cheeks were still puffed up, even her eyes are filled with sparkling tears.

He Qing Lu furrows his brows as he pulls her into his embrace, reproaching: "Do you know you did wrong?"

Of course Pang Wan knows she was acted too impulsively just now, but no matter how she thinks about it, she just cannot swallow down the anger in her

heart — — on what basis could such a deeply scheming villain still be able to win such great reputation?

“I will tear apart that person’s mouth, how could he mislead the public’s opinion like this?” She glumly says.

“Controlling the public opinion is something that those in power must do, so why should you bother yourself with butting heads with him?” Yet He Qing Lu appears indifferent as though this is commonly seen, “Since this time you have come out in order to find your senior brother’s whereabouts, you shouldn’t add further complications.

Pang Wan thinks that his lecturing is right, thus shrinking into the corner, dejected.

However, the branches coming from this situation has still grown out.

Along the way, the carriage was suddenly blocked by a footboy, saying he was instructed by his master to give the lady in the carriage a painting.

When Pang Wan lifts the curtains and accepts the painting, she couldn’t help her hand trembling a little.

The painting is precisely a young lady in white dancing, with graceful posture and light steps, long ribbons spreading in all four directions, just like a fairy walking on ripples. Just that for some unknown reason, the young lady’s left chest had a hole burnt into it with incense, exceptionally unexpected, at first glance, it looks just like the heart had been cut out.

“What has your family’s master got to say?” Her face had already turned pale, voice still striving to maintain its calm.

The footboy bows towards her, respectfully saying: “Our family’s master advises lady to listen to an old saying, *things can be thoughtlessly eaten, but words cannot be thoughtlessly spoken.*” Speaking up to here, he pauses, glancing inside the horse carriage, then continues, “Also, some things also cannot be thoughtlessly done, if not our family’s master will not be happy.”

Basically an undisguised threat.

Pang Wan is so angry, she instead laughs, scrunching up the painting into her

palm, she grits her teeth and says: “Tell your family’s master, I shall ensure he will wholeheartedly be unhappy this one time.”

The footboy bends into a bow, saying: “Yes, I will.” Turning around, he disappears amongst the heavy streams of horses and carriages.

Having just let the curtains down, the painting in hand had been snatched away. He Qing Lu spreads open that crumpled painting, his expression instantly changes.

“This painting is of you?” His voice somewhat stiffens, “Why are you wearing so little? Why are you so.....exposed? Where is this place?”

Pang Wan looks back, letting out a long long sigh.

The horse carriage stops at the doors for a long time, the maid Ah Xiang was just about to go forward in greeting, but sees the curtain get thrown aside with a sound of “hua-la”, the gentleman of their house steps out with a sudden stride.

His entire person overflowing with a frosty air just like a thousand-year ice mountain, causing those who step even one step closer to immediately have goosebumps running up their arms.

“Gentleman.....” Ah Xiang had just wanted to speak up to pay her regards, but sees Gentleman throw back his sleeve and throw off all the maids, entering the main doors all alone.

“Young Miss.....” She was at complete loss, and could only cautiously look at the young lady closely following after him.

The latter gives her a “settle down, don’t worry” smile.

With a sound of “*peng*”, He Qing Lu enters the study room with a toss of his sleeves, facing the tightly shut doors with not a trace of a gap, Pang Wan cannot help smiling bitterly.

She knows he is really angry.

“Gentleman, listen to me, I was in a state of infatuation at the time, I didn’t think things through, hence why I would do such a foolish thing, should I get another chance, I will definitely not like him.....” She pastes herself against the

door, quietly asking for mercy, hoping to quell the angry flames inside, “All of this are matters of the past, why should you be bothered by it?”

However, no replies are sounded from inside the room.

Pang Wan repeatedly persuades him at the door for a good while, but in the end, does not see He Qing Lu come to open the doors.

Sleepy and tired, she could only bitterly withdraw.

Another five days passes just like this, He Qing Lu acts as though he had eaten weights, steeling his heart as he stays inside his own study room, not taking a single step out. Pang Wan fundamentally couldn't find any opportunities to go see him, her heart growing increasingly anxious.

No, perhaps she had thought — with He Qing Lu's perfectionist personality, how could he possibly be willing to accept a foolish woman who had once devoted their life to another man, hence why she had endured not mentioning the source of the scar on her chest.

She cannot not admit, back then, towards the accidental happening of becoming He Qing Lu's wife-to-be, she had more or less been a little calculating — although she did not intend on using the Solitary Palace's forces, but speaking in terms of her own selfish reasons, she still felt that having his protection is a good thing that is rare to come by, hence why she was willing to play this “wife-to-be” game.

But to this day, afraid that the other person is no longer willing to continue this “game”.

Pang Wan is unable to predict when these raging flames of He Qing Lu's will burn on for before it finally extinguishes, and can only guard the doors in waiting every day, hoping that Gentleman will come out to look at her.

The more she waits, the more she panics.

She's afraid Gentleman really wouldn't care about her anymore, she's afraid he will chase her away the moment he leaves the doors.

She does not understand, exactly she is afraid of losing the protection of the He family, or afraid that from now on, Gentleman will never hold her in his eyes

ever again?

Deep down, her heart is vastly clouded.

In the Capital, Misty Wave Manor.

“You said she stood guard at the doors for six whole days, waiting for that gentleman to come out?”

Gu Xi Ju’s long brows twitches, looking surprised at the spy in black below his seat.

“Precisely, every day she will stand guard for eight full hours, but will not speak, just sitting there on a little folding stool, seeming to thinking about things.”

The spy in black respectfully reports.

“Oh?” Gu Xi Ju nods, lowering his eyelids, he says: “Have you managed to uncover that gentleman’s background?”

The spy’s face reveals a look of difficulty: “Only know the gentleman’s surname is He, don’t know what he does for a living, his family is quite well off.”

“That mysterious?” Gu Xi Ju lightly mocks, “There’s actually things that you, Shadow Wu Peng, cannot find out?”

The spy in black hurriedly lowers himself to the ground: “Supreme Chief must be joking, that gentleman seems to have quite the backing, please give me a few more days of time limit, Wu Peng will definitely get to the bottom of it.”

Gu Xi Ju nods, then says: “Then the reason she had come to the Capital, did you find that out?”

“Bai Yue Sheng Gu has come to track down Young Master Zuo Nan Yi’s whereabouts.” The spy in black answers very quickly this time, “It is said that she spent a fortune to request the Solitary Palace to take on this deal, tomorrow is thus the agreed time to obtain the information.”

Gu Xi Ju’s eyes sparkles, sounding a laugh from his nose: “She sure isn’t willing to give up.”

Then he raises the white porcelain teacup, raising his head to look at the round moon outside the window, seeming to unintentionally ask: “Wu Peng, should the cat you raised with your blood and sweat, suddenly left you for another person, what would be the best thing to do?”

The spy in black freezes, then with both eyes sparkling he says: “Naturally, I would catch it back and practice stricter discipline.”

Hearing this, Gu Xi Ju silently curls up the corners of his eyes.

[1] **Little hoof** or **xiǎo tí zi / 小蹄子** is a derogatory swear word that refers to women, stemming from the practice of foot binding.

(translated by *anniaxx*)

(edited by *xia0xiao1mei*)



CHAPTER SIXTY-THREE

Encountering Him Once Again

Lu Kui gazes at the black-haired young lady in red garment sleeping on the bed, she falls into a moment of daze.

She has originally thought that she would never see her again, yet did not expect for her to come back in the end, like a lingering ghost.

Presumably due to the drug's effect, the young lady is in deep sleep, her breathing calm and her face serene, not at all aware that she has already been brought from the horse carriage to Misty Wave Manor.

Lu Kui just doesn't understand, why Supreme Chief must spend countless effort to capture this woman of the unorthodox sect, who is said to have already lost all her inner energy.

Even if she is a chess piece, she should have already lost her effectiveness, so

shouldn't she be immediately abandoned as usual?

Rustling footsteps sounds from the door, she lifts her head to take a look, and just sees a tall figure opening up the curtain and entering the room.

"Supreme Chief." She immediately stands up and greets him.

The one who just arrived nods, then makes a "stay quiet" gesture.

How can Lu Kui not understand her master's thoughts, she quickly bows and withdraws, before she steps out, she turns back and casts an unwilling glance.

Her master is leaning besides the tea table, meaningfully gazing at the young lady in deep sleep.

When Pang Wan opens up her eyes, the sight that greets her is thus his gaze that is carefully studying her.

Aromatic smoke rises from the incense burner, the silk curtains flows all the way to the ground, that person supports his cheek with his hand as his arm rests on the intricately-carved tea table, his eyes misty, as though he is admiring a piece of precious yet fragile jade ware through incense smoke and haze. There was a moment, that she almost thought she is dreaming, a nightmare.

But she quickly wakes up.

"You kidnapped me?" She moves her hair by her cheeks to the back of her head, her face somewhat pale, looking almost calm, "Why did you kidnap me?"

Gu Xi Ju's lips gently lifts up, forming a tender and charming curve: "What do you think?"

He shall grasp the initiative in all the games, so he does not like to answer other people's questions, because then he would lose the decisive opportunity.

"You don't want me to know Nan Yi's whereabouts?" Pang Wan clenches her teeth, "You don't want me to meet him, you are afraid that if I convince him to return to Bai Yue Sect, all your efforts will be wasted?"

"Smart." Gu Xi Ju smiles, he reaches out his hand to caress her hair, but Pang Wan silently avoids his touch.

"No matter how you try, you are unable to avoid me for your entire life." He is

not angry, full of pity, he lowers his head to look at her, his eyes even more lingering and sentimental, “Don’t forget there’s a mark I have personally carved on your body.”

Pang Wan unconsciously touches her left chest — that scar is indeed still there, but her heart pains no more.

“I have said, as long as I live, I will not let anything go according to your will.” She lifts up her head and looks at him, sneering out loud, her almond eyes full of perseverance and stubbornness, “Since you think I am a threat, then isn’t it better to just kill me.”

“Why did I fail to kill you back then?” As if he heard an illogical joke, Gu Xi Ju lifts his chin, “It is only a pity that the Heavens was not willing to let you die.”

“The Heavens are also not willing for you to leave me.” He easily grabs hold of her chin without any effort, his eyelashes also lower, those eyes freezing cold, “Maybe this is all fate.”

His arrogant and conquering air presses against her face, Pang Wan just feels a sense of disgust gushing out, and quickly tries to push him away.

It is helpless that she has no inner energy left, all her punches and kicks all become a kitten’s tickling on his body, making him lightly laughs nonstop.

“Hush, be a good girl, you obediently stay by my side, don’t go out causing troubles.” Gu Xi Ju binds her hands, and gives her cheek a pat, “No matter what I will not let you see Nan Yi, right now you are the only one who can convince him, I do not want to take this risk.”

There are flames burning in Pang Wan’s eyes: “If you are truly capable then kill us both, completely exterminate us!”

Gu Xi Ju sneers: “Killing your senior brother is not easy, he has mastered the divine martial arts, afraid that he can fight to a tie with me.” He gently pinches the tip of Pang Wan’s nose, ingenuinely coaxing her, “Whilst killing you is so easy, I cannot bear to.” Pang Wan then opens her mouth to bite his finger, Gu Xi Ju doesn’t have enough time to react, and unexpectedly makes it possible for her to succeed.

Seeing her revenge is successful, Pang Wan exerts more and more energy, her

sharp tiger teeth breaking his skin and making his blood flow out, her whole mouth is full of a taste of sweet blood.

However, Gu Xi Ju does not struggle at all, looking at her with an unchanging smile, he even lifts up his other hand, tenderly touches her jade-smooth cheeks, he gazes at her in enchantment, as if he is appreciating his painstakingly created masterpiece, revealing a satisfied look on his face.

Pang Wan bites on for a long time, until her gum turns sour and painful, her tears also flow down.

She does not want to cry, she is unwilling to have even one tear fall down in front of this jerk, but she just cannot control her tears.

Gu Xi Ju sees her crying like a pear blossom bathed in the rain, and only then does he sigh, applying force on her chin and takes out his finger.

“Dispersed your anger now? En?” He doesn’t have the time to care for his injured hand, directly pulling her into his embrace.

Pang Wan takes a deep breath, stares into his eyes: “If you forcefully keep me here, my husband-to-be will not let you off.”

A flash of strange light shines past Gu Xi Ju’s eyes.

“Husband-to-be?” He holds up her chin, scathing and forceful breath comes near her, “When did you get engaged with someone?”

The smile on Pang Wan’s face gradually grows bigger and bigger, “You have no right to ask about my business.”

But what Gu Xi Ju cannot bear to hear just happens to be this sentence.

“How could I have no right to ask?” He gazes at her, the smile on his face brightens, the temperature of his palm also increases, “Don’t forget who have caused you to become the you today.”

The exceptionally arrogant Sheng Gu of the unorthodox sect from the past, has already fallen to a common human with not even the slightest bit of inner energy.

The innocent young lady who loved white garment and white dress, has become a vengeance-filled demoness in red.

The initiator of all this is him, the creator of all this is also him, he is her god, every important part of her life cannot lack his presence.

“You better behave well, do not frequently go against me.” Lowering his eyes, he drops an icy cold kiss on the young lady’s forehead, “I do not always have this much patience.”

The idea of embracing the beauty has disappeared, Gu Xi Ju loses interest and waves his sleeves, “Someone come, help Young Miss to wash and comb.”

—

The Capital welcomes its first snow of this winter.

Pang Wan sits on the bed by the window, wearing a golden mink cloak, holding a small charcoal heater in her hands, occasionally throwing a sweet dessert into her mouth.

She appears quite relaxed, in a good mood too, sometimes even reaches out her hand to catch the snowflakes falling from the sky.

When the snow and wind grew stronger, she would also murmur some unknown songs, this kind of comfortable action truly does not look like someone under confinement.

“Supreme Chief asks Young Miss, would you be willing to dine with him today?” Lu Kui suppresses the irritation in her heart, respectfully lowering her head in front of Pang Wan.

“I don’t like his room, it’s better if you just bring the meal here.” Pang Wan takes out a winter plum-blossom branch from the slender vase, and gently places it under her nose, “You tell him, should he really wishes to see me.....” Her red lips slightly open, two beautiful dimples appear on her face, “He may come here himself.”

For a moment, Lu Kui had the impulsive thought of strangling her to death.

“Yes.” She bows and leaves.

After enjoying the scene of plum blossoms in the snow for a little while, the curtains in her room are opened again, Lu Kui brings in several maids with food containers in their hands, starting to prepare the dinner table.

Pang Wan looks at the dishes that are clearly more refined than usual, and silently curves her lips.

As expected, after a moment, Gu Xi Ju steps in: “How come you want to eat with me today?” He commanded the maids to leave, then gracefully sits by her side.

“Being imprisoned by you for so many days, suddenly I want to find someone to talk to.” Pang Wan reaches past his body, grabbing a plate of crunchy peanut from the little table, and sends one straight into her mouth.

“And here I assumed you have finally thought of an idea to defy me.” Gu Xi Ju’s face reveals some disappointment that one is unable to evaluate the authenticity of, “It is a pity that I have been waiting for several days, upon hearing Lu Kui’s report, I immediately rushed here, didn’t expect it was just empty happiness.”

Pang Wan puts down her hand holding the peanuts, and casts him a glance from the side, “How do you want me to exact revenge on you?”

Gu Xi Ju smiles without answering, lowering his head and bites on the red-skin covered peanut on her fingertips, also does not forget to lick her with his lingering tongue: “Eat my flesh, drink my blood, carve my look into your heart, never ever forget for your entire life.” He swallows that peanut, telling a joke that can’t be distinguished to be truth or lie, “Are you willing to?”

Pang Wan charmingly grins: “Okay, I’ll keep that in mind.”

Her unusually bright smile dazzled Gu Xi Ju’s eyes, the look in his eyes slightly shifts, he leans forward to kiss her.

Yet a pair of jade-white hands covers his lips.

“I want to ask you.” The young lady’s voice soft and sweet, “You clearly don’t like me, so why are you treating me so well right now?”

Gu Xi Ju sighs, holding her hands in his palms.

“Who said I don’t like you?” He lowers his head and rubs against her ear, a tender smile on his lips, “Of course I like you.”

The young lady giggles, her voice sounds crisp yet cool: “No, you treating me well, is simply because the person whom you have played around with before

has exited the game first, you enjoy the process of manipulating others, I have not been completely conquered by you, so you are not satisfied, is that right?" In a spot he cannot see, her eyes shine crystal clear.

"Even if you are a toy to me, I still like you." Gu Xi Ji does not rebuke her, his head just continues slipping down, until he finds the space between her slender neck and shoulder, he then finally deeply buries his head there.

En, it is this kind of fragrance, the unmatched fruity fragrance that is unique to this young lady's body, it is enough to calm all the deteriorating emotions in his body, making him willing to wallow right here right now.

Ah, this is the toy that has been carefully sculpted by his own hands, to have now become charming and tempting to this degree, how can he not seek joy from it?

"If that night you really were drugged by 'Nan-Ke', don't know who would have been the person appearing in front of you in the end?" The young lady sighs.

Since finding out that "Maid A" whom she had always underestimated, Lu Kui, actual surname "Tang", is also the youngest daughter of the previous sect leader of Tang Men, she became very certain that on the night of the beauty trap, Gu Xi Ju was not drugged, he was acting all along.

Maybe he took the antidote beforehand, or maybe he did not really drink the poisoned wine at all, maybe her drug was secretly substituted by the loyal Lu Kui.

Beauty trap, the one truly trapped was in fact herself.

"Are you curious?" Gu Xi Ju laughs, his warm breath turns into white mist sticking to her skin.

"En, I am also curious, how about tonight you and me both take a pellet and sleep together in each other's embrace, then let us see what would be the result?" He takes grasp of her waist, speaking in a relaxed tone, "You can take this chance to see who my beloved is, and I can also see who yours is."

He is unashamed of his words to this extent, but Pang Wan does not push him away, she just turns her head to the side and stares at a spot outside the window.

Under the winter plum tree in the yard is a layer of fallen petals, painting a ground of under-ripped yellow, they were clearly blooming on the branches in tranquil fragrance a moment ago, yet with a blink of an eye, they have already all withered, as if the real winter has just arrived.

Full

XXM: So sorry for the wait, been so busy recently >_<

(translated by *xia0xiao1mei*)

(edited by *anniaxx*)



CHAPTER SIXTY-FOUR

A Beauty And A Mermaid

“I sure have underestimated you.....” Separated by the glass bead curtains, the beauty’s delicate and graceful figure sways its way over, “.....your thick skin.” She smiles towards Pang Wan, teeth like white shells between those red lips.

“Where did these words of yours come from, Fairy?” Pang Wan turns her head to look at the arriving person, face showing a moment of doubt.

“Is that not it?” Sang Chan curls up her eyes, sitting down at the edge of the couch with elegant bearings, just like a beautiful swan.

“And here I thought you would swear to take revenge on Gu Xi Ju, but did not think you would actually be willing to live here, and even be willing to such extent.” Sang Chan looks over her with a look of pity, the expression on her face as though saying: *yet another foolish woman who has gone crazy for love, what a shame.*

Pang Wan bursts out laughing: “I do in fact wish to leave, but have I not been captured here and prevented from leaving? Rather than desperately struggling against it, it is best to just enjoy life.”

Sang Chan twitches her brows: “I am very curious why you are still able to laugh? I heard you have completely lost your internal energy, it will probably be very difficult to cultivate martial arts again in future, you taking refuge like this in the enemy’s residence, are you abandoning yourself?”

Pang Wan tilts her head and looks at her: “Fairy, should you be in my situation, what would you do?”

However, Sang Chan does not care about her truthfully questions: “How could I possibly fall to such state like you? I will definitely not gamble on my own future for anyone, be it of title and position, or internal energy.” She scoffs at Pang Wan’s stupidity.

Pang Wan seriously takes a look at her, inwardly thinking this fairy sure is like a rarely seen type of character in the land of Mary Sue — the “only love myself” type.

Due to loving and cherishing themselves to the extreme, they do not easily let their hearts be moved by men, even if there is a need for any affectionate scenes, all just comes down to playing along to the circumstances, should the situation make a sudden change, they will ensure that they, themselves, are able to pull away without any hesitation, at any given time.

This type of female lead is also very popular, because they can very easily be

crowned “independent, intelligent, powerful”, and so on, the amount of harm inflicted on them are also often very little.

But if they reject loving others due to being afraid of being hurt, would they ever be able to gain true affection?

“Why is Fairy here today?” Pang Wan has no intention to discuss with her any further, and changes the topic.

“Naturally because someone cannot stand seeing you live so well, thus deliberately leading me over to apply pressure on you and put you in place.” Sang Chan casts a glance at her, charm circulating within her orbs, “Although I could have declined, for some reason I am quite interested in you?”

She hooks up a smile: “Should you not have lost all your internal energy, you were originally an excellent seedling.”

Pang Wan is stunned: “What seedling?”

Sang Chan purses her lips and does not speak.

Seeing that she doesn’t seem to be in a bad mood, Pang Wan asks her a question that had been sitting in her heart for a long time: “Since Fairy does not like Supreme Chief, why do you always act like you and him share mutual feelings of affection?”

Sang Chan sounds a humph from her nose, laughingly saying: “I have what I wish for, he has what he cannot give up, this is each taking what they want.”

“What do you mean each taking what they want?” A resonant voice like jade sounds, and a purple figure moves aside the beaded curtains as he steps in.

“Junior Sister sure is in a good mood, what made you come pay a visit to my residence?” Gu Xi Ju stands in front of the couch with a graceful smile.

Hearing his voice, Sang Chan’s forehead creases together.

“Senior Brother.” She turns to look at him, face instantly turning dignified and solemn, “In ten days when worshipping the heaven on Kun Lun, may Senior Brother remember to give Chang-er what I deserve.”

As though greeting a brother, Gu Xi Ju smiles as he pats her shoulder: “The promises I gave you, since when have I ever not fulfilled them?”

Sang Chan lowers her eyes, seeming to have sighed in relief.

“Since someone wanted to use me to lower your new favoured one’s spirit, Senior Brother should look into the intentions of those serving under you.” She turns back to smile a heart toppling smile at Pang Wan, then tosses back her sleeve, and saunters away.

Gu Xi Ju gazes at Sang Chan’s distant figure, until the sight of her shadow disappears, then he turns to look at Pang Wan who is on the couch.

From the moment he came in to now, her position had not changed at all, just silently observing him as she leans against the window frame.

“Is she beautiful?” Gu Xi Ju hooks up the corners of his lips as he smilingly takes a seat on the couch, smoothly making a move to embrace the young lady’s waist.

“She is the most beautiful woman I have ever seen in the world.” Pang Wan silently avoids his hand which holds ill intent.

Gu Xi Ju is not angered, and only smiles.

“She is also the most intelligent woman I have ever seen.” He takes a lock of her hair, wrapping it around his fingers as he lazily plays with it, “All the women in Misty Wave Manor together, are not even enough to reach her toenails.”

Pang Wan does not speak.

Yet Gu Xi Ju bursts out laughing with a sound of “pu-chi”: “Are you mad? Jealous?” His burning hot hand gently touches her delicate white face.

Pang Wan shakes her head.

“You sure don’t know how to humour someone.” Seeing her look so resolute, Gu Xi Ju’s mood dims down as he pulls back his hand.

“Don’t worry, I may praise her like that, but in my heart, I indeed don’t like her.” He leisurely says, deep down, he regretfully misses how that young lady was before she came to understand how the world is, pettishly charming as she showed off her own cleverness.

Pang Wan widens both her eyes.

“Women, are best when they’re the silly type.” He meaningfully says the following sentence, “I don’t particularly like the self-righteous type.”

Pang Wan bites down on her bottom lip, sighing: “You simply don’t trust her.”

“What do you think?” Gu Xi Ju lightly taps her creamy cheek, seemingly smiling.

“I’m very curious, have you ever had someone you trusted in your life?” She gazes into his dark bottomless orbs.

“I have ah.” Gu Xi Ju raises the teacup, taking a sip with a lazy expression, “I trust you, also trust Bai Xiao Sheng, isn’t that right?”

Pang Wan laughs.

“That’s right ah.” She gives him an affirmative answer.

“Since I trust you so much, where’s your revenge then? When will you give it me?” Catching a rare sight of her docile side, Gu Xi Ju raises her chin in a moment of happiness, his eyes filled with expectation and judgements, “You wouldn’t leave me disappointed, right?” He lowers his head against her forelock, warm humid air caressing her cheek.

“.....very soon.” Pang Wan raises her head and sends him a sweet smile, her smiling face like a flower, “I wouldn’t leave you disappointed.”

At night, the hour of midnight.

Shrouded in misty waves, Gu Xi Ju with his entire body naked, is soaking himself in the creamy white hot springs.

This is the time he enjoys most during the day.

Back then, he chose this location to build a mountain manor because there is a natural hot spring here, be it in terms of temperature or water quality, he is extremely satisfied in all aspects, those that practices martial arts often experience aching muscles, recuperating in hot springs makes for the best way to relax.

When bathing, he is accustomed to drinking a little wine, today is no

exception, the maid had already brought the readily warmed wine in.

He takes a sip, and his brows slightly twitches.

When he turns his head to see a pair of pinkish jade white little feet vaguely exposed under the thin silk curtains, he laughs, before draining the flask of wine in one gulp.

After a moment, heat travels from the tip of his toes all the way up to his cheeks, he turns his head and sighs towards that veiled area of sheer curtains.

“Come on out.” His eyes curls.

A woman with a graceful figure slowly walks out from behind the curtains, cheeks facing down, black hair covering her chest.

Amongst dense mist, he can only see her lift her skirt, exposing two smooth and bare jade legs, toes testing the water before entering the hot springs, just like that, gracefully making her way into the middle of the pool. The loose skirt floating behind her, just like a blooming lotus flower.

Gu Xi Ju lazily leans against the marble wall, unhurriedly watching that shadow come closer and closer to him.

—using Nan Ke to pay me back? This sure is new, could it be you’d be using your own body as weapon too?

This may not be the counterattack he had expected, but he cannot deny, this is far beyond his expectations.

The corners of his lips curled high up, his eyes showing proud feelings that cannot be hidden.

He watches that woman draw closer and closer, but for some unknown reason stops halfway, seeming to hesitate.

“Why aren’t you continuing?” He smiles at her, “Since it’s rare for you to be willing to lay down such huge stakes, I will definitely play along to the end.”

Before he had finished speaking, he had already anxiously raised his hand, unable to wait to pull her into his arms.

The white mist disperses, and a sweet fragrance hits, his face makes an abrupt

change.

In a split moment like lightning, all that can be heard is a muffled sound of “pu-chi” coming from within the water, and his calf is struck with heart-piercing pain, looking down, blood rolls out from the hot springs like flowers.

“Who is it?!” He overturns his hand and clutches the young lady’s throat, giving her a strong slap, black hair spreads aside to reveal an unconscious face — it’s Lu Kui.

At the same time, a huge splash sounds from the bottom of the pool, another gentle and graceful figure jumps up from the water.

“Lord Supreme Chief, night hours in the spring are extremely precious, you better treat the maiden tenderly.”

That figure leaps to the pool side and climbs onto the shore, black hair like ink loose, wet clothes tightly wrapping her body, looking from afar, she is just like a mermaid.

Gu Xi Ju narrows his eyes, just about to direct his strength into moving forward, but stops the action in surprise — his legs had actually gone limp, unable to summon any strength at all!

“How is it? Lord Supreme Chief, isn’t the taste of this enhanced version of “Nan Ke” in particularly great?” The ‘mermaid’ smiles at him, looking stunning like a confederate rose amongst the mist, “You see, my principle of being human is — wherever I fall, is where I shall climb back up.”

She had been hiding underwater in the hot springs all along, taking advantage of the moment Gu Xi Ju falls into a trance to insert a Blazing Needle into his numbing acupoint, and also took out a dagger to gouge out a particular piece of something that was embedded in his body.

“Lady Tang has loved you for a long time, take your time to enjoy.” She waves a piece of white object in her hand at him, “I’ll be taking away this little plaything first.”

For the first time, Gu Xi Ju’s face appears like the tip of Mount Tai collapsing.

At the same time, a long whip flies in and wraps around the young lady’s waist,

bringing her into the depths of the forest.

“You really think my husband-to-be is that narrow-minded?” The wind carries over her voice like silver bells, “He isn’t you, he has a heart that is capable of completely trusting in others!”

(translated by anniaxx)

(edited by xia0xiao1mei)

CHAPTER SIXTY-FIVE

The Jade Dragon Token

As that whip swirls to the sky, a black figure suddenly leaps out from the mountains, covering the dripping wet Pang Wan with a coat and flies to the horse carriage that has long been waiting.

Upon opening the door curtain, warm air immediately blows to her face, a charcoal-burning basin is actually in the horse carriage, the fire in full bloom; without saying a word, a pair of little hands reaches out to her and tries to rip off her completely wet clothes.

Pang Wan turns back and looks, it is the anxious mute maid.

“Ah Zhuo, I got it, I got the Jade Dragon Token,” Pang Wan has no time to care her soaking wetness, throwing herself to Ah Zhuo and tightly hugs her, “I got the Jade Dragon Token,” she is happy to the extent of almost jumping up.

“Nonsense!” A harsh scold sounds out from inside the horse carriage, He Qing Lu walks up to her with a gloomy face, picks up Pang Wan to the side.

“Gentleman, I got the Jade.....” Pang Wan laughs and wants to hug him, yet hears a sound of “ci-la”, the clothing on her body directly teared off, her skin is just about to be exposed in the air.

Fortunately, the next second, a warm blanket that is clearly heated beforehand tightly wraps her up.

“Ride the horse! It won’t be any good to stay in this place any longer!” He Qing Lu made sure Pang Wan is completely covered, then commands in a serious voice.

The black figure outside the horse carriage immediately throws the whip,

eight black horses lift their foot and races forward.

“Are you cold? Do you have a headache?” He Qing Lu turns to look at the person besides him, his amber eyes filled with concern.

Of course Pang Wan knows why her clothes were brutally ripped off a moment ago, her heart warms and has no time to fuss about that, and just smilingly buries her head into his embrace: “Not cold, nor hurt, let me show you.”

She carefully takes out her head from the blanket and spreads out her fingers, in her palm is unexpectedly a blood-covered bright white token.

“You were right, he is someone who does not trust anyone, in the end, I still found this token in his body.” She clicks her tongue in satisfaction, “Did not think he actually buried it in his calf, that place was really not easy to find out!”

Yet He Qing Lu just quietly gazes at her, with not even a single sign of happiness on his face.

“Gentleman, thank you, luckily you gave me this breathing machine, only then could I stay in the water for that long.” Seeing him not looking right, Pang Wan quickly goes up and kisses him on his cheek, “Thank you for being willing to coordinate with me.”

He Qing Lu sounds a light humph from the bottom of his nose.

Pang Wan knows he is not happy in his heart, thus hurries to coax him: “Don’t be angry anymore, I did not let him take any advantage of me, that drug was also decided to be used by his maid, I only incited her.”

She has known about Lu Kui’s unshakable obsession for Gu Xi Ju since a long time ago, so she took the opportunity to use some simple tricks during the time when she was kidnapped, provoking Lu Kui to the point of using drug on Gu Xi Ju — only the drug that was put in by her own hands, is unable to be detected at all; and Gu Xi Ju misunderstood the situation due to her previous intimation, all these factors combined together made him to lower his guard, only then was it possible for her, who was hiding in the water, to seize the right opportunity.

“I am very smart in the end.” She smilingly places the token into He Qing Lu’s hand, “Now I have this thing, I just want to see what he will use to command the Wu Lin at the Kun Lun Heaven Worshipping Ceremony.”

The joyous smile on her face can even bloom out a flower.

Yet He Qing Lu still tightly embraces her, saying nothing at all, also not taking the token.

When Pang Wan just wanted to speak up, when suddenly, a freezing breeze breaks in, she couldn't resist to sneeze—— achoo!

This was more than a sneeze, her capillaries probably bursted, crimson red blood flows out from her nose. Pang Wan unconsciously uses her hand to wipe, yet sees He Qing Lu's eyes suddenly widen to the size of bells, as if he has seen the most frightening thing in the whole world.

"Ah Zhuo, you.....you hurry over and take a look." It was difficult for him to sound out his words, even voice is shaking, "She is bleeding, she is bleeding."

The hand that is holding Pang Wan's shoulder is as stiff as ice, its freezing temperature almost broke through the blanket to pierce into her skin.

Ah Zhuo is adding charcoal to the basin, upon hearing He Qing Lu's call, she immediately throws away the pliers and rushes over, her face anxious and pale.

Seeing these two people as serious as facing a great enemy, Pang Wan couldn't resist from burst out laughing, "What are you doing, it's just bleeding a little blood....."

But then she does not dare to say more, because she has never seen He Qing Lu having such a solemn look.

Even when he was mourning for his beloved horse, Chrysanthemum Dragon, his delicate face was not this stern.

Ah Zhuo feels her pulse, also measures her breathing and heartbeat, only then did she shake her head at He Qing Lu.

He Qing Lu lets out a long long breath.

"You promised me, this is your last time taking risk." He holds up Pang Wan's chin, his fingers slipping on her cheeks, "You said after getting the Jade Dragon Token, you would go back to the main estate with me to get married, do you remember or not?"

His voice is husky yet deep, as if many many emotions are about to burst out,

but they are forcefully pressed back down.

Pang Wan's face turned blushing red because of his sudden expression of deep love, rebuking, "I remember, but you need to at least wait for me to give the Jade Dragon Token to Father, this way he would have the weapon to fight against Gu Xi Ju, so I will leave without worries too."

He Qing Lu sighs, speaking no more words.

Pang Wan thinks to herself that this person is truly strange, ever since coming back, he has shown extreme care for her on every single detail, as if he just hates that he could not actually tie her to his belt and make her stay next to him twenty-four hours every day. If she did not threat him with marriage again a few days ago, he probably would not have ever allowed her to follow through with her plans and take this risk.

"Gentleman, you should not worry this much about me." She tenderly acts spoilt towards him, "Wait till I become a white-haired old lady in the future, having a whole bunch of bare-assed grandchildren following behind me, would you still want to care about everything that I do?"

He Qing Lu's face stiffens, "How long would it take for that to happen?" He smiles somewhat hoarsely, gently caressing her hair, "You are just over sixteen."

"But I already had a strand of white hair before." Pang Wan shrugs her shoulders, "The maid said it is because I worry too much."

He Qing Lu's movements completely freezes: "You rest well, and take Ah Zhuo's medicine on time, then nothing will go wrong." After a long moment, his roving voice gradually sounds above her head, bringing to her unbounded sense of security.

Wrapped in the warm and comft blanket, also being comforted by him, Pang Wan unconsciously starts to sink into drowsiness.

— fortunately, I have someone whom I can completely trust with all my heart; fortunately, he also trusts me with all his heart, she thinks of this, and falls into a sweet dream.

The capital, Misty Wave Manor.

“What? They solved the Five Phase^[1] Matrix?” Gu Xi Ju tosses aside the maid who was applying medicine on him, slaps on the desk and stands up.

“This subordinate truly does not know the identity of that carriage driver, he actually solved the matrix that took ten years of Advisor’s painstaking work to set up.” Wu Peng awkwardly kneels on the ground, “Aside from the carriage driver, that carriage was also very eerie, its speed is several times that of normal carriages, also diffusing poisonous fog along its way, caused all the spies sent by this subordinate to die.”

“Humph!” Gu Xi Ju sounds a sneer, lifting his brow, “Doesn’t that make their bodies pointing the direction to you?”

Wu Peng shakes, bites the bullet and says: “The strangest factor is that after that horse carriage entered the forest, none of its track was left, as if it disappeared into thin air.”

Gu Xi Ju’s eyes narrow.

“But your subordinate did find out something!” Wu Peng sees his face looking not right, and hurriedly adds, “The mute maid by the side of that gentleman, is actually the last pupil of the Divine Physician of the Medicine King Valley, if the Divine Physician has passed away, then probably no one else can compete with her skills now! Being capable to have this kind of talented person following him, this subordinate guesses that the identity of that Gentleman He must either be wealthy or noble!”

A trace of light quickly shines in Gu Xi Ju’s eyes, then immediately perishes within the next second.

“Interesting.” He lightly sighs, “Truly interesting.” His lips start to curve up little by little.

——Pang Wan, your revenge indeed has not disappointed me.

“No need to chase anymore, since they intentionally want to escape, then I will go against their schemes and wait for them to come.” Gu Xi Ju commands the person kneeling in front of him in a tone that is as warm as the spring, “From now on, you only need to continue to look for those people’s news.”

Wu Peng is frightened to the extent of almost shaking again: “Supreme Chief really allows them to escape as they wish?” He unconsciously confirms with his master one more time, this kind of non-exterminating command truly is rarely seen after all, “Didn’t Supreme Chief say a moment ago, this group of thieves stole your thing?”

Gu Xi Ju laughs in silence: “I just want them to understand, even if that thing is stolen, I am still capable of creating another one out of nothing.”

Touching the wound on his calf, scattered yet hazy light overfills his eyes.

[1] Five Phase/五行/wǔ háng: the basic five elements of nature in Chinese Philosophy-gold, wood, water, fire, soil. The matrix that Bai Xiao Sheng had set up to block others from entering and exiting the Misty Wave Minor, which makes use of all five basic elements of nature.

Translator’s Note: She actually DID IT!!! The part when He Qing Lu is anxiously saying “she is bleeding, she is bleeding” just breaks my heart. He is so afraid of her perishing in front of him the next second. I feel like crying now.

Full

(translated by *xia0xiao1mei*)

(edited by *anniaxx*)



CHAPTER SIXTY-SIX

Kun Lun Heaven Worshipping Ceremony

On this new year's day, Wu Lin welcomes an event that comes once every four years, the Kun Lun Heaven Worshipping Ceremony.

Historically in the Jiang Hu, there has always been the practice of having the Supreme Chief of Wu Lin to lead all the sects to worship the heaven, on one hand to pray for the blessing of the gods, on the other hand to display the Supreme Chief's absolute power as the one in command, and incidentally giving all the other sect leaders seating arrangements.

Gu Xi Ju succeeded the position as Supreme Chief of Wu Lin four years ago, thus accepted the Jade Dragon Token from his predecessor during the Heaven

Worshipping Ceremony, at that time, he took the seat as a newcomer in his early twenties, hence gaining many protests and doubts. Now that four years have passed, he has successfully crushed Bai Yue Sect's power, the two huge sects of Kun Lun and Shaolin has also expressed acknowledgement of his position, so no matter how one looks at this Heaven Worshipping Ceremony, it just looks like a big show of his magnificence.

The auspicious hour has arrived, tall stacks of wood has already been put up at the circular altar on the peak of Mount Kun Lun, offerings such as jade and silk covering the top of them. Following the ritualist's order, Gu Xi Ju dressed in a body of purple slowly steps forward, personally lighting up the wood.

Black and grey smoke shooting straight into the clouds.

The ritualist then sounds another order for people to bring up a spotted deer, a black cattle and a horse, Gu Xi Ju draws out his treasured sword from his waist side, one by one stabbing into the necks of those poor animals, fresh red blood trickles into a bronze cauldron that had long been prepared.

When the bronze cauldron is filled with fresh blood, the animals are carried away, and only then do the servants bring up the fine wine and great dishes, a group of costumed dancers appears on the site and starts presenting a dance. Gu Xi Ju accepts the handkerchief handed by the servant and cleans both his hands, smiling as he watches the dancers.

In the distant, there is a little little black shadow hiding amongst the crowd, eyes fixed as they watch his every move.

How is he still this calm and composed? She thinks in puzzlement.

With one dance performance of {{Cloud Gate}} finishing, the climactic moment of the ceremony begins, the ritualist takes out a golden silk scroll and reads out to the heaven, a chronicle of events that have happened in the Jiang Hu within these four years, summarising the performance and results of all the different sects, and finally have the Supreme Chief of Wu Lin take out the Jade Dragon Token, the symbol of his title, requiring him to stamp it down on the historical records, for the ceremony to be considered completed.

“.....as acknowledgement of the achievements, a Deputy Chief position is to be specially added, with the Yellow River as boundary, the affairs within the

northern area shall fall into the hands of Sect Leader of Kun Lun Sect, He Shan Nai.”

After the ritualist finished saying this, the whole audience is immediately thrown into an uproar.

All these years in the Jiang Hu, such thing like a Deputy Chief has never existed, didn't think that this Gu Xi Ju would actually create a precedent, nor is it clear if this is of decentralisation or offering amnesty?

“So peculiar.” That black shadow quietly murmurs, fortunately the voice drowns within the sea of discussion, not at all attracting any attention.

Under the shocked eyes of the crowd, Gu Xi Ju and He Shan Nai both steadily sit there immovable like Mount Tai, the latter's face is even revealing a trace of an unpredictable smile.

“May Supreme Chief stamp down!” Having said this, the ritualist respectfully hands him the golden silk scroll with both hands.

Gu Xi Ju accepts the golden silk scroll, and takes out a little command token from his sleeve, dipping it in the red mud and was just about to press down.

“Wait!” In this crucial moment, a voice finally sounds in a timely manner.

“Can Supreme Chief let everyone take a look at the Jade Dragon Token?” The person speaking is leader of the Beggars Sect, Shi De Duo.

“For what reason?” Gu Xi Ju highly raises both his sword-like brows.

With a little hesitation, Shi De Duo deeply says: “If Supreme Chief can excuse me, to tell you the truth, these past few days, many sects have received a letter from an anonymous source, stating Supreme Chief doesn't actually have the Jade Dragon Token, and had even secretly courted Bai Yue Sect, the real token had already been given to Bai Yue Sect as a keepsake, even at the bottom of the letter, there is an imprint.....”

His words comes to a pause here.

Gu Xi Ju good naturedly smiles: “An imprint of what?” His voice gentle like a wisp of breeze.

“An imprint of the Jade Dragon Token stamp!” Shi De Duo still manages to

speak the truth with gritted teeth, the disciples of the Beggars Sect have always been fearless anyway.

The crowd quickly starts buzzing in discussion, whilst that lurking shadow lightly laughs.

—*let's see how you will explain this! See what lie you will come up with!* She thinks, not without pride.

However, in the end she has underestimated Gu Xi Ju.

He instead smiles, lightly sounding a clap, he says: “Please invite Sir Ye Gui Nong up.”

Ye Gui Nong, is precisely the former Supreme Chief.

“Elder Ye, may you take a look at the Jade Dragon stamp in my hand, is it real or fake?”

Gu Xi Ju spreads his hand towards the fifty-year-old elderly.

Ye Gui Nong squints his eyes as he takes a look, a resounding voice saying: “It is indeed the same one I passed on to you four years ago, definitely not fake at all!”

Gu Xi Ju nods, then turns to say: “May the Abbot of Shaolin and Kun Lun Sect Leader come forward to take a look, does this Jade Dragon Token perhaps look any different from the one four years ago?”

He Shan Nai and Master Zhi Kong both stands and takes a look, both shaking their heads as they say: “There is no different at all.”

—*liar!*

That shadow covers her own mouth, having almost screamed out loud. She can clearly see the fake Jade Dragon Token in Gu Xi Ju hands contain green amongst white, completely different to the suet white jade one in her sleeve, with such a significant different that can be spotted at a glance, why are all these people lying without batting an eyelid?!

Gu Xi Ju has that Jade Dragon Token in the palm of his hand, proudly exhibiting it as he walks around in a huge circle, asking over dozens of highly respected sect leaders at the table, the answer he got from each of them being “this token is not fake.”

And only then does he puts away the token, gracefully smiling as he stands in centre stage.

“Don’t know if Sect Leader have any other doubts?” Gu Xi Ju holds his fist out as he bows towards Shi De Duo in a reasonable manner.

Shi De Duo’s eyes circles his surrounding, only to find himself in an isolated spot, receiving no echoes from others, keeping to the principle of the less trouble the better, he too, bows and says: “Shi De Duo has caused offense, and has no further objection.”

Gu Xi Ju smiles, once again taking hold of the token, staining it in the red mud and presses down on the golden silk scroll with a “pa”.

Surrounded by cheering, Pang Wan’s heart turns cold.

—*how did it turn out like this? why did it turn out like this?* This isn’t the same as the preconceived script of hers ah! In her imagination, the other sect leaders should immediately discover the Jade Dragon Token is fake, and then interrogates Gu Xi Ju on the spot, this way, the people she planted would have the perfect chance to cause a scene of trouble at the altar, how come these people just wouldn’t believe the token in Gu Xi Ju’s hand is fake?

She couldn’t hold back on wanting to charge out from the crowd, but someone had grabbed hold of her arm.

Someone gently covers her mouth.

“Hush~, come back with me.” That masked man in black whispers to her.

Pang Wan turns to face that pair of black eyes like paint, eyes instantly shining brilliantly: “Brother Nan Yi!”

“Let’s go, he won’t be able to stay smug for long.”

The masked man mutters this next to her ear.

The Heaven Worshipping Ceremony smoothly finishes with no real danger, after saying his goodbyes to the other sect leaders, Gu Xi Ju complacently returns to his room to rest.

He had just took a seat and had a sip of tea, when he hears the maid hasty voice sound from outside the doors: “Fairy, you cannot enter, you cannot.....”

Before he had placed the cup down, a wisp of a white figure charges in like a whirlwind.

“Gu Xi Ju! How could you treat me like this?!” Sang Chan beautifully refined face is filled with rage, “Didn’t think you are actually such an ungrateful person who burns down the bridge after crossing the river!”

Facing the question, Gu Xi Ju does not show any care at all as he hooks up the corners of his lips.

“Junior Sister, why the hurry? Why not sit down first and have a cup of tea I made?” He stands up and pours a cup of tea, leisurely placing it on the little ebony table in front of Sang Chan.

However that cup of tea sounds a “*peng*” as it is swiped onto the ground, high quality celadon smashing into pieces.

“Why did you not go through with what you promised me?!” Sang Chan’s originally tender voice instantly sounds high-pitched and ear piercing.

“Chan-er, listen to me explain.” Gu Xi Ju steadies his expression, before softly saying, “That Deputy Chief position was indeed originally arranged for you, but an error occurred in the final moment, hence why I could only let Kun Lun’s people take up the position first.”

Sang Chan coldly laughs: “What kind of error requires having you put out such a high price in exchange? Could it be that everything that He Shan Nai is capable of doing, is much more, much harder, than everything I had done for you these past ten years?”

With a sound of “*shua*” she draws out the long sword from her waist side, placing it against his neck.

“These past ten years, I have dressed myself up well in order to collect information for you, willingly becoming your excuse to block off marriage alliances, and even at the cost of abandoning the maid I adored the most, also giving up Ninth Prince’s proposal, what was all this for?”

Her eyes like frosty stars wells up with tears.

“You tell me, what exactly did I do wrong? Why did the position you promise me go to another person?! Why?!”

Speaking up to hear, the beauty is already starting to choke.

Gu Xi Ju’s brows furrows almost undetectably, with a turn of a head, he had already replaced it with an appeasing expression like the warm spring.

“You didn’t do anything wrong, Chan-er, it’s just that it’s not yet the right time.” He reaches out to pat her shoulder, voice so gentle is can practically be dripping with water, “You are only in your early twenties, quickly ascending to the Deputy Chief position isn’t exactly a good thing, it is better to wait a few years until your influence grows much vaster, it can just be following a logical train of thought.”

Sang Chan stops wailing, looking up at him: “Wait a few years? Or wait another few decades? Do I have to wait until that He Shan Nai dies before I can give in?! Is my current influence not vast enough? The entire Jiang Hu knows of me, this fairy’s existence, could it be you want me to wait until I’m old and wrinkly before I can reasonably deserve the position?”

With one “*pa*” she throws off Gu Xi Ju’s hand, face revealing a look of disgust and contempt: “Gu Xi Ju, in fact, you simply have never thought of passing on the title of Supreme Chief to me! From the very beginning to end you have done nothing but use me!”

Gu Xi Ju’s face sinks.

“Chan-er must you speak so horribly, could it be, we’re not in relationship of mutual cooperation? Had it not been for me keeping everything in check from behind the scenes, you really think your great reputation as Fairy would be able to spread so quickly?” He harrumphs from his nose, “Junior Sister, you too shouldn’t overestimate yourself.”

Sang Chan is finally angered to the point of laughing.

“What? Is Supreme Chief planning on tearing apart our mutual respect? Now that you have firmly secured your position, you’re starting to clean out your manpower?” She overturns the sword in hand, the shining frosty light is thus

reflected on Gu Xi Ju's face.

However, Gu Xi Ju laughs.

Laughing at her stupidity, laughing at her lack of understanding of her own abilities.

"Chan-er, why must you be in such a rush to pierce through this layer of paper window (say the truth out loud directly)?" He regretfully shakes his head, "Other than me, what other backing do you have? Even if you find a new backstage supporter, you think that the heroes of the world will really openly make an enemy of me, just for a beauty?"

"Beauty grows old within a moment; youth is but only a passing instant." He quietly pushes away that frosty sword, faintly sighing, "Serving with beauty alone, for how long can it last?"

This is precisely the reason why his heart has never been moved for Sang Chan.

Since the ancient times, it is said heroes have difficulty overcoming the obstacle that are beauties, his path of walking on clouds (be someone in high position) needs a peerless beauty of a generation to act as an embellishment, and this junior sister with far-reaching ambitions, is undoubtedly the best candidate.

Speaking in terms of public opinion, such thing that is an idol, is an unseen yet also very powerful weapon.

However, it is just another weapon.

"You carefully think about this, don't be in such a hurry to draw a clean break with me." He looks at Sang Chan with a smile filled with goodwill, "Go back and calculate your bargaining chips, it will not be too late for you to come finding me again once you thought it through."

Sang Chan glares at him, entire body trembling.

However no matter how angry she is, she too, knows, in terms of martial arts, this man and her are fundamentally on two completely different standings, acting up against him will simply be humiliating herself.

What's more terrifying is, finally, she can clearly see this man's heart — his heart is empty, there is simply no one else inside, she cannot count on him to be

lenient on her.

Tossing aside the sword with a sound of “*pa-da*”, she holds back her tears as she throws back her sleeves and leaves.

Watching Sang Chan’s gradually fading figure, another slender figure enters through the doors from around the corner.

“What caused her to fall out with you?” The youth in white greeting Gu Xi Ju, is precisely Bai Xiao Sheng.

Gu Xi Ju turns his head to see the arriving person, smiling: “Advisor is worrying too much, Chan-er is only throwing a little temper.”

Bai Xiao Sheng sighs, faintly saying: “Right now everyone outside are discussing, why Supreme Chief would suddenly establish the position of a deputy chief, and even gave the title to He Shan Nai, who you previously had a rift with?” He blinks, “Everyone is speculating, could it be something of Supreme Chief’s has fallen into the hands of Kun Lun Sect?”

Gu Xi Ju shakes his head as he laughs: “What Advisor had just said, with the two of us accompanying one another through life and death for more than ten years, are you still unable to trust the kind of person I am?”

“He Shan Nai wants power, Sang Chan wants reputation, I am only satisfying them.” His face like pale clouds and light breeze, “Every single person has a desire, as long as you grasp hold of the thing they want, matters will always be easier to handle.”

“What about you? What do you want?” Bai Xiao Sheng’s voice quietly sounds.

Gu Xi Ju is stunned.

“This, it’s roughly.....” Halfway through his sentence, the pleasant expression on his face suddenly disappears, and a look of disbelief replaces it.

“You actually.....” He looks at Bai Xiao Sheng, the fierce light in his eyes looking just like a ball of raging fire wanting to have him burnt down.

A stream of fresh blood runs down from the corner of his lips.

“I actually poisoned you?” Bai Xiao Sheng’s face of pure and refined handsomeness turns twisted, he coldly laughs as he steps forward, “Why

wouldn't I dare to poison you? Not only would I poison you, I'd even use the sword against you!"

With a sound of "*chi-la*", a long sword pierces into Gu Xi Ju's clothing.

Gu Xi Ju could only feel the severe pain in his chest, before his eyes suddenly sees white, a man's sad and shrill voice floating over from afar.

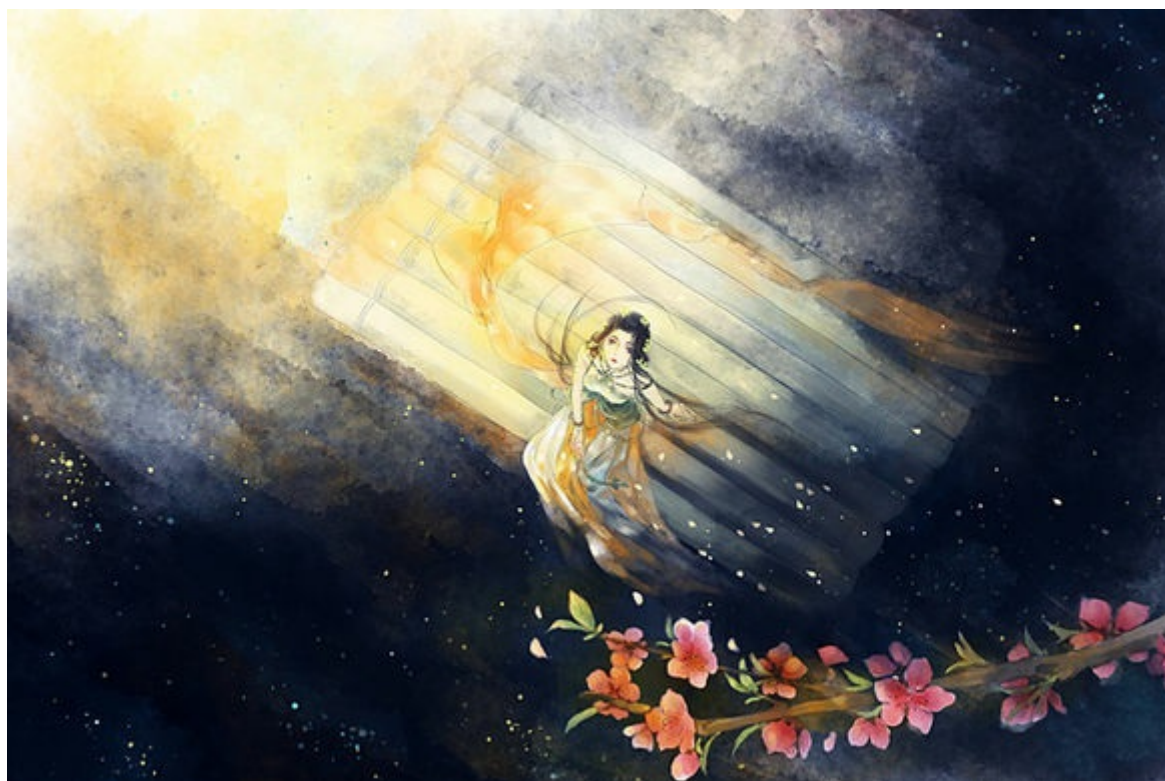
"You think I don't know about the deal between you and He Shan Nai? You have never trusted me, the Jade Dragon Token you gave me to keep custody of is actually a fake! You had merely treated me like a live archery target made of human flesh! Today you are able to discard Sang Chan, this pawn, another day you will also discard me, Gu Xi Ju! You deserve this punishment!"

Gu Xi Ju opens his mouth wanting to say something, but is unable to issue any sound at all, his eyes see black as he comes crashing down to the ground.

Full

(translated by anniaxx)

(edited by xia0xiao1mei)



CHAPTER SIXTY-SEVEN

Mantis Capturing Cicada

“What? Bai Xiao Sheng is one of Bai Yue Sect’s people?”

Pang Wan just couldn’t believe her ears, tightly holding onto Nan Yi’s arm, so shocked that her hands are even shaking.

“That’s right, Sect Leader placed Bai Xiao Sheng next to Gu Xi Ju’s side ten years ago, he has always been one of the Bai Yue Sect’s people.”

Nan Yi takes off the black scarf on his face, smiling with great confidence.

“Throughout all these years, he has been accumulating credit step by step, finally becoming Gu Xi Ju’s trusted one. Gu Xi Ju thinks that no one can compare to his own intelligence, yet how could he ever predict when a mantis is capturing a cicada, a yellow oriole is actually waiting behind them?”

He sounds a scoff from the bottom of his nose, "Sect Leader has issued the final command to Bai Xiao Sheng, afraid that Gu Xi Ju is probably not going to live past today."

A chill runs through Pang Wan's spine.

She suddenly recalls the incident of Nan Yi disguising himself to heal Bai Xiao Sheng after he was injured by the Blood Tyrant, didn't think there was also this relation concealed within the situation..... "If we had such an excellent chess piece like Bai Xiao Sheng, then why didn't we use him earlier?" She gazes at Nan Yi perplexedly.

Nan Yi sighs: "That Gu Xi Ju has always acted really intimate with him, even handing the Jade Dragon Token to him, Bai Xiao Sheng was almost going to completely betray us despite the parasite poison^[1] in his body, fortunately you stole that Jade Dragon Token, only then did he realize that Gu Xi Ju has never believed him from the beginning, so he became willing to follow Sect Leader's command."

Pang Wan couldn't resist letting out an "ah" sound.

The goal of making Gu Xi Ju lose the world's trust due to her stealing the Jade Dragon Token was not achieved, but unexpectedly, it caused him to lose his life, could this be counted as hitting the target without even trying?

"We shall wait in the inn first, by the latest tomorrow, the news should be spread." Nan Yi pats her cheek, "Sect Leader is more anxious than you."

Pang Wan suddenly noticed, what he has been saying is "Sect Leader", not "Father".

"You and Sect Leader....." She lifts up her little face and looks at him nervously.

"Matters between adults, you needn't know." Nan Yi pauses, but then immediately gently caresses her hair, "You just need to know, no matter what happens, I will always be your Senior Brother."

Upon hearing this, Pang Wan's tears start to fall down in turbulent streams.

These two Senior Brother and Junior Sister sat together and talked a lot, including where Nan Yi had gone to after leaving Bai Yue Sect, what has he been

doing, naturally, Pang Wan also tells the complete story of her and He Qing Lu, only leaving out the part of him being the Young Palace Master of Solitary Palace.

Nan Yi was silent for a long time after hearing the story.

“This Gentleman He, is he truly a trustable person you can entrust yourself to?” His ink-black pupils gazes at Pang Wan, not moving at all.

Pang Wan thinks of He Qing Lu’s actions throughout the whole journey, and could not help but to nod: “He treats me with a sincere heart.”

It’s not like they experienced any enormous events that would shake the heavens and the earth, it’s just that in the days that has flowed away like a stream, she has taken notice of his clumsy use of words, his lack of expression of concern, feel his firm and unhesitant love, He Qing Lu may be a noble gentleman with a cold and arrogant appearance, but inside, he has an honest heart that cannot be any more pure.

“Do you like him?” Nan Yi pauses for a moment then suddenly asks her, his words as straightforward as the look in his eyes.

Pang Wan freezes, then somewhat bashfully lowers her head —— she is indeed attached to He Qing Lu, cannot bear to see him in any kind of sadness or sorrow, *maybe, this is a kind of like?*

Nan Yi sees her looking like a shy little girl, then somewhat knows the answer in his heart.

He remains silent for a moment, then reaches out his hand to comb the strand of hair by her cheek to the back of her ear: “You’re really planning to leave with him?”

Just when Pang Wan lifts up her head to answer him, the words on the tip of her tongue are then swallowed back to her stomach, her pair of round almond eyes stares behind Nan Yi.

He Qing Lu is standing by the door with his face stiff, his slender fingers holding on to the bronze knocking ring, obviously he has just pushed the door to come in.

“Gentleman.....” She unconsciously swallows a gulp.

He Qing Lu’s eyebrows furrow, without making a move, he indifferently calls out: “Are you going to come over or not?” Both his tone and expression impatient to the extreme.

Pang Wan instantly stands up obediently.

Yet someone suddenly holds onto her arm.

“I am speaking to my Junior Sister, when did you have the right to interrupt?” Nan Yi snatches the first step to block her path, his face ice cold.

He Qing Lu’s forehead furrows even deeper, he chooses to ignore Nan Yi, tilting his head and commanding in a light voice to the person behind Nan Yi: “Come here.”

Pang Wan hears this chilling voice, and knows in her heart that he has already reached the brink of exploding, hence quickly sticking her head out from behind Nan Yi.

“Coming, coming” She pushes away Nan Yi’s hand, running toward the door in brisk steps.

Nan Yi slightly freezes for a second.

“Gentleman, this is my Senior Brother, you two have met before.” Pang Wan clings onto He Qing Lu’s arm and drags him forward whilst giggling, “Come, come, come, let us all be acquainted with each other.”

He Qing Lu is unwillingly dragged by her to Nan Yi, these two charming and exceptional young men just stand in the room, awkwardly staring at each other.

“Treat her well.” After a moment, Nan Yi finally speaks up to break the silence, he walks forward and pats He Qing Lu’s shoulder. “Should you cause her to the slightest bit of sadness, even if I have to chase you to the end of the earth, I would still go break your bones and scatter your ashes.”

After saying those words, Nan Yi directly marches off, with his lonesome figure appearing extremely elegant.

“Wah, I did not even know my Senior Brother would actually treasure me this much!” Pang Wan exclaims whilst gazing at Nan Yi’s distant figure. She then

giggles and presses herself close to the person next to her, “Gentleman, did you hear that, Senior Brother has got my back!”

He Qing Lu is angry and ruffled, giving a pat to her forehead: “I dare you to try sticking that close to him again next time, watch out I’d be the first to chop off his hand!”

Pang Wan touches her head and gives him a silly smile.

—right now, gentleman is so good, trusting her, protecting her, he would not hurt her because of any random jealousy. At that time, he was furious when he found out the entanglement between her and Gu Xi Ju, locking himself up in the room for three days and three nights without even coming out once, but in the end, he still followed her revenge plan, let her go, prepared all the necessary tools for her, also rescuing her out during the most pressing moment.

“As long as you will be coming back alive and well, and be willing to leave with me.” This was the only remuneration he asked.

Pang Wan holds on to He Qing Lu’s arm, ramblingly describing every detail of the Heaven Worship Ceremony, then indignantly says: “Don’t know what happened to those old sect leaders, each one of them said Gu Xi Ju’s Jade Dragon Token was real, no matter the shape or the color, it was just clearly not right, could it be that they all became blind unanimously?”

He Qing Lu stayed silent for a moment, then nonchalantly answers: “No, it’s not that they became blind unanimously, but rather they chose to stand on the same side unanimously.”

Pang Wan is astonished, lifts her head and looks into his eyes.

“It seems that Gu Xi Ju has truly paid a great cost this time, bribed a bunch of Wu Lin sect leaders with coercion and incentive, with these people supporting him, even if he takes out a stone and says it is the Jade Dragon Token, probably no one would protest anything.” He Qing Lu smiles at her, showing that he has already expected it all, “Be it right or wrong, righteous or unorthodox, everyone has a balance in his heart, this balance is his own benefit, all the people will choose the answer that is most beneficial to them, not the answer that most aligns with the truth.”

After listening to him, Pang Wan was silent for a long time, she thought of the rashomon effect^[2].

“You now know why the Solitary Palace never gets involved in the war between the righteous and the unorthodox?” He Qing Lu sighs, “Because there is really no method to simply categorize what is righteous and what is unorthodox, my Second Uncle just happens to also be a lazy man indulged in freedom.”

Pang Wan thinks of what she has seen and heard since stepping into Jiang Hu, and couldn't help but to feel solitude emerging in her heart.

She used to be jealous of the ladies of prestigious families of the famous and righteous sects, because they are born to the white lotus flowers that have clean backgrounds and no suffering against discrimination, yet looking at it now, nothing can be said to the extreme in this world.

But coming back to the topic, if Bai Xiao Sheng really killed Gu Xi Ju, how would the Jiang Hu turn out? The position of Supreme Chief falls into He Shan Nai's hands? That old man is not someone good either, the fight between Bai Yue Sect and the righteous sects will continue endlessly.

She feels the Jade Dragon Token in her sleeve, not saying anything for a long time.

“Did your head hurt today? Do you feel unwell anywhere?” He Qing Lu embraces her shoulders and asks her conditions carefully like usual.

Pang Wan shakes her head, gently buries herself in his arms.

—wait till tomorrow, wait till tomorrow when the news of Bai Xiao Sheng's success comes, then she can rest assured and give the Jade Dragon Token to Nan Yi, then leave this complicated world with He Qing Lu, and go to that place filled with mystery.

But on the second day, she was unable to hear any news regarding whether Gu Xi Ju has died or not.

At the hour of the early morning, Ah Zhuo carried the decoction medicine to Pang Wan's bedside like usual, planning to wake her up.

However, Pang Wan did not open up her eyes like she did every day before, her

eyes were tightly closed from the beginning to the end, not making the slightest sign of reaction.

Ah Zhuo's face blanched, she immediately tries to feel her breath, touch her pulse.

After a moment, a sound of "pia" cracks the silence, the decoction bowl in Ah Zhuo's hands has dropped to the ground, the dark black decoction liquid meandering along the floor, quietly flowing to a place unknown.

[1] **Parasite Posion/蛊毒/gǔ dú**: Remember in footnote [3] of [Chapter 7](#), we talked about a kind of special parasite that is injected to control one's body and puts his or her life in the hands of the parasite owner.

[2]**Rashomon Effect/罗生门/luō shēng mén**: *Rashomon* is a Japanese term that is used in Chinese as well, describing the circumstance that different people interpret the same event differently based on their benefits and viewpoints. Rashomon (meaning the Gate of Rasho) is originally a gate on the Suzaku Street in Kyoto. A poor and cowardly man wanted to be a robber, so he came to the Gate of Rasho, where many corpses were laid, to rob money from the dead people. He saw an old lady pulling out the hair of a dead female and became furious at her action. The old lady said she just wants to survive by making a wig to sell and told him that this female was also a bad person when she was alive, selling snake meat as eels to others. The man realized there is nothing that can't be done for survival, so he robbed the cloth of the old lady. This story gave Rashomon the meaning it has today.

Translator's Note: Don't cry, don't cry!!!

Full

[Ko – is the name of a board game, but also describes a situation where two alternating (black and white) single stone captures would repeat the original board position. The alternating captures could repeat indefinitely, preventing the game from ending. – credit to <http://senseis.xmp.net/?Ko>

I know this is confusing, and I know nothing about ko myself, but just focus on the bolded part of the explanation.

Also, a situation of ko called ‘eternal life’ will be mentioned several times in the chapter, it’s some form of the ko cycle, which like the name suggests, can go on endlessly.

As an additional note, whenever we mention chess and chess pieces/pawns in chinese novels (particular c-novels set in the past), in most cases it in fact refers to ko, but for english readers referring to it as a chess game makes it easier to understand.]

The chapter title here continues from Ch 67: Mantis Capturing Cicada, remember when Nan Yi says “when a mantis is capturing a cicada, a yellow oriole is actually waiting behind them”?

(translated by *xia0xiao1mei*)

(edited by *anniaxx*)



CHAPTER SIXTY-EIGHT

The Oriole Waits Behind

Within these past few days, Jiang Hu wasn't particularly at peace, it was rumoured that Supreme Chief of Wu Lin Gu Xi Ju had fallen victim to a villain, having been poisoned, he currently lies in coma, the new appointed Deputy Chief and the original Advisor Bai Xiao Sheng took the opportunity to form their own factions and engage in a power struggle, seeming to be the forerunners of this raging storm.

In the boundless cave of Mount Kun Lun's forbidden ground, two people, one old, one young, is currently playing ko.

"When are you planning to expose everything?" The white bearded elder had made an official appearance at the worshipping the heaven ceremony, the former supreme chief Ye Gui Nong.

"Don't be hasty, let that Bai Xiao Sheng jump around for a few days first, I just like to see what people he had netted in within these ten years, using what kind of capabilities." The youth in purple holds a black stone in hand, face warm like the spring breeze.

"These people think they are farsighted and prudent, but actually cannot even

compare to half your finger.” Ye Gui Nong sighs, “In fact, you have long known Zuo Huai An had planted a spy by your side, isn’t that right?”

The youth in purple smiles: “Since I can plant a spy in Bai Yue Sect, they too are capable of planting an undercover disciple by my side as well, this is the simplest principle. I have just been waiting all along, waiting for that person to reveal himself in front of me.”

“Didn’t think it would be Bai Xiao Sheng.” He lightly sighs, “Although this is not unexpected, but it is still unfortunate.”

Ye Gui Nong says in surprise: “Could it be you have never believed he treated you with sincerity? These past ten years he has devised plans and went through life and death for you, I thought you had already given him your absolute trust.”

The man in purple bursts out laughing.

“Elder sure likes to joke around, who in this world can be absolutely trusted?” He slowly shakes his head, a look of pity, “This kind of thing called trust, is a toy that belongs to children.”

Ye Gui Nong says nothing, hand holding a white stone as he makes his next move on the ko board.

Fortunately, I, as an old man, have already seen enough of all this and retired back into the mountain forest, he thinks to himself.

One who is in the Jiang Hu, has no full command over oneself, subjected to countless calculation, endlessly harbouring suspicions, only one with a heart of steel can blaze a new trail made of blood, very clearly, the young man before him is precisely a master amongst masters in this aspect.

“Once Supreme Chief have released my wife and daughter, the Ye family will immediately retreat into seclusion, I will never pay any regards to the matters of the Jiang Hu ever again, no one would be able to find us.” Looking at the deadlocked ko game, Ye Gui Nong suddenly says this calmly.

The youth in purple raises his head, smiling as he casts him a glance: “Elder Ye is a dragon amongst humans (extraordinary figure amongst common people).”

A ray of golden sunlight shines down from above their heads, gently falling onto

the ko board.

With a sound of “pa-da”, the man in purple places the black stone on that spot of sunlight.

“Elder Ye, you’ve held back.” The corner of his lips raises, revealing a pleasant smile with no restraint, “Looks like the heavens deliberately guided the way.”

(“You’ve held back” is kind of like saying checkmate, something that is said when you feel you can see your victory, but in a humble manner. As if to say – ‘I’m only winning because you are holding back on me’)

Ye Gui Nong once again looks at the ko game, and cannot help smiling: “Supreme Chief is a little too hasty, this is clearly an ‘eternal life’, it is a draw.”

Once started, the moves of the stones will continuously go back and forth, black and white eternally capturing one another without stop, hence creating an endless cycle.

—

Five days later, new news have been circulating around the Jiang Hu.

Gu Xi Ju raised from the dead, presenting a large number of evidence of Bai Xiao Sheng and the unorthodox sect colluding with one another, personally killing him and his henchmen. Due to being eager to fight Bai Xiao Sheng for the position, Deputy Chief He Shan Nai’s vitality suffered great damage, his reputation also crushed down into ruins, and had no other choice but to completely bow his head to submit to Gu Xi Ju.

And his greatest enemy Bai Yue Sect’s Sect Leader Zuo Huai An, was consumed by his power during cultivation, his skills diminished by a half, no longer have the capability to fight back, the unorthodox sect’s power thus collapsed a thousand li.

So far, Gu Xi Ju has completely secured his position as Supreme Chief.

In the bright and sunny third month of the year, everyone in Misty Wave Manor are riding high on the spring breeze, even their steps and expressions are filled with high spirits, and even Wu Peng who had just crept in front of the hall to report, is also filled with joy.

“That Bai Yue Sect has really stopped clamouring just like this, making no

further moves?” Gu Xi Ju looks at the message in his hand, raising his brows, surprised.

“That’s correct, after confirming, Zuo Huai An had once been consumed by his powers when cultivating his martial arts in his early years, in recent years, he has been relying on {{Xi Sui Jing}} to suppress his meridians from worsening, but ever since his last retreat into seclusion to treat Nan Yi, a big half of his skills have been scrapped, no longer able to recover it again.”

Wu Peng respectfully bows his head.

Gu Xi Ju sounds a hum, and then asks: “What about Bai Yue’s Young Master and Sheng Gu?”

Wu Peng shakes his head: “Both had been removed from their titles, Zuo Huai An announced the new acceptance of his final disciple, who will be cultivated to become Bai Yue Sect’s next sect leader.”

“Oh?” Gu Xi Ju cannot help laughing, “This sure is unexpected, could it be they are trying to plan something again?” This answer has actually made him feel at ease, an unorthodox sect that cannot strike back is not an unorthodox sect anymore.

He waves his hand at Wu Peng: “Off you go, if there’s any news of Bai Yue Sect, come tell me at any time.”

Wu Peng coming to report again, is already a matter that happens at the end of the fourth month.

“Supreme Chief, things are looking bad! That newly accepted disciple of Zuo Huai An’s is actually Fairy Sang Chan!” He is clearly very shocked and anxious.

However, when Gu Xi Ju hears this, he instead heartily laughs out loud.

“And here I was thinking what junior sister is capable of!” The expression on his face was firstly showed extreme disdain, then turns into indifferent, “Turns out after walking a circle around righteous sects, she found there are no place to seek refuge in, hence completely abandoning the light for the dark?”

“No need to touch her for now, with her here to stir this pool of muddy water, things will be much more fun.” He instructs Wu Peng this, looking extremely

indifferent.

Wu Peng is surprised at how composed he is, but still accepts the orders.

“Oh right, are there any more news of that Bai Yue Sect’s Sheng Gu?” Gu Xi Ju asks this, acting as though it was nothing.

“Haven’t heard anything about her, ever since she was removed from the title, Bai Yue Sect has kept her existence deeply guarded, all lips sealed overnight.” Wu Peng is also very surprised by this matter.

“Perhaps she’s is hiding somewhere, plotting revenge.” Gu Xi Ju shakes his head as he laughs, “I’m actually really looking forward to her scheme.”

He understands her well, understands her extremely well, she will definitely find him for revenge, she definitely wouldn’t be able to swallow back this hatred.

He and her are just like that famous game of go named “eternal life”, once started, it will continue without end, endlessly fighting on.

She is his best opponent, also one he had personally nurtured, this is a game with an endless cycle.

Spring passes and summer arrives, in a blink of an eye, it is already the fifth month. After taking care of some affairs, Gu Xi Ju specially ordered to have plum wine freezed and have it sent to the little boat by the lake, where he leisurely drinks it alone.

“Sir Wu is requesting an audience.” The maid brings Wu Peng up.

“Have any interesting news to tell me?” Gu Xi Ju comfortably takes a sip of wine.

Wu Peng respectfully bows to him, before saying: “Reporting to Supreme Chief, turns out that Bai Yue Sect’s Sheng Gu had already passed away two months ago, no wonder why this subordinate hasn’t been able to find any news all along.”

Gu Xi Ju freezes, he does not turn to look at him.

“What did you say?” He softly asks.

Wu Peng thought Supreme Chief is reprimanding his use of words for being too

refined, hence repeating it again: “Bai Yue Sheng Gu has already died two or more months ago, that’s why Zuo Huai An would be in a hurry to recruit Sang Chan as his final disciple, if nothing goes wrong, Lady Sang Chan would officially become Bai Yue Sect’s Sheng Gu next month.”

“Died?” However, Gu Xi Ju’s focus isn’t on those following words of his, his fingers starting to gently tremble.

“She died?” He mutters, repeating the words.

“That’s the absolute truth, the former Sheng Gu has really died, it is said that for the battle on the eighth of the twelfth month last year, in order to steal the show, she forced thirty years of internal energy into her body, but unexpectedly, due to the previous arrow wound to the chest, she had already lost all her internal energy, this is simply an act of suicide.” Wu Peng shakes his head, “I heard that that Sheng Gu had later caught the cold as well, with the addition of troubles on her mind, she died in her sleep in the inn at the foot of Mount Kun Lun, never opening her eyes again.”

Answering him, is the sound of the wine cup exploding.

The celadon shards pierce the tip of Gu Xi Ju’s slender fingers, the blood clearly dripping, yet he disregards it.

He turns to seriously look over Wu Peng’s face, seeming to want to find a trace of hope from his expression.

“Have you investigate it thoroughly? Is there a possibility of a fake death? Doesn’t the gentleman by her side have the personal disciple of the Divine Physician?” His voice is still very gentle.

“Definitely no possibility of a fake death.” Wu Peng thought that the Supreme Chief’s loss of composure is due to being overjoyed, hence speaking in a more cutting clear manner, “That day at the inn, many people saw a mute wailing as she scurries down the corridor, following that, Sheng Gu’s corpse was carried out from the room by that gentleman, according to the words of the spectators, that surnamed He gentleman’s eyes were both red, clearly showing he cried!”

“Right now, Sheng Gu’s corpse is buried on Cloud-Rising Mountain, this subordinate has personally seen the grave, and that Gentleman He had already

left with that mute lady.” Speaking up to here, Wu Peng narrows his eyes.

“Congratulations Supreme Chief, congratulations Supreme Chief! With yet another enemy gone, Supreme Chief is now invincible!” He loudly shouts.

However, Gu Xi Ju does not reveal an ecstatic look as he had expected.

He only stares at the lake water below his feet, quietly falling into a daze.

A round smiling face appears amongst the emerald waves.

“I will definitely exact revenge on you.” That face smilingly says to him.

“Ensuring to teach you how to be wholeheartedly grieve stricken for once!” She says in a light tone.

“How pitiful, you have all been deceived.” He turns his head, smiling at the pale faced Wu Peng. “This is a scheme, this is her scheme. The grave is empty, she must be hiding in an unknown place, practicing evil martial arts, she will still return to find me for revenge.” He mutters.

Deep down, Wu Peng proudly laughs, he was precisely waiting for Supreme Chief to say this.

“Supreme Chief is overthinking it.” He bows his head and continues reporting, “This subordinate has also thought this is a ‘cicada casting off its skin’^[1] plan, therefore, I had specially dug up that Sheng Gu’s grave in the middle of the night, not only does the grave contain her daily clothing and ornament, even her bones are in good order. This subordinate has specially investigated into it, the bones matches with her stature, and even the wound to the chest is in the same spot, the dead person is indeed the Sheng Gu called Pang Wan, there cannot be any mistake at all, this subordinate can guarantee this with his life.”

Gu Xi Ju does not speak, he gazes at the illusory reflection in the water, eyes containing thick dullness, so dense it cannot possibly disperse.

“You opened her coffin?” After a long time, he slowly asks, “Who allowed this?”

His tone soft, lightly coated with disrespect, but it was enough for the those below to instantly fall into an abyss beyond redemption.

“Supreme Chief! Your subordinate has done wrong! May Supreme Chief show

leniency!” Wu Peng fearfully drops to the ground, his back drenched in sweat, entire body is pushed down by strong pressure, preventing him from being able to lift his head.

He would never have imagined, after trying to act smart by thinking he could read his master’s mind, it turns out he had wrongly hit the wrong spot with his bootlicking instead.

Gu Xi Ju says nothing, only patting Wu Peng’s shoulder, all that can be heard is a sound of “ka-cha”, and his arm was removed from his shoulder.

Wu Peng’s tears flowed down from his eyes, he kneels on the ground, enthusiastically thanking Supreme Chief for showing mercy, allowing him to live. Then scrambles up as he drags his severed arm along, crawling away.

Gu Xi Ju glances at the wine cup by his hand, lifting it up, with one wave of his long sleeve, it was thrown into the lake.

That sweetly smiling face in the water thus fall apart, disappearing.

“This is your revenge? Death?” He raises his head to the sky, raising the corners of his lips, “You wish to get rid of me forever?” In the ink blue sky, the same charming face appears in that round moon, gazing back at him with a beautiful smile.

“Why are you not continuing to hate me?”

“Why are you not taking revenge on me?”

He gazes at that curve of a sweet smile in the moon as he falls into a daze, those pink flushed cheeks, those almond eyes like black grapes, those lips like a red water chestnut.

How intelligent of a person he is ah, he had once planted a thought in her mind, waiting for it to sprout, bloom and bear fruit, whether this thought is about love or hate, it eventually filled her heart, causing her to no longer be able to fit anything else in it.

He and her, are like light and dark, day and night, the black and white stones in the ‘eternal life’, should originally be opposites living in harmony.

—— ‘eternal life’, the famous cycle of ko, several stones captures one another,

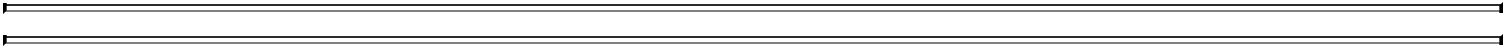
with multi-associates, black stone takes the ko to capture the opposing side, forcing white stone to take the next ko, white stones take the capture then calls a killing move, forcing the black stones to take the ko again, both sides with their hands tied, yet no one can stop, because whoever calls stop first will lose. This should originally be a game with a never-ending cycle.

“How ridiculous, how very ridiculous.”

He narrows his eyes at that face, his pupils completely clouded.

“I will not forgive your cowardly retreat, not even if you are dead.”

Never will, definitely not, not even after generations and generations.



[1] **Cicada casting off its skin** or **jīn chán tuō ké / 金蝉脱壳** is a saying that refers to a **strategized escape** or a **disappearance act from an entangled situation**, just like how a cicada leave behind its cast-off part in moulting.

Full

(translated by anniaxx)

(edited by xia0xiao1mei)

* Before you start reading this chapter, I want to tell you a fun fact. ***Jiang Hu Road Is Curved***/江湖路弯弯 is the published title of this novel; the original title that Ying Zhao used when she was in process of writing it is 陛陛陛下 or ***Your, Your, Your Majesty***. Why would she choose this title when this story seems to have everything to do with Jiang Hu and nothing to do with royalties? I think it will be revealed in this chapter~ Enjoy the last little twist~



CHAPTER SIXTY-NINE

In The End

Western region, on Mount He-Lun.

Currently in the fifth month, the flowers in verdant grass on the high mountains are blooming wildly, golden, crimson, light pink, and dense violent, covering the steep mountains with a layer of colourful woven tapestry. In this fusion of tall luxuriant flowers reaching the height of one's knees, a young lady in red with a lovely figure is riding on a horse. The early spring breeze causes her

dark black hair raise and fly in the air, a beautiful smile blooming on her delicate face.

“Young Madam, be careful!” A blanket is spread on the grass not far away from her, a woman is placing fruits and deserts on it, seeing the horse running a little faster, she lifts up her head and tells the young lady with a worried face.

The young lady hears her and mischievously sticks her tongue out, her legs squeezes in, that white horse immediately lifts up its feet in the air, then rushes forward as fast as an arrow shot from the bow.

“Young Madam! Young Madam!” The lady stands up in shock, yet doesn’t know what to do, and could only stare at the horse and person go further and further away.

All that can be heard is a loud and clear whistle, another strong black horse runs down from the hill, blocking the path of the white horse just in time.

“You are being mischievous again.” The gentleman in cyan on the black horse reaches out his arm, then the young lady in red is immediately captured from the other horse into his embrace.

“You’re bullying me again!” The young lady is tightly locked in his arms, protesting with a whole face of unhappiness.

“How am I bullying you?” The gentleman is confused.

“Didn’t you promise to allow me to ride a horse and walk for a while, why are you suddenly stepping in?” The young lady turns to give him a punch.

The gentleman pauses, then the corners of his lips irresistibly lift up.

“Didn’t you also promise me, that you would only make the horse walk, not run?” He casts her a glare, “Have you forgotten that you are still recovering?”

Even though the young lady did wrong first, she is still somewhat unsatisfied, pursing her lips and puffing her cheeks, not giving him an answer.

Seeing her lovely pampered look, the gentleman then closes in and gives her a kiss.

“You still say you’re not bullying me!” This time, the young lady finally caught the right opportunity, grabbing his collar, clenching her teeth at him with a

vicious face, “You...you.....”

“Me what?” The gentleman lifts his brows and stares at her, not showing any sign of backing off, “The engagement is done, our relationship is confirmed, could I possibly be named a shameless lecher who is harassing you?”

The young lady is left speechless, blushing and pursing her lips.

The gentleman is overfilled with joy, lowering his head to peck her lips again.

From afar, the woman gazes at this couple and smiles, thousands of emotions flowing in her heart.

— she has finally waited till this day, have been taking care of gentleman for twenty years, she has once thought that there would never be a day when little Young Master falls for a female, there is nothing more important than mechanics and inventions in his heart, fortunately, fortunately this little lady in red appeared.

Several months ago, gentleman brought back the dying young lady back to the main estate, his face as hopeless as if the sky had collapsed, all members of the family almost flipped the medicine storage upside down, before finally being able to save this future Young Madam.

Ancient deep-wood ginseng of a thousand years, snow lotus that only grows one inch every one hundred years, the golden saffron that only blooms on the tallest summit of the western region, these one-of-a-kind treasures in the world were all sent into Young Madam’s stomach, even the air she breathes out now would cost more than a whole city’s worth.

Seems that Young Master truly loves his little lady.

This little Young Master is certainly He Qing Lu, and his wife-to-be who has returned from the gates of hell, is the one who was announced dead several months ago, Pang Wan. At that time when she stopped breathing in the inn, it was all thanks to Ah Zhuo using golden needles to apply acupuncture, Nan Yi using Xi Sui Jing to rescue her, that she barely managed to save her last breath.

Having overcome this enormous danger alive, He Qing Lu who was still in fear and shock told Zuo Huai An about Pang Wan’s destroyed heart meridians, declaring that he must take his wife-to-be away, never allowing her to stay in the

complicated environment of Jiang Hu.

The world with schemes and lies, is not fitting for him and his beloved.

With his biological daughter's life at stake, Zuo Huai An made the decision without any hesistance, he held an elaborate funeral for Pang Wan, found a dead body to replace hers, then secretly used a hidden passage to send He Qing Lu out.

"Take good care of her, just say that my Bai Yue has already abandoned all relations with her, never giving her the chance to come back."

Before the departure, he, whose hair has greyed, left such words to his son-in-law.

Now several months have passed, Pang Wan's body has gradually recovered, she quickly adapted to living in the western region, because He Qing Lu and his family has taken good care of her in every possible way, she has not shown any signs of maladjustment.

During her recovery, He Qing Lu has recited Zuo Huai An's words to her, Pang Wan was silent for a after listening, then she lifted up her head and smiled beautifully.

"I understand Father's heart." She looks at him with clear eyes, "I will never mess with matters of the Jiang Hu again."

He Qing Lu strokes her hair in satisfaction.

He truly fears from the bottom of his heart, fear of her still thinking about revenging that Supreme Chief of Wu Lin until now.

"After making a round trip from the gates of hell this time, I have realized, why should I allow an evil person to conquer my mind? He simply has nothing to do with me." Pang Wan sighs, cuddling to his embrace like a new-born bird, "The best revenge, is no revenge."

As long as she is living well and happily, then it is enough.

He Qing Lu smilingly embraced her shoulders.

The couple on horseback made out for a little more, finally jumping down and coming to the blanket to eat some deserts. The woman also hands the mail that has just been received from an eagle to He Qing Lu.

He Qing Lu finishes reading that letter, lifts up his brows, then hands it to Pang Wan.

“What? Father has accepted Sang Chan as his goddaughter?” Pang Wan stares at that piece of paper with wide eyes, her mouth could not even be closed, “He also wants to make her Bai Yue Sheng Gu?”

He Qing Lu just drinks water from a leather bucket, calm and still: “Why not? That cousin of mine fits this position more than you do.”

“Are you indirectly belittling me?” Pang Wan is annoyed and throws that letter away, “Gentleman, some truth can be kept in your heart, I would thank you for that.”

He Qing Lu stops laughing, grabs an olive and sticks it in her mouth, after blinking a few times: “Sang Chan can do anything for power and position, she wholeheartedly desires to achieve high fame in Jiang Hu, supporting Gu Xi Ju before was simply just trying to promote herself to higher grounds, now those two have become enemies, since Sang Chan is determined to be a part of Bai Yue, then I promise you she would do better than you in the position of Sheng Gu, Bai Yue Sect will also become even stronger. ”

Pang Wan could not think of any words to fight back, feeling deep down in her heart that the matters in this world are truly ridiculous.

—— the white lotus flower of Wu Lin who could commands wind and rain as she desires, the idol who she once completely admired, has chosen the path of being her own successor. Fairy becomes demoness, demoness washes her hands clean and gives up everything for her man, is there anything more ridiculous than this?

“Why would you waste emotions over this?” He Qing Lu sees through her thoughts with one glance, “This is the life that she wants, it is the road that she has chosen herself, many years ago when she realized that as an adopted daughter, be it the He family or the Solitary Palace, neither would ever leave a position for her, she angrily left. Maybe she is laughing at you in her heart for not

treasuring your position which came with your birth!”

Pang Wan has no response.

She truly has never thought, whilst she is jealous of Sang Chan having numerous people’s admiration, Sang Chan just desires the very power that she was born into.

In the end, the most helpless thing in the world is nothing other than owning this but desiring for that.

“Since Father made such arrangement, then what about my senior brother?” Pang Wan’s eyes reveals concern, “Would he be unable to become the next sect leader? Could it be that Father purposely wants him to fight for the successor position with Sang Chan?” She is concerned for Nan Yi’s safety.

He Qing Lu’s face freezes, turning away his head.

“Doesn’t he send you a letter every month?” The Gentleman’s voice is cold and rigid.

“He only says he is going to travel in the Jiang Hu alone, not willing to tell me his whereabouts.” Pang Wan knows He Qing Lu is not happy in his heart, and could only force herself to explain, “How pitiful is he to be all by himself, also suffering from previous love pain.....”

“Could it be that after you find out where he is, you are going to go there and comfort him yourself?” He Qing Lu’s face turns as dark as the bottom of a burnt pot.

Pang Wan does not dare to say more after being fiercely glared by him.

“Don’t be angry, Senior Brother’s divine martial arts is peerless in the world, he shouldn’t have any danger.” She holds onto He Qing Lu’s arm and rubs her face against it, attempting to make him happy.

He Qing Lu sees her showing her soft side, and assumes that his family motto of “Husband Being the Wife’s Sky” has been enhanced, hence happily pinches the tip of her nose.

“I have a gift for you.” He gently gazes at his wife-to-be.

“What is it?” Pang Wan feels the pain and touches her nose, making a “ci”

sound with her mouth, somewhat blaming him for not being gentle enough.

She sees He Qing Lu puts his fingers in his mouth and blows a pretty whistle, from afar, several people comes carrying a huge kite over.

Compared to that kite, what shocks her even more is one of the people carrying the kite.

Leading the group is surprisingly that storyteller from the little town years ago, Wang Gang!

“He’s not dead? You didn’t kill him?” Pang Wan almost could not believe her eyes. She turns to shake He Qing Lu’s shoulders.

“At that time, I just said he is no longer in the world, but here, it is a paradise outside of that world, him appearing is reasonable.” He Qing Lu squints his eyes and looks at her, his two eyes like a pair of crescent moons, “Rest assured, I would never kill innocent people.”

Pang Wan just feels joy and surprise in her heart, she would have never thought, He Qing Lu sent Wang Gang to the western region, he did not kill him, this made her affection for him grow even deeper.

“Young Master, Young Madam.” Wang Gang comes with a smile, making a deep bow towards them, “Everything has been prepared.”

He Qing Lu nods, holding up Pang Wan’s hand and walking to that enormous kite.

Pang Wan takes a careful look, then finds out that this strange thing is made of fabric and some unknown metal.

“No matter what is going to happen next, remember to not let go of my hand.” He Qing Lu walks into the fabric, ties his waist with heaven-silkworm strings to the metal pole, then takes out another chunk of string to tie Pang Wan to his side.

Pang Wan is perplexed by his action, just when he is about to question, she hears a sharp whistle, He Qing Lu holds her and jumps on the horse, galloping towards the hill behind them.

The handsome horse’s speed is as fast as lightening, refreshing breeze roars

next to them, the kite above their hands gradually expands.

“Hold on tightly!” Only hearing a low yell next to her ear, He Qing Lu taps his feet and jumps off the horseback, slipping to the cliff beneath him.

——*this person is insane! He wants to commit suicide!*

A scary thought slips through Pang Wan’s mind, she closes her eyes in fear, yet her fingers are holding on to him even tighter.

Forget it, just leave it in the hands of fate; in life, they share the same quilt, in death, they share the same tomb, she will just follow whoever she marries.

Yet after waiting for a long time, the expected crash did not come.

She opens up her eyes and finds herself gilding on top of a sunny and vast plain, the land and rivers below her, the cloud and sky above her.

Occasionally birds fly pass by, looking at this pair of lovers who are embracing in the sky with surprise and curiosity.

“Did you not say before, that you hope to fly again?” The gentleman in cyan smilingly gazes at her, eyes containing sweetness clearer than mountain spring.

Pang Wan falls into a daze: “Have I ever said that before?” She blankly stares at the proud He Qing Lu, “When did I ever say that?”

She almost made the person who was just about to ask for a reward choke.

“The night when I said I like you! You have got some guts, you actually dared to forget that!” He Qing Lu angrily pinches her cheek with his free hand.

Pang Wan covers her cheeks and giggles, laughing to the point of having tears in her eyes.

—— how could she forget? What happened that night, she thought it was just a dream, so she could not help but pretend that she has forgotten.

—— she truly did not think everything was true, he actually still remembers her wish, and also helps her to make it come true.

“Gentleman, in fact, I also like you.” After saying this, she quickly buries her blushing face.

“Humph, like I need to you to say it out loud to know.” The person above her

pauses, intentionally acting arrogant in response.

However, in somewhere she could not see, the corners of his lips have almost been drawn back to his ears.

As the land slowly comes close, He Qing Lu folds the wings of the kite, as they steadily land on the plain below the mountain.

“Was it fun?” He Qing Lu unties the heaven-silkworm strings, smilingly looking at the young lady in his embrace, “Were you afraid?”

“Let’s do it one more time!” Pang Wan flares her nostrils at him, provoking him with her whole face of dissatisfaction.

“Wait until you have fully recovered.....” He Qing Lu lifts his hand to caress her hair, yet his sentence suddenly pauses half-way.”

On the mountain road not far away from them, a snow white horse carriage is quietly parked, the curtain of the carriage is made of extraordinarily gorgeous cloud-silk, the two horses in the front both have a golden mask on its face. Four noble maids are standing outside the carriage, looking at this young couple with a joyful smile.

“Wan Wan, there is one thing, that I didn’t get the chance to tell you.” He Qing Lu narrows his eyes, and looks back to Pang Wan.

“What?” Pang Wan who has also seen the horse carriage behind them, curiously turns to peep at it.

“Actually, my surname is not He.” His steady voice sounds up behind her, “My original surname is He-Lan, my complete name should be He-Lan Qing Lu.”

Pang Wan freezes.

He-Lan? This sounds like the noblest surname of a certain minority ethnic group.

“The Solitary Palace is just a property of my family in the central land, the identities of my parents are special, so they sent my Second Uncle to oversee it.” A big hand tightly squeezes her shoulder, “No one from the central land knows our original surname, even Nanny Jin does not know, you are the first.”

“Who.....who are your parents?” Pang Wan suddenly starts to stammer.

“As for this, it would be appropriate for you to go ask yourself.” He Qing Lu grins, holding her hand and walks toward that carriage.

Almost at the very same moment, one corner of the carriage curtain is lifted, a jade-white delicate hand exposes under the cloud-silk, on its wrist is a royal purple emerald bracelet, diffusing splendid luminosity under the sunlight.

This is a treasure that is only mentioned in legends, even if people are willing to give money, they could not buy it anywhere.

A pristine light suddenly shines in Pang Wan’s heart.

—— is this the story’s ending? Will this be my final ending?

She suddenly feels all the soil under her feet have turned into cotton, too soft and flowy for her to stand steadily.

——such a typical Mary Sue ending, the female lead would always get the best thing in the end, even if it is unimaginable happiness.

“What are you waiting for? My mother is calling for you to come!” He Qing Lu gently pushes her with a smile.

Pang Wan follows his force and stumbles forward, only seeing the horse carriage and the purple emerald all transforming into a cloud of gorgeous mist under the sun, as if after going through them, the next step would lead her to the beautiful heaven.

—— exactly is this the great land of Mary Sue, or the great land of marital arts?

—— exactly is this a Mary Sue story with a little bit of twist in its process, or is the cruel martial arts world changed by the transformation of the female lead?

She gazes at that cloud of mist, her heart lost and confused.

Translator’s Note: YAAAAHHHHH!! Happy!

p.s. This is not the final chapter!! The final chapter will be the next update! And some special chapters from perspectives of Nan Yi, Jin Bu Yao, and Jin Di Luo will be coming soon~

Full

(translated by *xia0xiao1mei*)

(edited by *anniaxx*)



CHAPTER SEVENTY

Tied For Eternity

Two years later, the Capital City.

Two years' time can change many things, for example, the title of the greatest restaurant has already been taken over by another now, placed on the plaque of a restaurant called "Ten Thousand Buddhas Pavilion". However, even though the place has changed, the dishes have changed, the people's pastime still remains the same, listening to storytelling is still the favourite entertainment of Wu Lin figures during their leisure time.

"It is said that the Bai Yue Demoness Sang, reined in dozens of beautiful women to form an assassin group in less than a year, constantly going against the righteous sects, now, there has already been nine disciples of the sects that fell victim to cold blooded murder....."

Through the sky well, the storyteller's voice resoundingly rings out, and in the private room on the second floor, a pair of man and woman was intimately talking with their heads huddled together.

"How's that, I said she would be more suited for that position than you right?" The young man casts a glance at the lady beside him.

"Demoness Sang.....Demoness Sang....." The lady beside him, whose looks can barely pass as pure elegance and of upright features, is currently bitterly grumbling, "The renowned Fairy from back then actually became Demoness Sang....."

"I have already told you this before, since she was willing to spend a lot of gold to have me create a face of peerless beauty for Mei Wu back then, and later made a special trip to have Hu An request me to make another one, it already proves that what she cares for isn't beauty or fame, what she wants is power, to be under one person but above thousands, so why should you find it regretful?" The young man taps the lady's forehead, as if he is angry that this "iron" would not turn into "steel".

"Ay~, looks like Father choosing her as his successor, can be considered to a correct move with a risky chess piece." The lady rubs her nose.

"Shush." The young man makes a silencing gesture at her, "Don't forget our current identity."

"You still dare mention it?!" The lady glares at him, stroking her huge belly, gritting her teeth as she says, "Could have disguised me as anything else, yet you just had to disguise me as a pregnant woman?"

The young man lowly chuckles: "If not disguising you as a pregnant woman, where would we keep the travelling expenses that we snuck out with?"

These two people are precisely He Qing Lu and Pang Wan in disguise. Having spent their time in the western region for two years, Pang Wan really misses how it is in the Central Plains, hence coaxed and pestered He Qing Lu unceasingly, to have him take her to visit the Capital. He Qing Lu was unable to dissuade her, and after listing a bunch of rules and restrictions, in the end, he still quietly brought her along in leaving the clan, for him, it can also be considered enjoying the pleasures of eloping for once.

As the two of them bicker back and forth, the restaurant's worker opens the doors as he brings in food and wine.

"Xiao'er Brother (what people would call the workers), has the Wu Lin been peaceful these past two years?" Pang Wan takes the opportunity to start inquiring a passer-by.

The worker sees that these two people with ordinary face yet dressed exotically, and could only see the two as travellers passing by the Capital, hence understandingly smiles as he says: "Are both guests from outside the borders? Looks like you are unaware of the situation, how could there be any peace in the Jiang Hu? It has never been peaceful."

Pang Wan curiously blinks: "Was it not known that heavy losses were inflicted on the unorthodox sect two years ago, leading to the Supreme Chief of Wu Lin dominating the world?"

The worker bursts out laughing: "Looks like Madam does not know, even if one Bai Yue Sect (Moon Worshipping Sect) is completely annihilated, in future, there will definitely still be further appearances of Bai Ri Sect (Sun Worshipping Sect) or Bai Xing Sect (Star Worshipping Sect), no matter how formidable the Supreme Chief of Wu Lin is, he too isn't bone-dissolving water ah! As if by simply pouring it down onto them can make this place completely cleaned out (at peace)."

Pang Wan bursts out laughing, amused by the worker's humour: "Well the storytellers are always saying how formidable that Supreme Chief of Wu Lin is!"

The worker's eyes circles the area, only after seeing no one around, does he mysteriously lowers his voice: "Madam, you really don't understand, that Supreme Chief of Wu Lin may be very formidable, but a pair of fists is no match against enemies coming from all four sides ah! Two years ago, an additional deputy chief suddenly came out of nowhere, that renowned Fairy Sang Chan had also fallen into the unorthodox sect, constantly going against him, from what I see ah, he too has enough of a headache." The worker exaggeratingly shakes his head.

Pang Wan's lips still wanted to move in further questioning, when a few silver coins had already been handed to the worker.

“You’ve worked hard, head off for now.” He Qing Lu indifferently glances at the worker.

The worker withdraws enthusiastically thanking him, Pang Wan had just wanted to speak up in protest, but her nose was pinched onto by someone.

“Did you not promise me to never ask about the matters of Jiang Hu again?” Although masked behind a fake face, Pang Wan can still see that He Qing Lu is mad.

“I was only curious.....” Blatant arrogance instantly disappears into thin air, as she piteously buries her head.

“Without evil, how could good be highlighted? The disputes within the Jiang Hu will never cease, so how could there possibly be peace one day?” He Qing Lu stares at her, inwardly thinking, *this brat’s mind still hasn’t opened up yet.*

“Be it Gu Xi Ju, Sang Chan, or even your father, they all understand this principle, but they still have enough fun with engaging in this game, because there, they can gain what they want.”

Power, honour, status, wealth, beauty, dignity.

“Really? But there isn’t anything I want there.” Pang Wan looks up at him, gently leaning her head onto his chest, “I’d rather reside in the mountains with you, feeding horses and herding sheep every day, as if I would desire what they want.”

He Qing Lu does not say anything, and only strokes her hair, the corners of his lips quietly hooking up.

—

At Misty Wave Manor.

“Will Supreme Chief still be personally going to hit the bell tonight?” The maid holds the cloak in hand, asking this in a somewhat frightened manner.

“Yes, why wouldn’t I?” Gu Xi Ju turns and smiles, seeing the blush on the maid’s face spread to the tip of her ears, before leisurely saying, “Relay the orders, should there be any area that had forgotten to light the fireworks tonight, I will want the person in charge to lose their life.”

“Yes.” Due to his warm like spring tone, the maid is frightened into a state of dripping sweat, quickly bowing as she withdraws.

Up at the clock tower, Gu Xi Ju in a body of purple robe, slowly caresses the ancient wood in hand.

Two years, in a blink of an eye, two years have already passed, last year he hit it seventeen times, today it shall be eighteen times.

“I want to see fireworks. I also want you to go to the clock tower and hit the bell sixteen times for me.”

On this very day two years ago, there was once a young lady who had made such a request to him, at that time he did not do it, because after that, he had personally driven an ice cold sword into her chest.

Now, the one who said that has long ceased to exist, yet he just could not possibly forget her words, so every year on the tenth of the sixth month, he would always come here.

Peng!

Following the first shot of signal flare lighting the sky, the entire Capital’s sky is lit with colourful fireworks.

Gu Xi Ji channels his internal energy at the same time, sounding the first bell ring.

Dong, dong, dong.

The sound of the thousand-year ancient bell is richly sonorous and lingering, piercing through the endless solitude, seeming like it can spread to a very, very faraway place.

——can you hear it?

He looks into the sky of smoke and fireworks, quietly thinking this.

——should you be able to hear it, you will definitely come find me for revenge right? You cannot possibly forget the seed I had planted in your heart, you will never be able to discard it.

——I’m waiting for you, still waiting ah.

His eyes containing unshakeable determination.

—

Somewhere in the Capital, inside Ten Thousand Buddhas Pavilion, a certain young lady is currently nestled against her husband, curiously watching this gorgeous scene.

“So fortunate, actually able to catch the entire city setting off fireworks on my birthday!” She excitedly grabs the lapel of the person behind her.

The proud husband lowers his head and kisses her: “You’ve already married me, how could there be anything more fortunate than that?”

The lady grins but does not answer, she raises her rosy little face to look up at the colourful lights in the night sky, indulging in this pleasant surprise.

From afar, there seems to be the melodious sound of a bell ringing, yet it had long been neglected by her.

More and more fireworks are set off, growing more and more luxuriant, so much that those bright and beautiful flames gradually turn into the vast grassland in her eyes, with majestically towering mountains, a flock of sheep stretching across, also horses galloping around.

That is the future home she will continue to live on in, with no deceptive paradise to disturb her, it is the land of idyllic beauty she had always longed for.

“Wan Wan, how about giving birth to a child for me when we get back?”

In her hazy state, there seems to be someone stroking her belly stuffed full with paper money, sounding slightly nervous.

She slyly lifts the corners of her lips, gently reply: “Sure.”

And here we have finally reached the end~~

Gu Xi Ju may not have died for real, but maybe this kind of lifetime of suffering and yearning(?) makes for a much better well deserved punishment for him. I mean the guy acted like he didn't *like* like Wan Wan but still remembers to hit the bell and set off fireworks in remembrance of her birthday as well as in remembrance of the final moments in which she was her innocent puppy-like self

around him.

And needless to say Wan Wan and He(-Lan) Qing Lu is just such an adorable couple, he even had to ask her to give birth to a child with him, aww bless~

Thanks for reading and I hope you enjoyed the story as much as I have!!

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....also don't be too sad, we still have 3 special chapters coming up~

(translated by anniaxx)

(edited by xia0xiao1mei)

SPECIAL CHAPTER ONE

Flower Mud

I never thought I would have a wedding of this kind.

In the glamorous court of blood-like red, gracefully stands a young lady gorgeously dressed with a glowing cape and a phoenix coronet, her hands holding onto a piece of silk satin, following the guidance of the wedding lady and quietly waiting for me to hold onto its other end.

Slender figure, jade white wrists, dark black hair.

She will definitely look very beautiful today, after all, she is the one lady who suits wearing the color red more than anyone else, even more so than her mother.

Her mother is the previous Bai Yue Sheng Gu, to this day, the grand hall in the sect still has the painting of her in the Fire Phoenix Cloak, however, she is also my father's mistress.

—yes, the bride is not only my junior sister, but is also my blood-related sister from the same father but different mother, this is a secret that has been buried by time.

When I was twelve, Father returned from outside the mountains, bringing back a dying skinny little girl with him, he told me that she is the daughter of the previous Sheng Gu, and will succeed the Sheng Gu sect position, at the same time, she will also become my junior sister.

At that time, I despised her to the extreme.

Ever since my birth, I have been the one and only heir in training of the Bai Yue Sect, be it of precious books of martial arts or food and clothing, I got to

choose what I wanted out of everything first, the leftover that I do not care about would then be bestowed to other peers. But the arrival of this little girl changed everything, she was treated just like me, her favored position could even be compared to mine, in the end she even had the potential to exceed me on everything——Father actually handed the secret of Bai Yue sect, Xi Sui Jing, to her!

I was furious, and determined to kill her with my own hands.

The doctrine of Bai Yue Sect has stated, anything that causes you to be at a disadvantageous situation shall be exterminated from its roots, so that no more nightmares shall show up in future nights and even the spring breeze will be incapable of bringing the troubles back to life.

However, at the key moment, my sword was blocked by someone, Father and Lord You commanded me to let go of her. I threw my sword away, and returned to my room with a turbid breath in my lungs, yet sees Father quietly sitting in the room waiting for me.

“Nan Yi.” Father squinted his narrow eyes, calling my name, “Do you really hate Pang Wan?”

Pang Wan is that silly little girl who only knew how to giggle and drool.

“I hate her to the extent of wanting to kill her!” I grit my teeth and said, a man should never be afraid of anything between the heaven and the earth, so I spoke the truth.

“Good!” Upon hearing my answer, Father clapped his hands and laughed loudly, “Starting from today, as long as it is within the sect, you can exert all your power to hunt her down, if you can really kill her, then it would prove your capability!”

I was somewhat startled, but the doubts in my heart was quickly washed away by the overwhelming joy——Father’s command is my backbone, I could finally release my anger without any hesitation.

Emerging feelings for my prey, this kind of thing would never happen in my life, until I once secretly planned for more than a month, almost sending Pang Wan directly to the afterworld, Lord You suddenly stopped me.

“Young Master, it is better if you slightly save your move.” He meaningfully looked at me, “Even if you really kill Sheng Gu, Sect Leader would only be sad, not happy.”

At first I did not understand his words, until I later saw Father guarding by the asleep junior sister, caressing her hair whilst quietly saying: “My daughter, you have suffered.”

Within that one moment, I understood everything.

That silly little girl who was obsessed with pretty boys, is actually Father’s biological daughter, my little sister.

Now that I look back, maybe Father has planned it out a long time ago, he recognized my little sister’s extraordinary bone structures and learning ability, yet she just had no heart for practicing martial arts, and would only be willing to try her best when facing moments with her life at stake, and my attempts to kill her just happened to serve as catalysts that made her learn martial arts.

Knowing this kind of an inside story, I suddenly felt relieved of Father’s favoritism. To be honest, I do not blame Father, instead, I even feel somewhat happy that I have this little sister, after all my mother died not long after my birth, I have only one family member on Cloud Rising Mountain, now I finally gained another one, I decided to treat her well.

As for what kind of “well”? I did not know, maybe as long as it wasn’t really killing her, then it would be well enough.

The sky has changed and stars have moved, several years have passed within a moment, little sister and I both slowly grew up.

Little sister has become a small charming bud, but she is still silly as if her brain was made up of sticky paste, she’s obsessed with looking in the mirror, and she also had a creepily shining light in her eyes every time she sees me.

At that time, I was sixteen, according to the doctrines of the sect, I needed to go down the mountain for real world training.

It perfectly fitted my will, after being isolated in the Cloud Rising Mountain for this long to study martial arts, it was time for me to see the real world.

In the beginning everything went smoothly, I killed the leaders of two clans, gaining the renowned title of “Little Devil” in Jiang Hu, almost feeling like I could be undefeatable. It wasn’t until I overestimated myself and challenged the Kun Lun Sect that I realized there were so much stronger masters above me, I was hunted by the Kun Lun sect members all the way, attacked by their ambush and fell off the cliff.

Mei Wu appeared right when I was severely wounded, she was the prettiest girl I have ever seen, just like a pristine white lotus flower. When I was incapable and defeated, she took care of me without asking for anything, not questioning my history, not questioning my background, she acted so gentle and kind, even the most callous iron heart would have been melted by her.

I reasonably fell in love with her, most of the girls in Bai Yue Sect were resolute and straightforward, I had only heard about such girls like Mei Wu, but had never really encountered them before, she was too beautiful and too good, just like a fairy that had walked out from a dream.

On the day my wounds recovered, Mei Wu cried and told me that she could not bear to see me leave. I told her, I will bring her with me, I will marry her, I want to be with her forever.

The news of me bringing back Mei Wu spread throughout the whole sect within one night, many sect members were truly surprised, even Guard Lu Wei who grew up with me could not resist asking me: “Could it be, Young Master really does not want Sheng Gu anymore?”

Their conjectures were ridiculous to me — Sheng Gu is my blood-related sister. How could I marry her? Even if we really liked each other, Father would never allow it.

However, I could use this matter to make her a little bit angry, well, who allowed her to take away lots of Father’s love and care from me back then?

I know Little sister definitely has some feelings for me in her heart, otherwise why would she used that kind of bashful eyes to look at me when she was young. But in the end, we could only be family.

As I had expected, Father agreed on our marriage, although little sister was a little dispirited, she still generously gave us her blessing.

Then, she was immediately sent down the mountain by Father for real world training.

On the day of her departure, I rode the horse and sent her off, with tears in her eyes, she asked me why do I like Mei Wu, I told her the reason.

She was furious and threw her whip at me, her whole face of arrogance and conceit, I unusually controlled myself, for the first time, I did not fight back.

Gazing at that the stubborn red figure going far far away from me, I thought in my heart, maybe the next time she returns, a handsome youth would stand by my little sister's side, she would introduce him to me and Father, that this is her beloved one, she wants to marry him and spend the rest of her life with him.

When that time comes, I shall give that youth a tough beating, then tell him that he must treat her well, because otherwise I would poison his eyes, cut off his hands, and make sure his body has no place to be buried.

What I did not expect was, the doom came at the same time as little sister left. Mei Wu was cruelly killed on the day of the wedding, the killer had great martial arts skill and perfectly escaped, and since then could not be found.

My life has never encountered such a great misfortune, as if within one night, everything in heaven and on earth has been contaminated by scarlet red, I began to hate everything around me, I wanted to avenge Mei Wu, I wanted to completely destroy the killer, make his soul scatter and spirit lost, so he will never ever be able to reincarnate again.

When I was on the brink of collapsing, a familiar voice drifted into my brain: "Child, do you want to revenge?"

"Yes! Yes!" I could even rip my chest open and show my desiring heart to that person.

"Even if you could potentially become a monster, you would still be willing to take the risk?" That voice then asked me.

"I am not even afraid of death, what else could I possibly be afraid of?" I scoffed at his worries.

When I woke up, in my hands laid Bai Yue Sect's precious book Xi Sui Jing.

Father once told me, he did not allow me to practice Xi Sui Jing because the martial arts in it are overly yin, only fitting women's bodies, if adult men try to practice, they could be easily consumed by their own power. However, at that time I had already given up hope for everything, so what if I become consumed by own power? As long as I could avenge my wife, what I would become did not even matter to me.

Wait till I came out of seclusion again, half a year had already passed, I successfully mastered the ninth level of Xi Sui Jing, yet due to my strong impatience, I was consumed by my power and became a monster that sucked others' inner energy and flesh whenever the extremely yin nights of the full moon came. People in Jiang Hu called me the Blood Tyrant, and I accepted it, even though I hated my transformation, I hated my useless old self who could not find the killer even more.

I was finally strong; I must avenge Mei Wu.

In one of the following operations, I accidentally injured Bai Yue's spy in the Misty Wave Manor, Bai Xiao Sheng, Father sent me an order, so I had to disguise myself as the divine physician and went into the Misty Wave Manor to heal him. Through all these years, it seemed like Bai Xiao Sheng has shown a tendency to betray us, yet Father said, this person will be a useful chess piece in the future, not allowing him to be easily abandoned.

I run into an unexpected person in the Misty Wave Manor, my silly little sister.

It appears she actually has some skills, to have already become a close maid of the Supreme Chief of Wu Lin, but her brain was still a bowl of sticky paste, in order to steal the Jade Dragon Token, she even thought of using the beauty trap.

I was enraged, the doctrine of Bai Yue Sect had always taught us to use whatever method we could to accomplish our goals, but she is different, she is my little sister, who had grown up spoiled and pampered, innocent and weak, I could not possibly leave her to do this kind of thing.

I made the prompt decision to stop her, lied to her that I would help her send

the courtesan back to the brothel, but then instead killed the courtesan right after, and even peeled the skin of her face off.

Aye, my little sister's heart is still too soft, she does not understand the principle of destroying the grass from its roots, if that courtesan was still alive, she would have become one of her biggest threat from that day on, if Gu Xi Ju was able to find the courtesan, little sister probably would have been killed without even knowing how she was killed.

But back to the topic, this girl sure causes me a lot of headache, she cannot fight, cannot kill, needing me to help her with everything, even her "virgin kill" had to be completed by me under her name, ay~, she was so softhearted, how could she stably sit on the position of Sheng Gu? Why didn't she live a life like what I had thought she would, kidnapping a youth and going back to the mountains to get married?

During the time when I stayed at the Misty Wave Manor to heal Bai Xiao Sheng, there was another thing shadowing my heart, finding out the truth behind Mei Wu's death. I investigated in all directions, finally discovering the fact that Mei Wu was once a maid in the Solitary Palace, so I formed a determination in my heart to go to the Solitary Palace, find that mysterious Palace Master, and ask him face to face.

But when I returned from investigating, what I saw was my little sister covered in blood, dying in Father's arms.

A poisonous arrow pierced into her left chest, a freezing sword pierced through the centre, I stared at her lifeless self just like she was like six years ago, my legs turning soft, almost incapable of supporting my own weight.

——I could never ever endure another separation by death, never ever again.

Perhaps the heavens have heard my prayer, little sister came back to life in the end.

Like what I thought, the girl who did not even die when I chased and hunted her with all my strength during childhood, how could she ever leave me so abruptly without even saying a proper goodbye?

Just that little sister changed to another person after waking up, dispirited

and untalkative. She never enjoyed looking in the mirror again, just like a walking corpse, losing interest in so many things.

I know her story, she was used by her beloved, deceived, then completely abandoned.

Looking at her becoming thinner and quieter every day, I thought, Father would definitely be the first to leave us in the end, then in this world, only I would be able to protect her.

To stop little sister's continual depression, I brought her with me on the journey to the Solitary Palace, after this many many things have happened. In the end, I was controlled by the Solitary Palace and forcefully sent back to the sect, Father had to use his whole life of inner energy to heal my wounds.

"Nan Yi, promise your father, if you break through the highest level of Xi Sui Jing, then you will need to take care of your junior sister forever."

Before going into seclusion, Father suddenly told me these earnest words.

I promised him without hesitation, even if he didn't say it, I would still do it, after all she is my biological sister.

But after coming out of seclusion, I truly did not expect what Father meant by "take care of" was actually commanding me and little sister to immediately get married. I thought Father was insane, how could he allow this kind of incestuous deed to happen? However, at the same time, a bold plan quietly emerged in my brain.

So today, little sister and I are both in bright red wedding garment, standing in the joyous melody of gongs and drums.

"Senior Brother, how much confidence do you have in this?" She asked me this several days ago.

"Nine out of ten." I told her like this.

At that time, I told her that I think Mei Wu could still be alive, if I have another glamorous wedding, it is possible that she might be unable to resist her urge of coming back to find me, plus it is also aligning with Father's wish, so I hope little sister would agree to follow my plan and act a good show with

me, then the relevant evidence regarding the mystery shall also float up to the surface.

After little sister heard this reason, she instantly agreed without any questions, she has always held absolute trust in me.

Gazing at her shinning eyes, I silently said in my heart: Little sister, I'm so sorry, your older brother will just make you go through this mess for this one time.

—— actually I not only think Mei Wu is still alive, but I also feel like her death was a complete lie, how she showed up back then in my life, and how she saved me with all her strength are all parts of a scheme that has been designed a long time ago. Because I visited again the place where I met her, and found out the hunter's village which helped us before has vanished due to a mysterious fire disaster, a blind survivor told me, back then, that fairy moved below the mountain cliff only five days before I arrived, she also had multiple subordinates, they quickly constructed the little cabin and set up the cooking materials, then totally disappeared the night before I fell off the cliff.

Now, just as I have hoped, Mei Wu really appears at the wedding, with her real appearance and voice.

She is crying and asking me why would I marry someone else, she is asking me do I still remember the promise that I have given her, tears streaming down her face, her voice shaking people's hearts, as if she is still the girl who exchanged the oath of love with me before. I have also realized, because her spy identity was found out by Father, she had to fake her death and escape like a cicada casting off its shell, also ruthlessly killing all the maids I have sent to serve her in the process.

I suddenly want to throw my head back and laugh out loud, laugh without ever reaching an end.

——in the end, this love has been a dream woven within lies from the beginning, peeling off the white lotus mask of my once beloved, behind it is only a brutal and merciless heart.

Yet for this dream, I have become the Blood Tyrant that everyone despises, almost mired down to the hopeless abyss of hell.

I disgustedly throw Mei Wu's hand away, lift up my head, I see a pair of watery eyes under the bright red headcover.

— my little sister is crying for me, like pear blossoms bathed in the rain.

She probably is recalling her past, of being deceived by the one she loved, being used, then cruelly abandoned.

I walk up to her and wipe away her tears, in a joking tone, I smile and say: "See, us two truly share the same suffering."

With tears on her face, she stumbles into my arms.

All the women in this world are impure and filthy, only my little sister is clean, she is slow-witted and silly, yet has to endure the infamous reputation of being a vicious demoness, her heart is more pristine than that so-called white lotus flower.

—let it be, let me and my little sister only have each other, because all the people outside of Bai Yue Sect, are in the end unreliable.

But I have never ever thought, even my family in Bai Yue Sect, the Father who I utterly respect, is actually also hiding an enormous secret behind me.

When Gu Xi Ju stood in front of everyone and announced the truth that was enough to break my every single bone, my entire world turned upside down.

Torn by disbelief, I burst out into a heart-wrenching roar, I run from this sordid swamp of lies, losing all my hope.

So actually, my father isn't my father, my sister isn't my sister, I too, am not who I thought I was.

After hiding in the Cloud Rising Mountain for most of the night, I finally decided to leave Bai Yue Sect, planning to start wandering to the edge of the world.

I could not kill Father for he has brought me up, but I also cannot go back and continue to be the Young Master, for that will make me unworthy of being my mother's son.

Before leaving, I only had one thing in my heart, which is my little sister who I have left behind in the wedding court.

Oh, no, now she is only my little junior sister.

I sneaked into her bedroom, looked at her still wearing in the red garment, she has fallen asleep with traces of tears on her face.

She truly is the girl who best fits red robes in this world, as long as one's heart is clean, even if her entire cloth is soaked in blood, she would still not appear forlorn.

"I'm sorry." I patted her face and gently said, then left without turning back.

After that, I went to many many places, uninhibitedly indulged in a befuddled life of drunkenness, unrestrained myself to sensual pleasures.

When I saw junior sister again, there was already a handsome gentleman by her side, just like I thought one year ago, she went out to experience the real world and brought back a charming youth, she told me that she likes him, and she wants to marry him.

In the end, I did not beat that gentleman up, because I was afraid that junior sister would be sad if I did.

However, what I didn't know is, she would never have the chance to be sad again, because on the morning of the second day, the mute maid came running down in panic, crying and making hand gestures to say, she had already lost her last breath.

Ah, silly little junior sister, she has finally exhausted her last breath from her destroyed heart meridian for revenge, the last pupil of the Medicine King Valley has used up all her skills, yet could only use gold needles to keep her body undecayed for seven days. Everyone was wailing, that noble gentleman seemed like the situation has struck him to complete blankness, he stared into the air and held her body without moving a single bit, as if he would grow roots into the ground, no one could pull him away or convince him to go.

I silently watched that scene, my heart has never been more sober and clearer in that moment.

"As long as you accept my condition, I can save her." I gazed at the despairing gentleman, slowly saying, "She and I come from the same clan, the Xi Sui Jing that we have both been practicing just happens to be capable of

rebuilding all the meridians in the human body, may all of you step back and let me try.”

“What’s your condition?” The gentleman looks at me with his red eyes and asks.

“I want you to die, or let me have my junior sister.” My face looking ferocious.

The gentleman froze, he has probably never seen any shameless man like me taking advantage of the situation to rob his everything away.

Then he laughs, word after a word, he firmly states to me: “I can die, but I cannot give my wife to you.”

Upon hearing him, I could not have laughed any louder.

Hey, Junior Sister, even though I did not give him a tough beating, I still frightened him for once when you are not around, is that okay?

I told everyone to leave, then passed all my inner energy to my little sister.

Next, I reminded that gentleman to not speak of my action of saving junior sister.

I know she will definitely wake up, the highest power of the ninth level of Xi Sui Jing is bringing the dead to life, otherwise, I would not have risked my life to practice it back them. As the inner energy diffuses, junior sister will fully recover in the end, and I will also finally become a common man with not even a slight degree of inner energy.

It’s enough, this will be enough, I have already grown wary of the Jiang Hu being filled with deceit and lies, it is better to say farewell, and stroll away to all parts of the world.

After a long long time has passed, I have become what I am like today, a common village man in the mountains, hunting, eating the vegetables that I have planted, raising a big yellow dog and a dirty grey donkey in my yard.

Whenever the month reaches its end, I would write a letter to little sister, telling her that I am doing well. Another fortunate thing is my martial arts skill has not been completely drawn out, still have a little bit left, so occasionally, I

can enjoy the fun of leaping through the roofs and stepping on the walls.

This day, I unintentionally leaped to the walls of a big family's courtyard, from afar I see a pair of young man and woman dressed in red garment. The man is wearing a big fabric flower on his chest, the woman has a jubilant headcover on her head.

This scene is so familiar, whilst watching it, I fall into a daze.

"The groom may lift up the headcover, from now on happily ever after."

A gentle and kind-looking wedding lady hands over him the wedding stick, a beautiful smile shining on her face.

The young man takes over the wedding stick, and uses it to take off the headcover on the lady's head, revealing a cute little face under the phoenix coronet.

Don't know why, the two were originally silently staring at each other, but now they suddenly laugh out loud.

Looking at this, seems like they are a pair of childhood friends who have fulfilled their wish.

Watching them, I also lift up the corners of my lips and smile.

This silly bride reminds me of my little junior sister in the far far west.

I will never ever tell her, how mixed my heart felt when I found out that she is not my biological sister on our wedding day — sixty percent shocked and thirty percent angry, but there was also a small trace of unexplainable and ineffable joy.

But in the end, I never got the chance to lift up her headcover.

Maybe having that kind of a wedding once in my life, is already the biggest reward that heaven could have given me.

Casting off a final glance at that lovely couple, I sound a whistle and freely jump off the cyan tiles on the tall wall, walking towards the far distance without looking back.

Translator's Note: So here is Nan Yi's story~ Hope you have enjoyed reading

from his perspective. Honestly, this special chapter has completely changed my impression of Nan Yi. It also gave me a chance to see He Qing Lu's reaction when Wan Wan died. The part when he said "I can die, but I cannot give my wife to you" is the most touching moment to me in this novel. I also hope Nan Yi will have a happy future, maybe he will meet another girl and have a common life together Fate has been treating him very unfairly. Thank you so much for reading and supporting us 2 more special chapters coming up!! — Annie(^_^)*

Full

(translated by xia0xiao1mei)

(edited by anniaxx)

Credit to <https://eastasiastudent.net/china/classical/li-bai-purity-peace-1/> for the translation of this chapter title, which comes from one of **Li Bai**'s poems, **Song of Peace (set 1 of 3)**, for full poem translation, please follow the link above



SPECIAL CHAPTER TWO

The Spring Wind Sweeps Dew From Her Balustrade, Splendid And Dense

At the age of six, a renowned fortune teller told my parents, I will become a beauty rare to the world. (The fortune teller mentioned here is more specifically one who reads someone's destiny by feeling their bone structure)

I still remember my parent's expressions at the time — my father was overjoyed, yet my mother was rather worried.

I ask my mother: "Why are you not happy ah, is it not good to be born beautiful?"

My mother wipes away her tears as she replies: “My child, you think about it, amongst the legends since ancient times to this day, what kind of ending do those peerless beauties have? Burned in fire, strangled to death, abandoned in the wild, and even bear the infamy for thousands and thousands of years to come ah!”

I think of Su Da Ji, think of Yang Yu Huan (Yang Gui Fei), and immediately nod in seeming earnestness.

Seeing me be so understanding, my mother pulls me into her embrace, breaking down in tears as she says: “Good child, listen to mother’s words, in future, find someone who is rich but does not hold greedy ambitions to marry, stay at home every day, absolutely mustn’t go out.”

Since then, I have resolved my teenage aspiration — marry a rich, but not greedily ambitious person.

Years trickles by, and by the time I have officially reached the age of fifteen, knowledge of my beauty had already spread far and wide — these words are not exaggerated at all, of those that have approached my family in asking for my hand in marriage, the furthest one came from Ji Zhou, that is no less than four hundred li of distance from the Capital eh!

Oh, I forgot to say, I was born in a fairly well-off family from a suburb outside the Capital, my father is a physician, running a little medicinal clinic.

And so at the age of fifteen, for a long time I have spent my time on attending marriage matches — those asking for my hand in marriage would sit in the main hall, mother would order people to hang a piece of fabric in front of me, so that I can look on from afar through it.

The questions my parents would ask the people proposing, are only the same few over and over again, their family and hometown, interests and what they are learnt in, as well as what they do for a living. Frankly speaking, those that were willing to come to our doors with marriage proposals, have more or less weighed out the worthiness of their own background, although there are no great nobles, they can still ensure I can live the rest of my life comfortably without worries. So there is only the final question that I am concerned about.

My mother would ask the person, what is your lifetime aspiration?

The answers were naturally all kinds of strange things, there was one who wished to become a First Ranked Scholar, one who wished to become overwhelmingly rich, one who wished to rise through the ranks of officialdom, one who wished to master peerless martial arts.

So many young talents, all tumbling on this one question.

They of course thought, the answer should be the more magnificent, the grander, the better it will be, but did not think, in fact, my mother and I are only hoping for a simple word: “Peace”.

Beautiful women are the source of chaos, I need to stay far from this rule, I do not wish to become the source of chaos.

In a blink of an eye, a year had past, I am already sixteen years of age, yet the destined man for me has yet to appear.

In fact, this is not strange, in this troubled world of the weak standing as easy preys to the strong, the majority of the rich hold great ambitions, those who doesn't hold great ambitions are not rich for most part, wanting to find one who is rich but not ambitious, tends to be much more difficult.

Just when I had practically fallen into despair, He Shao Xin appeared. He was like a bolt of lightning, zapping in front of me with the suddenness of a thunderbolt, lighting up my future.

He claims himself to be a trader, suddenly appearing within the little town, carelessly throwing out money, carelessly drinking big bowls of wine, carelessly eating big mouthfuls of meat, looking just like an uneducated hero from the mountains, yet he just so happens to be born with an extremely handsome face, an extreme contradiction.

I observed him for a very long time, until one day I caught news of him fighting someone in the streets, with his face beaten black and blue, when he pushes all efforts to roar out: “Yes, I am a good for nothing! I just want a wife and children to warm up the bed for me!”, my misted heart of spring finally feels an upsurge.

——ah! Is this not the ideal husband I have been longing for all along?

Rich, but unpromising, the crucial point being, he does not hold any greedy ambition.

And so that night, I stole my father's precious medicine, creeping into his room at the inn.

That dear He of mine who I've been yearning for day and night ah, half of his face had already swollen up like a pig head, an unbearably pitiful sigh, however, this cannot possibly extinguish the stirring flames of love in my heart — he is so unpromising, so delicate and pitiful!

He Shao Xin turns and sees me, appearing quite shocked.

"Ey, isn't this Physician Jin's precious daughter? What are you doing standing there?" He was putting a dressing on the wound at the corner of his eye, using the remaining eye that can freely look around to lock eyes with me.

"I heard you were injured, so I've brought you some medicine."

I glance at him with reddened cheeks, quietly passing him the little porcelain bottle in my hand.

He Shao Xin accepts that bottle of medicine, and instantly bursts out laughing: "Young Lady Jin, do you know what medicine this is?"

"This is my family's most valuable medicine, usually, we don't even let others touch it." I look at him filled with expectations, "I've heard my father say to my mother, this medicine works ten out of ten times, guarantees you will revive your lost glory!"

He Shao Xin sucks the air between his teeth, perhaps due to touching his wound, causing him to jump from the pain.

".....you quickly head back." He covers his injured area, painfully muttering, "I appreciate the thoughts, you quickly take this medicine away, if not your parents will be chasing after me with a knife once you get back....."

"No, that won't be, as long as you come with a marriage proposal tomorrow, my parents will not be angry, and would even treat you like an honoured guest." I shyly look at him with nervousness, sweetly smiling, "Jin Bu Yao always keep true to her words."

He Shao Xin freezes, he raises his head, even though there is only one half of his face in good condition, I can still see him reveal a look as though he's just seen a ghost.

"Marriage proposal?!"

He looks at me, eyeballs practically about to fall to the ground regardless of eye socket standing as barrier.

"That's right ah, marriage proposal."

I patiently look at him, blinking with my long eyelashes.

—hand on heart, it is very rare to see me be this so gentle, my parents and fortune teller have all said, I am a beauty rare to the world, beauty! Beauty! Beauty!!!

What is a beauty? It is the ridge a hero from the mountains can definitely not go across. I don't believe he would reject me, not knowing what's good for him.

There has never been anyone rejecting to me, it has always been those people chasing after my skirt, they throw flowers at me, gift me fruits, every day, weeping as they shout: "Yao Yao my love!"

He Shao Xin's expression returns to normal within a moment, he looks at my complacent self, slightly raising his brows.

"Apologies, Young Lady Jin, I reject."

I blink my eyes.

I believe I must have heard wrong, in fact what he said is: *"Young Lady Jin, this young man in front of you is in tears with gratitude, hating that I cannot go through boiling water, step across fire and be beaten till my bones are broken for you, Yao Yao my love."*

"No need to feel bad, I understand, I understand it all."

Shyly and timidly placing the medicine bottle back into his hand, I leave behind a fragrant handkerchief, and drift away as though treading on flowers.

I unwaveringly believe, he will definitely come find me tomorrow.

Sure enough, on the early morning of the next day, He Shao Xin paid me a visit.

“My dear, why must you be so hasty?”

Seeing him frozen into a shivering state by the morning mist, I cannot resist to show my concern — — this is what they call “cold inflicted on the husband’s body, freezes the wife’s heart” ah.

“Your father has already tracked the scent of the medicine all the way to my inn, how could I possibly not pay you a visit?!”

Unfortunately, my dear does not understand how to play along with affectionate feelings, putting on such angry expression.

“Ay, I have indeed told Father, the precious medicine has already been gifted to the one I admire, so why must you, my dear, be so anxious to be acquainted with each other?”

I considerately brush away a drop of dew on his shoulder, pretending to carelessly inquire.

“Don’t know if dear He has come with a marriage proposal today, have you brought enough betrothal gifts?”

He Shao Xin’s face instantly reveals a flabbergasted expression as though he just swallowed a fly.

“Lady Jin, I have very clearly told you yesterday, I re-.....”

“The specific number of betrothal gifts has yet to be counted, but this valuable horse and precious sword can be proof of your feelings for now, is that right?” I take matters into my own hands and cut off his words, helping him round up the next half of his sentence.

He has indeed presented himself simply today, one black horse, one precious sword, not even bringing a bundle with him, I can only forgive him for not treating me properly for now.

My dear’s eyes widen, just about to open his mouth, but hears “congratulations” “bless you” sound one after another, some servants and workers of the medical clinic suddenly come out from everywhere, “Congratulations to Lady Jin and Gentleman He, wishing you a harmonious union lasting a hundred years, hearts forever tied together as one”.

The expression on He Shao Xin's face instantly looks like he had only swallowed half a fly, the other half still squirming between the gaps of his teeth.

"Well said, well said, there won't be any shortage of wedding candies for everyone."

"How could such a lady like you....." Just as I see dear He's face flush red, about to erupt with swears and shouts, all that can be heard is a sound of "zhi-ya", and the main doors were completely opened wide. Stood at the doors were a smiling pair of elders, a man and a woman.

They are precisely my father and mother.

"Oh, is this the Young Hero He who had taken away our precious family treasure?" Mother's tender and loving voice is heard, like the gentle sound of nature, "Good child, so you've come to propose marriage now, how sensible and polite indeed."

The nosy neighbours who were attracted by the noise, all reveals a type of "ah~ so this brat had long received the token of love la~ so this must be the truth ah~" expression.

"Not bad, to be capable of receiving the Jin family's lady's hand in marriage....."

"From what I see, other than being slighter fairer skinned, there's nothing particularly great....."

"Exactly, look at his frail appearance....."

Within a moment, all sorts of sour air diffuse, each and every word targeting dear He's self-esteem.

I look at the him who keeps his silence, my heart unable to help but feel a trace of sympathy — — ai~ having to endure the scolding now huh? Having to endure the harm now huh? But who told you to marry such a peerless beauty? Enduring a few shouts right now, is actually going easy on you.

Seeing a fist, the size of a bowl tighten inch by inch under dear He's sleeve, blue veins suddenly popping up, his blood rapidly pumping, I could not help but grow slightly worried, worried that my beloved cannot bear this ecstatic feeling

and pass out.

However, contrary to my expectations, the fist is suddenly released.

He Sha Xin straightens his back, like a jade tree amongst the wind, he stands with dignified bearings, just like a triumphant scholar that succeeded the government examination in first place.

“It was only by the grace of Lady Jin’s wrong love.” He starts to respectfully gesture towards the neighbours in all directions with a wrapped fist, as though saying, “I appreciate your blessings.”

The I who had originally prepared to face a difficult battle, just felt a whole body of fighting spirit in me fly away with a swoosh sound.

“What’s going on, this isn’t like what you had said?” Whilst tenderly maintaining the smile on her face, Mother shoots me doubtful eyes.

“I don’t know either.” Silently batting my eyes, I calmly look at He Shao Xin, wanting to see exactly what kind of act he’s playing out.

However, just like a rightful son-in-law to be, He Shao Xin takes it into his own hands to accept the blessings of the neighbourhood folks, not revealing the slightest of discomfort nor hesitation at all.

——if this person isn’t a natural born acting master, then he must have been beaten into his senses, suddenly realising the unceasing flow of love for me that had been buried deep within him.

I am more willing to believe in the latter.

——I am but a peerless beauty of a generation ah! For me, someone had once dragged betrothal gifts here whilst riding on a donkey for four hundred li during winter.

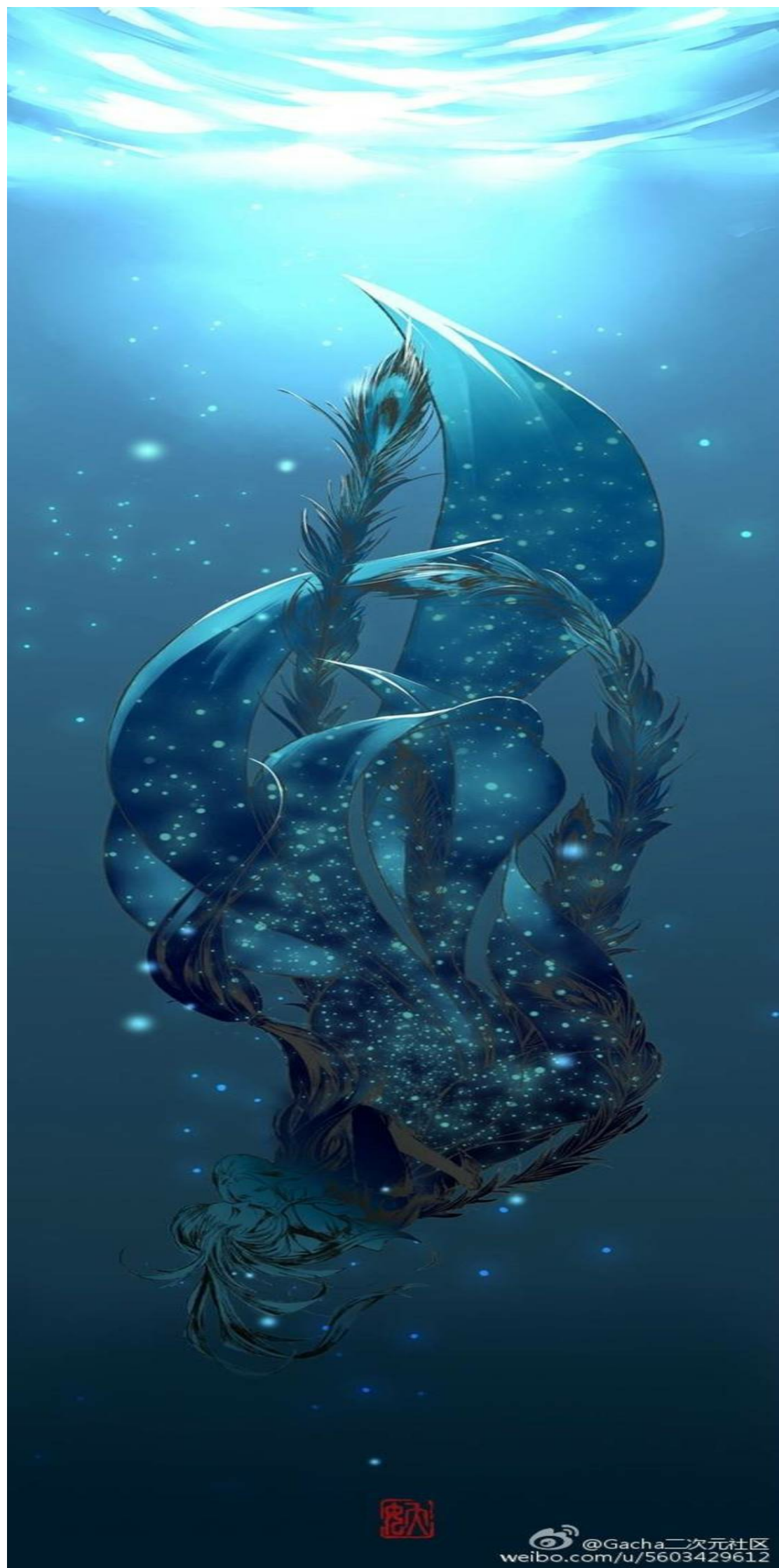
I smile with happiness, because under such warm sunlight, my beloved gives me the thumbs up, spitting out four pure lotus-like words: “One of a kind”.

Full

(translated by *anniaxx*)

(edited by *xia0xiao1mei*)

⇒♥Last chapter of *Jiang Hu Road is Curved!* ♥⇐



SPECIAL CHAPTER THREE

Jin Di Luo: A Gossip Seeking Heart

More than a month after leaving the Capital, I suddenly received a letter from the main estate, turns out that Head Madam wants me to report Young Master's recent actions, with special attention paid to any abnormal details; for this purpose, I have started to write this diary.

Details are as follows.

—

On the eighth of the seventh month.

At the hour of Mao (卯时 = 5am – 7am), Young Master got up to practice martial arts.

At the hour of Chen (辰时 = 7am – 9am), Young Master took a bath and ate, selecting a cyan outer robe.

At the hour of Si (巳时 = 9am – 11am), Young Master began to study mechanism.

At the hour of Wu (午时 = 11am – 1pm), Young Master finished eating lunch, and resumed studying mechanism.

At the hour of Wei (未时 = 1pm – 3pm), Young Master was still studying mechanism.

At the hour of Shen (申时 = 3pm – 5pm), Young Master ate two pieces of crystal cake, and continued to study mechanism.

At the hour of You (酉时 = 5pm – 7pm), the maid asked Young Master to dine in the main hall, Young Master refused, he had four dishes and one soup in the study room, then continued to study mechanism.

At the hour of Xu (戌时 = 7pm – 9pm), Young Master lit the candle and read books.

At the hour of Hai (亥时 = 9pm – 11pm), Young Master put out the candle and went to bed.

—

On the ninth of the seventh month.

At the hour of Mao (卯时 = 5am – 7am), Young Master got up to practice martial arts.

At the hour of Chen (辰时 = 7am – 9am), Young Master took a bath and ate, selecting a blue outer robe.

At the hour of Si (巳时 = 9am – 11am), Young Master began to study mechanism.

At the hour of Wu (午时 = 11am – 1pm), Young Master finished eating lunch, and resumed studying mechanism.

At the hour of Wei (未时 = 1pm – 3pm), Young Master was still studying mechanism.

At the hour of Shen (申时 = 3pm – 5pm), Young Master ate two pieces of osmanthus roll, and continued to study mechanism.

At the hour of You (酉时 = 5pm – 7pm), the maid asked Young Master to dine in the main hall, Young Master refused, he had four dishes and one soup in the study room, then continued to study mechanism.

At the hour of Xu (戌时 = 7pm – 9pm), Young Master lit the candle and read books.

At the hour of Hai (亥时 = 9pm – 11pm), Young Master put out the candle and went to bed.

—

On the eleventh of the seventh month.

Please refer to the tenth for everything.

Young Master selected a white outer robe, the osmanthus roll was replaced by mung bean cake.

—

On the fifteenth of the seventh month.

Please refer to the fourteenth for everything.

Young Master selected a black outer coat, ate one more crystal cake.

.....

On the fifteenth of the eighth month.

Please refer to the fourteenth for the hours between the hour of Mao (卯时 = 5am – 7am) and the hour of Shen ((申时 = 3pm – 5pm).

Young Master selected a grey outer robe, his snack was a plate of grapes.

At the hour of You (酉时 = 5pm – 7pm), Palace Master came to visit, asking Young Master if he has felt bored?

Young Master replied boredom is a trouble that only belongs to common people.

Palace Master heartily laughs and leaves.

—

On the sixteenth of the eighth month.

Please refer to the thirteenth for everything.

Young Master selected a purple outer robe, ate half a plate of honey lotus roots.

—

On the seventeenth of the eighth month.

Young Master declares he wants to go out to relax.

He brought his sketches and models, went to the Gobi and completed a whole day of explosion experiments.

—

On the twentieth of the eighth month.

Please refer to the thirteenth for everything.

—

On the third of the ninth month.

Please refer to the second for everything.

.....

On the twentieth of the ninth month.

Head Madam sent a letter, telling me that there is no need to further report Young Master's detailed action, reporting is only necessary when there's anything unusual, this way the energy of the delivering doves can also be reserved.

I released a very deep breath.

I have long desired to stop writing this kind of boring dairy.

Writing this itself is a pointless task.

I have once repeatedly questioned, would Young Master's time of unusual behaviour actually come, it seems that there is only mechanism in his young life, always and forever mechanism, no matter who or what he is facing, he is always calm and still, nothing can affect his mood.

Until a day in the early winter, Young Master is studying mechanic models as usual in his study room.

"Some guests have arrived." The guard of the Sixth Palace silently appears by the door.

——clearly, Palace Master has slipped away again, whenever Palace Master slips away, all the matters in the palace would be handed over to Young Master.

"Oh, which level were they able to reach this time?" Young Master's face does not change at all.

The guard lowers his head and answers: "They are moving surprisingly fast, have already reached the sixth level."

Young Master pauses, turns his head to directly look at the guard.

"What kind of people are they?" It's obvious that his curiosity has been incited.

I am also very shocked, after all, only a few people managed to successfully arrive at the foot of this mountain in several decades, and not even half a person was able to break through the obstructions and climb to the summit, it is clear

that the guests this time are more ferocious than imagined.

“A male and a female, both are very young, the male is about eighteen to nineteen, the female is even younger, looks to be only fifteen or sixteen.” The guard respectfully reports.

“Is that so? Indeed the case of ‘heroes emerge from the youngsters’.” Young Master’s face reveals a smile that I have not seen in so long.

“Young Master, that young man has already been stopped by Hall Master Mei, and has fallen into the Prison of Chaos.” With his head lowered, the guard continues to add, “Only the lady remains there, putting out a last-ditch effort.”

“Oh? Why would she be allowed to remain there? Hall Master Mei has not encountered someone to practice her skills for too long, so she wants to play for a little longer?”

Young Master is still nonchalantly toying with his design model.

“It is because Hall Master Mei found the Gold-Jade Silk Pouch on her.” The guard quietly replies.

Young Master’s hands suddenly stops moving.

This is the very first time, that I have seen a look of surprise and shocked on Young Master’s face.

Maybe there is also a little trace of joy that he may not have even realized himself.

I suddenly have the impulsive thought of grabbing my brush and ink.

“.....since she has the Gold-Jade Silk Pouch, would you like us to bring her up for you to see first? So later, Guardian Jin will not.....”

The guard painstakingly reports whilst trembling.

Young Master sounds an “en”, not saying a word.

The guard probably assumed that he has guessed his master’s mind correctly, so he immediately gets up to take his leave.

“Wait.”

However, before he had taken a third step, Young Master suddenly speaks up

behind him.

“Do not interfere, just let her fight with Hall Master Mei, I really want to see, what other skills she’s got. ”

Young Master’s voice sounds like it had been blown over from a far far place, coming with endless indifference and iciness, also a sense of implausible, forced deliberateness.

I begin to feel an extremely strong premonition, maybe, possibly, probably, I am about to enter a prolonged period of diary-writing.

En, I shall prepare the delivering-doves, also an ample amount of paper and brushes.

XXM: We’ve finally reached the end!! I’m going to miss this story and its characters~ it really has been such a pleasure to translate such a lovely light-hearted story, particularly with our loveable leads~~

It’s also been a great great pleasure working with Annie on this project, can you believe she only just joined us at the start of this story?! How time flies~

Also thank you to the readers that stuck through with us (despite updates becoming less frequent as of late)!!

Annie: This is the very last chapter of this novel!! Awww, I am going to miss this book so much! But I know for sure that Wan Wan and He Qing Lu will continue to live their wonderful, beautiful life in their world~

When I finished typing the last word of this book, I grabbed my phone and marked today on my calendar. So in the future, I will be celebrating anniversaries of “completed translating the first novel in my life” day, haha~ I want to say a big “thank you” to XXM here! I want to thank her so much for letting me join her to bring this lovely story to you guys, for giving me so much help and advice on translating, for being so patient and encouraging to me! ♥♥♥ (I have been secretly seeing her as a big sister in my heart~ cry cry, people like me who don’t have an elder sister...) I can never thank her enough.

And~ I need to deeply thank each one of you here!! Thank you so~ much for being with us throughout Wan Wan’s awesome story! Reading the comments

below every chapter has become one of my favorite things to do! I treasure every single word from you guys and every single moment when we sense the same happiness and sadness because of this novel! Thank you!

THE END